

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

A

P O E M,

I N

FOUR BOOKS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

SAMSON AGONISTES;

A N D

POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

W I T H

A TRACTATE OF EDUCATION.

THE AUTHOR

J O H N M I L T O N.

A new Edition Corrected.

G L A S G O W:

Printed by R. URIE, for J. WOOD,  
Bookseller in Edinburgh.

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M DCC LV.



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FOUR BOOKS.

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SAMSON AGONISTES,



FORMERLY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY

A TRACTATE OF EDUCATION,

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JOHN MILTON.

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## PARADISE REGAIN'D.

## B O O K I.

**I** Who ere while the happy garden sung;  
 By one man's disobedience lost, now sing  
 Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,  
 By one man's firm obedience fully try'd  
 Through all temptation, and the tempter foil'd 5  
 In all his wiles, defeated and repuls'd,  
 And Eden rais'd in the waste wilderness.

Thou Spirit, who ledst this glorious Eremite  
 Into the desert, his victorious field  
 Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st him thence 10  
 By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,  
 As thou are wont, my prompted song, else mute,  
 And bear through height or depth of nature's bounds  
 With prosperous wing full summ'd, to tell of deeds  
 Above heroic, though in secret done, 15  
 And unrecorded left through many an age,  
 Worthy t'have not remain'd so long unsung.

Now had the great proclaimer with a voice  
 More awful than the sound of trumpet, cry'd  
 Repentance, and heaven's kingdom nigh at hand 20  
 To all baptiz'd: to his great baptism flock'd  
 With awe the regions round, and with them came  
 From Nazareth the son of Joseph deem'd,  
 To the flood Jordan came, as then obscure,  
 Unmarkt, unknown; but him the baptist soon 25  
 Descry'd, divinely warn'd, and witness bore  
 As to his worthier, and would have resign'd



To him his heavenly office, nor was long  
His witness unconfirm'd: on him baptiz'd  
Heav'n open'd, and in likeness of a dove 30  
The Spirit descended, while the father's voice  
From heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved son.

That heard the adversary, who roving still  
About the world, at that assembly fam'd  
Would not be last, and with the voice divine 35  
Nigh thunder-struck, th' exalted man, to whom  
Such high attest was giv'n, a while survey'd  
With wonder, then with envy fraught, and rage,  
Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air  
To council summons all his mighty peers, 40  
Within thick clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,  
A gloomy consistory; and them amidst  
With looks agast and sad he thus bespake.

O antient pow'rs of air and this wide world,  
For much more willingly I mention air, 45  
This our old conquest, than remember hell  
Our hated habitation: well ye know  
How many ages, as the years of men,  
This universe we have possess'd, and rul'd  
In manner at our will th' affairs of earth, 50  
Since Adam and his facil consort Eve  
Lost paradise deceiv'd by me, though since  
With dread attending when that fatal wound  
Shall be inflict'd by the seed of Eve  
Upon my head; long the decrees of heav'n 55  
Delay, for longest time to him is short;  
And now too soon for us the circling hours  
This dreaded time have compast, wherein we  
Must bide the stroak of that long threatn'd wound,  
At least if so we can, and by the head 60  
Broken be not intended all our power  
To be infring'd, our freedom and our being,  
In this fair empire won of earth and air:  
For this ill news I bring, the woman's seed  
Destin'd to this, is late of woman born, 65

His birth to our just fear gave no small cause,  
But his growth now to youth's full flow'r, displaying -  
All virtue, grace, and wisdom to atchieve  
Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.  
Before him a great prophet, to proclaim      70  
His coming, is sent harbinger, who all  
Invites, and in the consecrated stream  
Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so  
Purifi'd to receive him pure, or rather  
To do him honour as their king; all come,      75  
And he himself among them was baptiz'd,  
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive  
The testimony of heav'n, that who he is  
Thenceforth the nations may not doubt; I saw  
The prophet do him reverence, on him rising      80  
Out of the water, heav'n above the clouds  
Unfold her chrystal doors, thence on his head  
A perfect dove descend, whate'er it meant,  
And out of heav'n the sov'reign voice I heard,  
This is my son belov'd, in him am pleas'd.      85  
His mother then is mortal, but his fire,  
He who obtains the monarchy of heav'n;  
And what will he not do t' advance his son?  
His first-begot we know, and fore have felt,  
When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep;      90  
Who this is we must learn, for man he seems  
In all his lineaments, though in his face  
The glimpses of his father's glory shine;  
Ye see our danger on the utmost edge  
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,      95  
But must with something sudden be oppos'd,  
Not force, but well couch'd fraud, well woven snares,  
Ere in the head of nations he appear  
Their king, their leader, and supream on earth.  
I, when no other durst, sole undertook      100  
The dismal expedition to find out  
And ruin Adam, and th' exploit perform'd  
Successfully; a calmer voyage now

Will waſt me; and the way found proſp'rous once  
Induces beſt to hope of like ſucceſs. 105

He ended, and his words impreſſion left  
Of much amazement to th' infernal crew,  
Distracted and ſurpriz'd with deep diſmay  
At theſe ſad tidings; but no time was then  
For long indulgence to their fears or grief: 110  
Unanimous they all commit the care

And management of this main enterprize  
To him their great dictator, whoſe attempt  
At firſt againſt mankind ſo well had thriv'd  
In Adam's overthrow, and led their march 115  
From hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,  
Regents and potentates, and kings, yea gods  
Of many a pleaſant realm and province wide.  
So to the coaſt of Jordan he directs

His eaſie ſteps; girded with ſnaky wiles, 120  
Where he might likeliſt find this new-declar'd,  
This man of men, attested ſon of God,  
Temptation and all guile on him to try;  
So to ſubvert whom he ſuſpected rais'd  
To end his reign on earth ſo long enjoy'd: 125  
But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd

The purpoſ'd council pre-ordain'd and fixt  
Of the Moſt High, who in full frequency bright  
Of angels, thus to Gabriel ſmiling ſpake.

Gabriel, this day by proof thou ſhalt behold, 130  
Thou and all angels converſant on earth  
With man or mens affairs, how I begin  
To verifie that ſolemn meſſage late,  
On which I ſent thee to the virgin pure  
In Galilee, that ſhe ſhould bear a ſon 135

Great in renown, and call'd the ſon of God;  
Then toldſt her, doubting how theſe things could be  
To her a virgin, that on her ſhould come  
The Holy-Ghoſt, and the power of the Higheſt  
O'er-ſhadow her: this man born and now up-grown,  
To ſhew him worthy of his birth divine 141

And high prediction, henceforth I expose  
To Satan; let him tempt and now assay  
His utmost subtilty, because he boasts  
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng      145  
Of his apostasy; he might have learnt  
Less overweening, since he fail'd in Job,  
Whose constant perseverance overcame  
Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.  
He now shall know I can produce a man      150  
Of female seed, far abler to resist  
All his solicitations, and at length  
All his vast force, and drive him back to hell,  
Winning by conquest what the first man lost  
By fallacy surpriz'd. But first I mean      155  
To exercise him in the wilderness,  
There he shall first lay down the rudiments  
Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth  
To conquer sin and death, the two grand foes,  
By humiliation and strong sufferance:      160  
His weakness shall o'ercome satanic strength,  
And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;  
That all the angels and ætherial powers,  
They now, and men hereafter may discern,  
From what consummate virtue I have chose      165  
This perfect man, by merit call'd my son,  
To earn salvation for the sons of men.

So spake th' eternal Father, and all heav'n  
Admiring stood a space, then into hymns  
Burst forth, and in celestial measures mov'd      170  
Circling the throne, and singing, while the hand  
Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

Victory and triumph to the son of God,  
Now entering his great duel, not of arms,  
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles.      175  
The father knows the son; therefore secure  
Ventures his filial virtue, though untry'd,  
Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,  
Allure, or terrifie, or undermine.



Be frustrate all ye stratagems of hell, 180  
And devilish machinations come to nought.

So they in heav'n their odes and vigils tun'd:  
Mean while the son of God, who yet some days  
Lodg'd in Bethabara where John baptiz'd,  
Musing and much revolving in his breast, 185  
How best the mighty work he might begin  
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first  
Publish his god-like office now mature,  
One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading,  
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse 190  
With solitude, till far from track of men,  
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,  
He entered now the bordering desert wild,  
And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,  
His holy meditation thus pursu'd. 195

O what a multitude of thoughts at once  
Awaken'd in me swarm, while I consider  
What from within I feel myself, and hear,  
What from without comes often to my ears,  
Ill sorting with my present state compar'd. 200  
When I was yet a child, no childish play  
To me was pleasing, all my mind was set  
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do  
What might be public good; myself I thought  
Born to that end, born to promote all truth, 205  
All righteous things: therefore above my years,  
The law of God I read, and found it sweet,  
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew  
To such perfection, that ere yet my age  
Had measur'd twice six years, at our great feast 210  
I went into the temple, there to hear  
The teachers of our law, and to propose  
What might improve my knowlege, or their own;  
And was admir'd by all; yet this not all  
To which my spirit aspir'd, victorious deeds 215  
Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while  
To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke,

Then to subdue and quell o'er all the earth  
Brute violence and proud tyrannic pow'r,  
Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd : 220  
Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly, first  
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,  
And make persuasion do the work of fear ;  
At least to try, and teach the erring soul  
Not wilfully mis-doing, but unaware 225  
Mis-led ; the stubborn only to destroy.  
These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving  
By words at times cast forth, inly rejoic'd,  
And said to me apart, High are thy thoughts,  
O son, but nourish them, and let them soar 230  
To what height sacred virtue and true worth  
Can raise them, though above example high ;  
By matchless deeds express thy matchless fire.  
For know, thou art no son of mortal man,  
Though men esteem thee low of parentage, 235  
Thy father is th' eternal king, who rules  
All heav'n and earth, angels and sons of men ;  
A messenger from God fore-told thy birth  
Conceiv'd in me a virgin, he fore-told  
Thou should'st be great and sit on David's throne, 240  
And of thy kingdom there shall be no end.  
At thy nativity a glorious quire  
Of angels in the fields of Bethlehem sung  
To shepherds watching at their folds by night,  
And told them the Messiah now was born, 245  
Where they might see him, and to thee they came ;  
Directed to the manger where thou lay'st,  
For in the inn was left no better room :  
A star, not seen before in heav'n appearing  
Guided the wise men thither from the east, 250  
To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold,  
By whose bright course led on they found the place,  
Affirming it thy star new grav'n in heav'n,  
By which they knew the king of Israel born.  
Just Simeon, and prophetic Anna, warn'd 255

By vision found thee in the temple, and spake  
Before the altar and the vested priest,  
Like things of thee to all that present stood:  
This having heard, straight I again resolv'd  
The law and prophets, searching what was writ 260  
Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes  
Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake  
I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie  
Through many a hard assay even to the death,  
Ere I the promis'd kingdom can attain, 265  
Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins  
Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.  
Yet neither thus dishearten'd or dismay'd,  
The time prefix'd I waited, when behold!  
The baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard, 270  
Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come  
Before Messiah and his way prepare.  
I as all others to his baptism came,  
Which I believ'd was from above; but he  
Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd 275  
Me him (for it was shewn him so from heav'n)  
Me him whose harbinger he was; and first  
Refus'd on me his baptism to confer,  
As much his greater, and was hardly won:  
But as I rose out of the laving stream, 280  
Heav'n open'd her eternal doors, from whence  
The spirit descended on me like a dove,  
And last the sum of all, my father's voice,  
Audibly heard from heav'n, pronounc'd me his,  
Me his beloved son, in whom alone 285  
He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time  
Now full, that I no more should live obscure,  
But openly begin, as best becomes  
The authority which I deriv'd from heav'n.  
And now by some strong motion I am led 290  
Into this wilderness, to what intent  
I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;  
For what concerns my knowlege God reveals.

So spake our morning star, then in his rise,  
And looking round on every side beheld      295  
A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades;  
The way he came not having mark'd, return  
Was difficult, by human steps untrod;  
And he still on was led, but with such thoughts  
Accompanied of things past and to come      300  
Lodg'd in his breast, as well might recommend  
Such solitude before choicest society.  
Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill  
Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night  
Under the covert of some antient oak,      305  
Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,  
Or harbour'd in one cave, is not reveal'd;  
Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt  
Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last  
Among wild beasts: they at his sight grew mild,      310  
Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd, his walk  
The fiery serpent fled, and noxious worm,  
The lion and fierce tiger glar'd aloof.  
But now an aged man in rural weeds,  
Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray ewe,      315  
Or wither'd sticks to gather; which might serve  
Against a winter's day when winds blow keen,  
To warm him wet return'd from field at eve,  
He saw approach, who first with curious eye  
Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd spake.      320  
Sir, what ill chance has brought thee to this place  
So far from path or road of men, who pass  
In troop or caravan, for single none  
Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here  
His carcass, pin'd with hunger and with drought.      325  
I ask the rather, and the more admire,  
For that to me thou seem'st the man, whom late  
Our new baptizing prophet at the ford  
Of Jordan honour'd so, and call'd the son  
Of God; I saw and heard, for we sometimes      330  
Who dwell this wilde, constrain'd by want, come forth



To town or village nigh (nighest is far)  
Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,  
What happens new; fame also finds us out.

To whom the son of God. Who brought me hither  
Will bring me hence, no other guide I seek. 336

By miracle he may, reply'd the swain,  
What other way I see not, for we here  
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inur'd  
More than the camel, and to drink go far, 340  
Men to much misery and hardship born;  
But if thou be the son of God, command  
That out of these hard stones be made thee bread;  
So shalt thou save thyself and us relieve  
With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste. 345

He ended, and the son of God reply'd.  
Think'st thou such force in bread; is it not written  
(For I discern thee other than thou seem'st)  
Man lives not by bread only, but each word  
Proceeding from the mouth of God? who fed 350  
Our fathers here with manna; in the mount  
Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank,  
And forty days Elijah without food  
Wandred this barren waste, the same I now:  
Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust, 355  
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?

Whom thus answer'd th'arch-fiend now undisguis'd.  
'Tis true, I am that spirit unfortunate,  
Who leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt  
Kept not my happy station, but was driv'n 360  
With them from blifs to the bottomless deep,  
Yet to that hideous place not so confin'd  
By rigour unconniving, but that oft  
Leaving my dolorous prison I enjoy  
Large liberty to round this globe of earth, 365  
Or range in th' air, nor from the heav'n of heav'ns  
Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.  
I came among the sons of God, when he  
Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job

To prove him, and illustrate his high worth;      370  
 And when to all his angels he propos'd  
 To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud,  
 That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,  
 I undertook that office; and the tongues  
 Of all his flatt'ring prophets glibb'd with lyes      375  
 To his destruction, as I had in charge,  
 For what he bids I do; though I have lost  
 Much lustre of my native brightness, lost  
 To be belov'd of God, I have not lost  
 To love, at least contemplate and admire      380  
 What I see excellent in good, or fair,  
 Or virtuous, I should so have lost all sense.  
 What can be then less in me than desire  
 To see thee, and approach thee, whom I know  
 Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent      385  
 Thy wisdom, and behold thy God-like deeds?  
 Men generally think me much a foe  
 To all mankind: why should I? they to me  
 Never did wrong or violence, by them  
 I lost not what I lost, rather by them      390  
 I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell  
 Copartner in these regions of the world,  
 If not disposer; lend them oft my aid,  
 Oft my advice by presages and signs,  
 And answers, oracles, portents and dreams,      395  
 Whereby they may direct their future life.  
 Envy they say excites me, thus to gain  
 Companions of my misery and woe.  
 At first it may be; but long since with wo  
 Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof,      400  
 That fellowship in pain divides not smart,  
 Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load;  
 Small consolation then, were man adjoin'd:  
 This wounds me most (what can it less) that man,  
 Man fall'n shall be restor'd, I never more.      405  
 To whom our Saviour sternly thus repiy'd:  
 Deservedly thou griev'st, compos'd of lyes

From the beginning, and in lyes wilt end;  
Who boast'ſt releaſe from hell, and leave to come  
Into the heav'n of heav'ns: thou com'ſt indeed, 410  
As a poor miſerable captive thrall,  
Comes to the place where he before had ſat  
Among the prime in ſplendor, now depos'd,  
Ejected, emptied, gaz'd, unpitied, ſhun'd,  
A ſpectacle of ruin or of ſcorn 415  
To all the hoſt of heav'n; the happy place  
Imports to thee no happineſs, no joy,  
Rather inflames thy torment, repreſenting  
Loſt bliſs, to thee no more communicable,  
So never more in hell than when in heav'n. 420  
But thou art ſerviceable to heav'n's king.  
Wilt thou impute t' obedience what thy fear  
Extorts, or pleaſure to do ill excites?  
What but thy malice mov'd thee to miſdeem  
Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him 425  
With all inflictions? but his patience won.  
The other ſervice was thy choſen taſk,  
To be a liar in four hundred months;  
For lying is thy ſuſtenance, thy food.  
Yet thou pretend'ſt to truth; all oracles 430  
By thee are giv'n, and what confeſt more true  
Among the nations; that hath been thy craft,  
By mixing ſomewhat true to vent more lyes.  
But what have been thy answers, what but dark,  
Ambiguous, and with double ſenſe deluding, 435  
Which they who ask'd have ſeldom underſtood,  
And not well underſtood as good not known?  
Who ever by conſulting at thy ſhrine  
Return'd the wiſer, or the more inſtruct  
To fly or follow what concern'd him moſt, 440  
And run not ſooner to his fatal ſnare?  
For God hath juſtly giv'n the nations up  
To thy deluſions, juſtly, ſince they ſell  
Idolatrous, but when his purpoſe is  
Among them to declare his providence 445

To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,  
 But from him or his angels president  
 In ev'ry province, who, themselves disdaining  
 T' approach thy temple, give thee in command  
 What to the smallest title thou shalt say      450  
 To thy adorers? thou with trembling fear,  
 Or like a fawning parasite obey'st;  
 Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold.  
 But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd;  
 No more shalt thou by oracling abuse      455  
 The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceas'd;  
 And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice  
 Shalt be enquir'd at Delphos or else-where,  
 At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.  
 God hath now sent his loving oracle      460  
 Into the world to teach his final will,  
 And sends his spirit of truth henceforth to dwell  
 In pious hearts, an inward oracle  
 To all truth requisite for men to know.

So spake our Saviour; but the subtle fiend,      465  
 Though inly stung with anger and disdain,  
 Dissembled, and this answer smooth return'd.

Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,  
 And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will  
 But misery hath wrested from me: where      470  
 Easily canst thou find one miserable,  
 And not inforc'd oft-times to part from truth,  
 If it may stand him more in stead to lye,  
 Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?  
 But thou art plac'd above me, thou art lord;      475  
 From thee I can and must submit endure  
 Check or reproof, and glad t' escape so quit.  
 Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,  
 Smooth on the tongue discours'd, pleasing to th' ear,  
 And tuneable as silvan pipe or song;      480  
 What wonder then if I delight to hear  
 Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire  
 Virtue, who follow not her lore: permit me



To hear thee when I come (since no man comes)  
And talk at least, tho' I despair t' attain. 485  
Thy father, who is holy, wise and pure,  
Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest  
To tread his sacred courts, and minister  
About his altar, handling holy things,  
Praying or vowing, and vouchsaf'd his voice 490  
To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet  
Inspir'd; disdain not such access to me.

To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow.  
Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,  
I bid not or forbid; do as thou find'st 495  
Permission from above: thou canst not more.

He added not; and Satan bowing low  
His gray dissimulation, disappear'd  
Into thin air diffus'd: for now began  
Night with her sullen wings to double-shade 500  
The desert, fowls in their clay nests were couch'd;  
And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.

*The End of the First Book.*

## PARADISE REGAIN'D.

## B O O K II.

**M**<sup>EAN</sup> while the new baptis'd, who yet remain'd  
 At Jordan with the baptist, and had seen  
 Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd  
 Jesus Messiah Son of God declar'd,  
 And on that high authority had believ'd; 5  
 And with him talk'd, and with him lodg'd, I mean  
 Andrew and Simon, famous after known,  
 With others, though in holy writ not nam'd,  
 Now missing him their joy so lately found,  
 So lately found, and so abruptly gone, 10  
 Began to doubt, and doubted many days,  
 And as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt:  
 Sometimes they thought he might be only shewn,  
 And for a time caught up to God, as once  
 Moses was in the mount, and missing long; 15  
 And the great Thisbite who on fiery wheels  
 Rode up to heav'n yet once again to come.  
 Therefore as those young prophets then with care  
 Sought lost Elijah, so in each place these  
 Nigh to Bethabara; in Jericho 20  
 The city of palms, Ænon, and Salem old,  
 Machærus, and each town or city wall'd  
 On this side the broad lake Genezaret,  
 Or in Perea, but return'd in vain.  
 Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek, 25  
 Where winds with reeds and osiers whisp'ring play,  
 Plain fishermen, no greater men them call,

Cloſe in a cottage low together got,  
Their unexpected loſs and plaints out-breath'd.  
Alas, from that high hope to what relapſe 30  
Unlook'd-for are we fall'n ! our eyes beheld  
Meſſiah certainly now come, ſo long  
Expected of our fathers ; we have heard  
His words, his wiſdom full of grace and truth ;  
Now, now, for ſure, deliverance is at hand, 35  
The kingdom ſhall to Iſrael be reſtor'd :  
Thus we rejoic'd, but ſoon our joy is turn'd  
Into perplexity and new amaze :  
For whither is he gone, what accident  
Hath rapt him from us ? will he now retire 40  
After appearance, and again prolong  
Our expectation ? God of Iſrael,  
Send thy Meſſiah forth, the time is come ;  
Behold the kings of th' earth how they oppreſs  
Thy choſen, to what height their pow'r unjuſt 45  
They have exalted, and behind them caſt  
All fear of thee ; ariſe and vindicate  
Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke :  
But let us wait ; thus far he hath perform'd,  
Sent his anointed, and to us reveal'd him 50  
By his great prophet, pointed at and ſhown  
In public, and with him we have convers'd ;  
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears  
Lay on his providence ; he will not fail,  
Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recal, 55  
Mock us with his bleſt ſight, then ſnatch him hence :  
Soon we ſhall ſee our hope, our joy return.

Thus they out of their plaints new hope reſume  
To find whom at the firſt they found unfought ;  
But to his mother Mary, when ſhe ſaw 60  
Others return'd from baptiſm, not her ſon,  
Nor left at Jordan, tidings of him none ;  
Within her breaſt, though calm ; her breaſt though pure,  
Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd  
Some troubled thoughts, which ſhe in ſighs thus clad,

O what avails me now that honour high      66  
 To have conceiv'd of God, or that salute,  
 "Hail highly favour'd, among women blest;"  
 While I to sorrows am no less advanc'd,  
 And fears as eminent, above the lot      70  
 Of other women, by the birth I bore;  
 In such a season born when scarce a shed  
 Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me  
 From the bleak air; a stable was our warmth,  
 A manger his, yet soon enforc'd to fly      75  
 Thence into Egypt, till the murd'rous king  
 Were dread, who sought his life, and missing fill'd  
 With infant-blood the streets of Bethlehem;  
 From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth  
 Hath been our dwelling many years, his life      80  
 Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,  
 Little suspicious to any king; but now  
 Full grown to man, acknowleg'd, as I hear,  
 By John the baptist, and in public shown,  
 Son own'd from heaven by his father's voice:      85  
 I look'd for some great change; to honour? no,  
 But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,  
 That to the fall and rising he should be  
 Of many in Israel, and to a sign  
 Spoken against, that through my very soul      90  
 A sword shall pierce, this is my favour'd lot,  
 My exaltation to afflictions high;  
 Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;  
 I will not argue that, nor will repine.  
 But where delays he now? some great intent      95  
 Conceals him: when twelve years he scarce had seen,  
 I lost him, but so found, as well I saw.  
 He could not lose himself; but went about  
 His father's business; what he meant I mus'd,  
 Since understand; much more his absence now      100  
 Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.  
 But I to wait with patience am inur'd;  
 My heart hath been a store-house long of things



And sayings laid up, portending strange events.

Thus Mary pond'ring oft, and oft to mind 105

Recalling what remarkably had pass'd

Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts

Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling:

The while her son tracing the desert wild,

Sole, but with holiest meditations fed, 110

Into himself descended, and at once

All his great work to come before him set;

How to begin, how to accomplish best

His end of being on earth, and mission high.

For Satan with sly preface to return 115

Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone

Up to the middle region of thick air,

Where all his potentates in council sate;

There without sign of boast, or sign of joy,

Sollicitous and blank he thus began. 120

Princes, heav'n's ancient sons, æthereal thrones,

- Demonian spirits now, from th' element

Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd

Pow'rs of fire, air, water, and earth beneath,

So may we hold our place and these mild seats 125

Without new troubles; such an enemy

Is risen to invade us, whom no less

Threatens our expulsion down to hell;

I, as I undertook, and with the vote

Consenting in full frequency was empower'd, 130

Have found him, view'd him, tasted him, but find

Far other labour to be undergone

Than when I dealt with Adam first of men,

Though Adam by his wife's allurements fell,

However to this man inferior far, 135

If he be man by mother's side at least,

With more than human gifts from heav'n adorn'd,

Perfections absolute, graces divine,

And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.

Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence

140

Of my success with Eve in Paradise

Deceive you to persuasion over-sure  
Of like succeeding here; I summon all  
Rather to be in readiness, with hand  
Or council to assist; lest I who erst  
Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd. 145

So spake th' old serpent doubting, and from all  
With clamour was assur'd their utmost aid  
At his command; when from amidst them rose  
Belial, the dissoluteſt ſpirit that fell, 150  
The ſenſualeſt, and, after Aſmodai,  
The fleſhlieſt incubus; and thus advis'd.

Set women in his eye, and in his walk,  
Among daughters of men the faireſt found;  
Many are in each region paſſing fair 155  
As the noon ſky; more like to goddeſſes  
Than mortal creatures, graceful and diſcreet,  
Expert in am'rous arts, enchanting tongues  
Perſuaſive, virgin majeſty with mild  
And ſweet allay'd, yet terrible t' approach, 160  
Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw  
Hearts after them, tangl'd in amorous nets.  
Such ſubject hath the pow'r to ſoft'n and tame  
Severeſt temper, ſmooth the rugged'ſt brow,  
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope diſſolve, 165  
Draw out with credulous deſire, and lead  
At will the manlieſt, reſoluteſt breaſt,  
As the magnetic hardeſt iron draws.  
Women, when nothing elſe, beguil'd the heart  
Of wiſeſt Solomon, and made him build, 170  
And made him bow to the gods of his wives.

To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd:  
Belial, in much uneven ſcale thou weigh'ſt  
All others by thyſelf, becauſe of old  
Thou thyſelf doat'dſt on woman-kind, admiring 175  
Their ſhape, their colour, and attractive grace.  
None are, thou think'ſt, but taken with ſuch toys,  
Before the flood thou with thy luſty crew,  
False-titled ſons of God, roaming the earth,

Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men, 180  
And coupled with them, and begot a race.  
Have we not seen, or by relation heard,  
In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'dst,  
In wood or grove by mossy fountain side  
In valley or green meadow to way-lay 185  
Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymené,  
Daphné, or Semele, Antiopa,  
Or Amynone, Syrinx, many more  
Too long, then layd'st thy scapes on names ador'd,  
Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan, 190  
Satyr, or fawn, or silvan? but these haunts  
Delight not all; among the sons of men,  
How many have with a smile made small account  
Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd  
All her assaults, on worthier things intent? 195  
Remember that Pellean conqueror,  
A youth, how all the beauties of the east  
He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd;  
How he firnam'd of Africa dismiss'd  
In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid. 200  
For Solomon, he liv'd at ease, and full  
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond  
Higher design than to enjoy his state;  
Thence to the bait of women lay expos'd:  
But he whom we attempt is wiser far 205  
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,  
Made and set wholly on th' accomplishment  
Of greatest things; what woman will you find,  
Though of this age the wonder and the fame,  
On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye 210  
Of fond desire? or should she confident,  
As sitting queen ador'd on beauty's throne,  
Descend with all her winning charms begirt  
T' enamour, as the zone of Venus once  
Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell; 215  
How would one look from his majestic brow,  
Seated as on the top of virtue's hill,

Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout  
All her array, her female pride deject,  
Or turn to reverent awe? for beauty stands      220  
In the admiration only of weak minds  
Led captive; cease t' admire, and all her plumes  
Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,  
At every sudden slighting quite abasht:  
Therefore with manlier objects we must try      225  
His constancy, with such as have more shew  
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise,  
Rocks whereon greatest men have often wreck'd;  
Or that which only seems to satisfy  
Lawful desires of nature, not beyond.      230  
And now I know he hungers where no food  
Is to be found, in the wild wilderness;  
'The rest commit to me, I shall let pass  
No advantage, and his strength as oft assay.

He ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud acclaim;  
Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band      236  
Of spirits likest to himself in guile  
To be at hand, and at his beck appear,  
If cause were to unfold some active scene  
Of various persons each to know his part:      240  
Then to the desert takes with these his flight;  
Where still from shade to shade the son of God  
After forty days fasting had remain'd,  
Now hungry first, and to himself thus said:

Where will this end? four times ten days I've pass'd  
Wandering this woody maze, and human food      246  
Nor tasted, nor had appetite, that fast  
To virtue I impute not, or count part  
Of what I suffer here; if nature need not,  
Or God support nature without repast      250  
Though needing, what praise is it to endure?  
But now I feel I hunger, which declares  
Nature hath need of what she asks; yet God  
Can satisfy that need some other way,  
Tho' hunger still remain: so it remain      255



Without this body's wasting, I content me,  
And from the sting of famine fear no harm,  
Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed  
Me hungering more to do my father's will.

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son 260  
Commun'd in silent walk, then laid him down  
Under the hospitable covert nigh  
Of trees thick interwoven; there he slept  
And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,  
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet : 265  
He thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood  
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks  
Food to Elijah bringing even and morn,  
Tho rav'nous, taught t'abstain from what they brought:  
He saw the prophet also how he fled 270  
Into the desert, and how there he slept  
Under a juniper; then how awak'd,  
He found his supper on the coals prepar'd,  
And by the angel was bid rise and eat,  
And eat the second time after repose, 275  
The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days;  
Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,  
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.  
Thus wore out night, and now the herald lark  
Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry 280  
The morn's approach, and greet her with his song :  
As lightly from his grassy couch up rose  
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream;  
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd,  
Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd, 285  
From whose high top to ken the prospect round,  
If cottage were in view, sheep-cote or herd;  
But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote none he saw,  
Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,  
With chant of tuneful birds resounding loud; 290  
Thither he bent his way, determin'd there  
To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade  
High roost, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,

That open'd in the midst a woody scene ;  
Nature's own work it seem'd (nature taught art) 295  
And to a superstitious eye the haunt  
Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs ; he view'd it round,  
When suddenly a man before him stood,  
(Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,  
As one in city, or court, or palace-bred) 300  
And with fair speech these words to him address'd.

With granted leave officious I return,  
But much more wonder that the Son of God  
In this wild solitude so long should bide,  
Of all things destitute, and, well I know, 305  
Not without hunger. Others of some note,  
As story tells, have trod this wilderness ;  
The fugitive bond-woman with her son,  
Out-cast Nebaioth, yet found here relief  
By a providing angel ; all the race 310  
Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God  
Rain'd from heav'n manna, and that prophet bold  
Native of Thebes wand'ring here was fed  
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat ;  
Of thee these forty days none hath regard, 315  
Forty and more deserted here indeed.

To whom thus Jesus : what conclud'st thou hence ?  
They all had need, I as thou see'st have none.

How hast thou hunger then ? Satan reply'd ;  
Tell me if food were now before thee set, 320  
Would'st thou not eat ? thereafter as I like  
The giver, answer'd Jesus. Why should that  
Cause thy refusal, said the subtle fiend ?  
Hast thou not right to all created things ?  
Owe not all creatures by just right to thee 325  
Duty and service, not to stay till bid,  
But tender all their pow'r ? nor mention I  
Meats by the law unclean, nor offer'd first  
To idols, those young Daniel could refuse ;  
Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who 330  
Would scruple that, with want oppress ? behold

Nature asham'd, or, better to express,  
'Troubl'd that thou should'st hunger, hath purvey'd  
From all the elements her choicest store  
To treat thee as befits, and as her lord, 335  
With honour, only deign to sit and eat.

He spake no dream; for as his words had end,  
Our Saviour lifting up his eyes, beheld  
In ample space under the broadest shade  
A table richly spread, in regal mode, 340  
With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort  
And savour, beasts of chase, or fowl of game,  
In pastry-built, or from the spit, or boil'd,  
Gris-amber-steam'd; all fish from sea or shore,  
Freshet, or purling brook, or shell or fin, 345  
And exquisite name, for which was drain'd  
Pontus and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.  
Alas, how simple, to these cates compar'd,  
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!  
And at a stately side-board by the wine 350  
That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood  
Tall stripling youths, rich clad, of fairer hue  
Than Ganymed or Hylas; distant more  
Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood  
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades 355  
With fruits and flow'rs from Amalthea's horn,  
And ladies of th' Hesperides, that seem'd  
Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabl'd since  
Of fairy damsels met in forest wide  
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones, 360  
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.  
And all the while harmonious airs were heard  
Of chyming strings, or charming pipes; and winds  
Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fann'd  
From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells. 365  
Such was the splendor; and the tempter now  
His invitation earnestly renew'd.

What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?  
These are not fruits forbidden, no interdict

Defends the touching of these viands pure; 370  
 Their taste no knowlege works at least of evil,  
 But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,  
 Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.  
 All these are spirits of air, and woods, and springs,  
 Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay 375  
 Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their lord:  
 What doubt'st thou, Son of God? sit down and eat.

To whom thus Jesus temp'rately reply'd:  
 Saidst thou not, that to all things I had right?  
 And who withholds my pow'r that right to use? 380  
 Shall I receive by gift, what of my own,  
 When and where likes me best, I can command?  
 I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,  
 Command a table in this wilderness,  
 And call swift flights of angels ministrant 385  
 Array'd in glory on my cup t' attend.  
 Why should'st thou then obtrude this diligence  
 In vain, where no acceptance it can find,  
 And with my hunger what hast thou to do?  
 Thy pompous delicacies I contemn, 390  
 And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles.

To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent:  
 That I have also pow'r to give, thou seest;  
 If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary  
 What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd, 395  
 And rather opportunely in this place  
 Chose to impart to thy apparent need;  
 Why should'st thou not accept it? but I see  
 What I can do or offer is suspect;  
 Of these things others quickly will dispose, 400  
 Whose pains have earn'd the far-fetcht spoil. With that  
 Both table and provision vanish'd quite  
 With sound of harpies wings, and talons heard;  
 Only th' importune tempter still remain'd,  
 And with these words his temptation pursu'd. 405

By hunger, that each other creature tames,



Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;  
Thy temperance invincible besides;  
For no allurements yields to appetite:  
And all thy heart is set on high designs, 410  
High actions; but wherewith to be achiev'd?  
Great acts require great means of enterprise.  
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,  
A carpenter thy father known, thyself  
Bred up in poverty and straits at home, 315  
Lost in a desert here, and hunger-bit:  
Which way, or from what hope dost thou aspire  
To greatness? whence authority deriv'd?  
What followers, what retinue canst thou gain,  
Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude, 420  
Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?  
Money brings honour, friends, conquest and realms.  
What rais'd Antipater the Edomite,  
And his son Herod plac'd on Judah's throne, 424  
Thy throne, but gold that got him puissant friends?  
Therefore, if at great things thou would'st arrive,  
Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap,  
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me:  
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;  
They whom I favour, thrive in wealth main, 430  
While virtue, valour, wisdom sit and want.

To whom thus Jesus patiently reply'd:  
Yet wealth without these three is impotent  
To gain dominion; or to keep it gain'd.  
Witness those antient empires of the earth, 435  
In height of all their flowing wealth dissolv'd:  
But men endu'd with these, have oft attain'd  
In lowest poverty to highest deeds;  
Gideon and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad,  
Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat 440  
So many ages, and shall yet regain  
That seat, and reign in Israel without end.  
Among the Heathen, (for throughout the world

To me is not unknown what hath been done  
Worthy memorial) canst thou not remember 445  
Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?  
For I esteem those names of men so poor,  
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn  
Riches, though offer'd from the hand of kings.  
And what in me seems wanting, but that I 450  
May also in this poverty as soon  
Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?  
Extol not riches then, the toyl of fools,  
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare, more apt  
To slacken virtue, and abate her edge, 455  
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.  
What if with like aversion I reject  
Riches and realms? yet not, for that a crown,  
Golden in shew, is but a wreath of thorns,  
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights  
To him who wears the regal diadem, 461  
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies:  
For therein stands the office of a king,  
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,  
That for the public all this weight he bears. 465  
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules  
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king:  
Which ev'ry wise and virtuous man attains:  
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule.  
Cities of men or headstrong multitudes, 470  
Subject himself to anarchy within,  
Or lawless passions in him, which he serves.  
But to guide nations in the way of truth  
By saving doctrine, and from error lead  
To know, and knowing worship God aright, 475  
Is yet more kingly; this attracts the soul,  
Governs the inner man, the nobler part:  
That other o'er the body only reigns;  
And oft by force, which to a gen'rous mind  
So reigning, can be no sincere delight. 480

Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought  
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down  
Far more magnanimous, than to assume.  
Riches are needless, then, both for themselves,  
And for thy reason why they should be sought, 485  
To gain a sceptre, ofttest better miss'd.

*The End of the Second Book.*

## PARADISE REGAIN'D.

## B O O K III.

SO spake the Son of God ; and Satan stood  
 A while as mute, confounded what to say,  
 What to reply, confuted and convinc'd  
 Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift :  
 At length collecting all his serpent wiles, 5  
 With soothing words renew'd, him thus accosts.

I see thou know'st what is of use to know,  
 What best to say canst say, to do canst do :  
 Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words  
 To thy large heart give utterance due ; thy heart 10  
 Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.  
 Should kings and nations, from thy mouth consult,  
 Thy counsel would be as the oracle  
 Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems  
 On Aaron's breast, or tongue of seers old 15  
 Infallible ; or wert thou sought to deeds  
 That might require th' array of war, thy skill  
 Of conduct would be such, that all the world  
 Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist  
 In battle, though against thy few in arms. 20  
 These god-like virtues wherefore dost thou hide,  
 Affecting private life, or more obscure  
 In savage wilderness ? wherefore deprive  
 All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself  
 The same and glory ; glory, the reward 25  
 That sole excites to high attempts, the flame  
 Of most erected spirits, most temper'd pure



Aetherial, who all pleasures else despise,  
 All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,  
 And dignities and pow'rs all but the highest? 30  
 Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe; the son  
 Of Macedonian Philip had ere these  
 Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held  
 At his dispose; young Scipio had brought down  
 The Carthaginian pride, young Pompey quell'd 35  
 The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode.  
 Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,  
 Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.  
 Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,  
 The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd 40  
 With glory, wept that he had liv'd so long  
 Inglorious: but thou yet art not too late.

To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd.  
 Thou neither dost persuade me too seek wealth  
 For empire's sake, nor empire to affect 45  
 For glory's sake, by all thy argument.  
 For what is glory but the blaze of fame,  
 The people's praise, if always praise unmixt?  
 And what the people but a herd confus'd,  
 A miscellaneous rabble, who extol 50  
 Things vulgar, and well weigh'd scarce worth the praise;  
 They praise and they admire they know not what;  
 And know not whom, but as one leads the other;  
 And what delight to be by such extoll'd,  
 To live upon their tongues and be their talk, 55  
 Of whom to be despis'd were no small praise?  
 His lot who dares be singularly good.  
 Th' intelligent among them and the wise  
 Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.  
 This is true glory and renown, when God 60  
 Looking on th' earth, with approbation marks  
 The just man, and divulges him through heav'n  
 To all his angels, who with true applause  
 Recount his praise; thus he did to Job,  
 When to extend his fame through heav'n and earth

(As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember) 66  
He ask'd thee, hast thou seen my servant Job ?  
Famous he was in heav'n, on earth less known;  
Where glory is false glory, attributed  
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame. 70  
They err, who count it glorious to subdue  
By conquest far and wide, to over-run  
Large countries, and in field great battles win,  
Great cities by assault. What do these worthies,  
But robe and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave 75  
Peaceable nations, neighbouring, or remote,  
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more  
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind  
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,  
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy } 80  
Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods  
Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,  
Worshipp'd with temple, priest and sacrifice;  
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other,  
Till conqu'ror Death discover them scarce men, 85  
Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,  
Violent or shameful death, their due reward.  
But if there be in glory aught of good,  
It may by means far different be attain'd  
Without ambition, war, or violence; 90  
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,  
By patience, temperance. I mention still  
Him whom thy wrongs, with saintly patience born,  
Made famous in a land and times obscure;  
Who names not now with honour patient Job? 95  
Poor Socrates, (who next more memorable?)  
By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,  
For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now  
Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.  
Yet if for fame and glory aught be done, 100  
Aught suffer'd; if young African for fame  
His wasted country freed from Punic rage,  
The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,

And loses, though but verbal, his reward.  
Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek, 105  
Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but his.  
Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.

To whom the tempter murm'ring thus reply'd.  
Think not so slight of glory, therein least  
Resembling thy great father: he seeks glory, 110  
And for his glory all things made, all things  
Orders and governs, not content in heav'n  
By all his angels glorify'd, requires  
Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,  
Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption; 115  
Above all sacrifice, or hallow'd gift,  
Glory he requires, and glory he receives  
Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,  
Or barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd;  
From us his foes pronounc'd glory he exacts. 120

To whom our Saviour fervently reply'd.  
And reason; since his word all things produc'd,  
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,  
But to shew forth his goodness, and impart  
His good communicable t' ev'ry soul 125  
Freely; of whom what could he less expect  
Than glory and benediction, that is, thanks,  
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompence  
From them who could return him nothing else,  
And not returning what would likeliest render 130  
Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?  
Hard recompence, unsuitable return  
For so much good, so much beneficence.  
But why should man seek glory? who of his own  
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs 135  
But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?  
Who for so many benefits receiv'd,  
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,  
And so of all true good himself despoil'd;  
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take 140  
That, which to God alone of right belongs:

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Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,  
That who advance his glory, not their own,  
Them he himself to glory will advance.

So spake the Son of God: and here again 145

Satan had not to answer, but stood struck  
With guilt of his own sin; for he himself  
Insatiable of glory had lost all:

Yet of another plea bethought him soon.

Of glory, as thou wilt, said he, so deem, 150

Worth or not worth their seeking, let it pass:

But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd

To sit upon thy father David's throne,

By mother's side thy father; though thy right

Be now in pow'rful hands, that will not part 155

Easily from possession won with arms.

Judaea now and all the promis'd land,

Reduc'd a province under Roman yoke,

Obeys Tiberius: nor is always rul'd

With temp'rate sway; oft have they violated 160

The temple, oft the law with foul affronts,

Abominations rather, as did once

Antiochus: and think'st thou to regain

Thy right by sitting still, or thus retiring?

So did not Machabaeus: he indeed 165

Retir'd unto the desert, but with arms;

And o'er a mighty king so oft prevail'd,

That by strong hand his family obtain'd,

Tho' priests, the crown, and David's throne usurp'd,

With Modin and her suburbs once content. 170

If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal

And duty; zeal and duty are not slow,

But on occasion's forelock watchful wait:

They themselves rather are occasion best;

Zeal of thy father's house, duty to free 175

Thy country from her heathen servitude;

So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify

The prophets old, who sung thy endless reign,

The happier reign the sooner it begins:



Reign then ; what canst thou better do the while ? 180

To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd.

All things are best fulfill'd in their due time,  
And time there is for all things, truth hath said :

If of my reign prophetic writ hath told,  
That it shall never end, so when begin 185

The father in his purpose hath decreed,  
He in whose hand all times and seasons roll :

What if he hath decreed that I shall first  
Be try'd in humble state, and things adverse,  
By tribulations, injuries, insults, 190

Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,  
Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,

Without distrust or doubt, that he may know

What I can suffer, how obey ? who best  
Can suffer, best can do ; best reign, who first 195

Well hath obey'd ; just trial ere I merit

My exaltation without change or end.

But what concerns it thee when I begin

My everlasting kingdom, why art thou  
Solicitous, what moves thy inquisition ? 200

Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,

And my promotion will be thy destruction ?

To whom the tempter inly rack'd reply'd :

Let that come when it comes ; all hope is lost  
Of my reception into grace ; what worse ? 205

For where no hope is left, is left no fear ;

If there be worse, the expectation more

Of worse torments me than the feeling can.

I would be at the worst ; worst is my port,  
My harbour and my ultimate repose, 210

The end I would attain, my final good.

My error was my error, and my crime

My crime : whatever, for itself condemn'd,

And will alike be punish'd ; whether thou  
Reign or reign not ; though to that gentle brow 215

Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,

From that placid aspect and meek regard,

Rather than aggravate my evil state,  
(Would stand between me and thy father's ire,  
Whose ire I dread more than the fire of hell) 220  
A shelter, and a kind of shading cool  
Interposition, as a summer's cloud.  
If I then to the worst that can be haste,  
Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,  
Happiest both to thyself and all the world, 225  
That thou who worthiest art should'st be their king?  
Perhaps thou lingrest, in deep thoughts detain'd  
Of th' enterprize so hazardous and high;  
No wonder; for though in thee be united  
What of perfection can in man be found, 230  
Or human nature can receive, consider,  
Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent  
At home, scarce view'd the Galilean towns,  
And once a year Jerusalem, few days  
Short sojourn; and what thence could'st thou observe?  
The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory, 236  
Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts,  
Best school of best experience, quickest in sight  
In all things that to greatest actions lead.  
The wisest, unexperienc'd, will be ever 240  
Tim'rous and loth, with novice modesty,  
(As he who seeking asses found a kingdom)  
Irresolute, unhardy, unadvent'rous:  
But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit  
Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes 245  
The monarchies of th' earth, their pomp and state,  
Sufficient introduction to inform  
Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts,  
And regal mysteries, that thou may'st know  
How best their opposition to withstand. 250  
With that (such pow'r was giv'n him then) he took  
The Son of God up to a mountain high.  
It was a mountain, at whose verdant feet  
A spacious plain, out-stretch'd in circuit wide,  
Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd, 255

Th' one winding, th' other straight, and left between  
Fair champain with less rivers intervein'd,  
Then meeting join'd their tribute to the sea;  
Fertil of corn the glebe, of oyl and wine, 259  
With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills;  
Huge cities and high-tower'd, that well might seem  
The seats of mightiest monarchs, and so large  
The prospect was, that here and there was room  
For barren desert fountainless and dry.

To this high mountain's top the tempter brought 265  
Our Saviour, and new train of words began.

Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,  
Forest and field, and flood, temples and tow'rs  
Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'st  
Assyria and her empire's ancient bounds, 270  
Araxes and the Caspian lake, thence on  
As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,  
And oft beyond; to south the Persian bay,  
And inaccessible th' Arabian drought:  
Here Nineveh, of length within her wall 275  
Sev'ral days journey, built by Ninus old,  
Of that first golden monarchy the seat,  
And seat of Salmanassar, whose success  
Israel in long captivity still mourns;  
There Babylon the wonder of all tongues, 280  
As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice  
Judah and all thy father David's house  
Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,  
Till Cyrus set them free; Persepolis  
His City, there thou seest, and Basra there; 285  
Ecbatana her structure vast there shews,  
And Hecatompylos her hundred gates;  
There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,  
The drink of none but kings; of later fame  
Built by Emathian or by Parthian hands, 290  
The great Seleucia, Nicibis, and there  
Artaxata, Teredon, Ctesiphon,  
Turning with easy eye thou may'st behold.

All these the Parthian, now some ages past,  
 By great Arsaces led, who founded first      295  
 That empire, under his dominion holds,  
 From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.  
 And just in time thou com'st to have a view  
 Of his great pow'r; for now the Parthian king  
 In Ctesiphon hath gather'd all his host      300  
 Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild  
 Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid  
 He marches now in haste; see, though from far,  
 His thousands, in what martial-equipage  
 They issue forth! steel bows, and shafts their arms,  
 Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit;      306  
 All horsemen, in which fight they most excel:  
 See how in warlike muster they appear,  
 In rhombs and wadges, and half-moons and wings!  
 He lookt and saw what numbers numberless      310  
 The city gates out-pour'd, light-armed troops  
 In coats of mail and military pride;  
 In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,  
 Prauncing their riders bore, the flow'r and choice  
 Of many provinces from bound to bound;      315  
 From Arachosia, from Gandaor east,  
 And Margiana to the Hircanian cliffs  
 Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales,  
 From Atropatia and the neighb'ring plains  
 Of Adiabene, Media, and the south      320  
 Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.  
 He saw them in their forms of battle rang'd,  
 How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot  
 Sharp fleet of arrowy show'r against the face  
 Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight.      325  
 The field, all iron, cast a gleaming brown,  
 Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn,  
 Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight;  
 Chariots or elephants endorft with tow'rs  
 Of archers, nor of lab'ring pioneers,      330  
 A multitude with spades and axes arm'd



To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,  
Or where plain was, raise hill, or overlay  
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;  
Mules after these, camels and dromedaries, 335  
And waggons fraught with utensils of war.  
Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,  
When Agrican with all his northern pow'rs  
Besieg'd Albracca, as romances tell,  
The city of Gallaphrone, from whence to win 340  
The fairest of her sex Angelica,  
His daughter, sought by many proudest knights,  
Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemaine.  
Such and so numerous was their chivalry;  
At sight whereof the fiend yet more presum'd, 345  
And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd.

That thou may'st know I seek not to engage  
Thy virtue, and not ev'ry way secure  
On no slight grounds thy safety; hear and mark 349  
To what end I have brought thee hither, and shewn  
All this fair fight: thy kingdom though foretold,  
By prophet or by angel, unless thou  
Endeavour as thy father David did,  
Thou never shalt obtain; prediction still  
In all things, and all men, supposes means; 355  
Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.  
But say thou wert possess'd of David's throne  
By free consent of all, none opposite,  
Samaritan or Jew; how could'st thou hope  
Long to enjoy it quiet and secure, 360  
Between two such inclosing enemies,  
Roman, and Parthian? therefore one of these  
Thou must make sure thy own, the Parthian first,  
By my advice, as nearer and of late  
Found able by invasion to annoy 365  
Thy country, and captive lead away her kings  
Antigonus, and old Hyrcanus bound,  
Maugre the Roman: it shall be my task  
To render thee the Parthian at dispose;

Choose which thou wilt by conquest or by league. 370

By him thou shalt regain, without him not,

That which alone can truly reinstall thee

In David's royal seat, his true successor,

Deliv'rance of thy brethren, those ten tribes

Whose off-spring in his territory yet serve 375

In Habor, and among the Medes dispers'd.

Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph, lost

Thus long from Israel; serving, as of old

Their fathers in the land of Egypt serv'd,

This offer sets before thee to deliver. 380

These if from servitude thou shalt restore

To their inheritance, then, nor till then,

Thou on the throne of David in full glory,

From Egypt to Euphrates, and beyond

Shalt reign, and Rome or Caesar not need fear. 385

To whom our Saviour answer'd thus unmov'd.

Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,

And fragile arms, much instrument of war

Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,

Before mine eyes thou'lt set; and in my ear 390

Vented much policy, and projects deep

Of enemies, of aids, battles and leagues,

Plausible to the world, to me worth naught.

Means I must use thou say'st, prediction else

Will unpredict and fail me of the throne: 395

My time I told thee (and that time for thee

Were better farthest off) is not yet come;

When that comes, think not thou to find me slack

On my part aught endeav'ring, or to need

Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome 400

Luggage of war there shewn me, argument

Of human weakness rather than of strength.

My brethren as thou call'st them, those ten tribes

I must deliver, if I mean to reign

David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway 405

To just extent over all Israel's sons.

But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then

For Israel, or for David, or his throne,  
When thou flood'st up his tempter to the pride  
Of numb'ring Israel, which cost the lives 410  
Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites  
By three days pestilence; such was thy zeal  
To Israel then, the same that now to me.  
As for those captive tribes, themselves were they  
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off 415  
From God to worship calves, the deities  
Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth;  
And all th' idolatries of heathen round,  
Besides their other worse than heath'nish crimes;  
Nor in the land of their captivity 420  
Humbled themselves, or penitent besought  
The God of their forefathers; but so dy'd  
Impenitent, and left a race behind  
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce  
From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain, 425  
And God with idols in their worship join'd.  
Should I of these the liberty regard,  
Who free'd, as to their ancient patrimony,  
Unhumbl'd, unrepentant, unreform'd,  
Headlong wou'd follow; and to their gods perhaps  
Of Bethel and of Dan? no, let them serve 431  
Their enemies, who serve idols with God.  
Yet he at length, time to himself best known,  
Remembring Abraham, by some wond'rous call  
May bring them back repentant and sincere, 435  
And at their passing cleave th' Assyrian flood  
While to their native land with joy they haste;  
As the Red-sea and Jordan once he cleft,  
When to the promis'd land their fathers pass'd;  
To his due time and providence I leave them. 440  
So spake Israel's true king, and to the fiend  
Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.  
So fares it when with truth falsehood contends.

*The End of the Third Book.*

## PARADISE REGAIN'D.

## B O O K IV.

**P**ERPLEX'D and troubled at his bad success  
 The tempter stood, nor had what to reply,  
 Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope  
 So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric  
 That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on Eve 5  
 So little here, nay lost; but Eve was Eve,  
 This far his over-match, who self-deceiv'd  
 And rash, before-hand had no better weigh'd.  
 The strength he was to cope with or his own:  
 But as a man who had been matchless held 10  
 In cunning, over-reach'd where least he thought,  
 To save his credit, and for very spight  
 Still will be tempting him who foys him still,  
 And never cease, though to his shame the more;  
 Or as a swarm of flies in vintage-time, 15  
 About the wine-press where sweet most is pour'd,  
 Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;  
 Or surging waves against a solid rock,  
 Though all to shivers dash'd, th' assault renew,  
 Vain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end; 20  
 So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse  
 Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,  
 Yet gives not o'er though desp'rate of success,  
 And his vain importunity pursues.  
 He brought our Saviour to the western side 25  
 Of that high mountain, whence he might behold  
 Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,



Wash'd by the southern sea, and on the north  
 To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills,  
 That screen'd the fruits of th' earth and seats of men  
 From cold Septentrion blasts, thence in the midst 31  
 Divided by a river, of whose banks  
 On each side an imperial city stood,  
 With tow'rs and temples proudly elevate  
 On sev'n small hills, with palaces adorn'd, 35  
 Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,  
 Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,  
 Gardens and groves presented to his eyes,  
 Above the height of mountains interpos'd.  
 By what strange parallax or optic skill 40  
 Of vision multiply'd through air, or glass  
 Of telescope, were curious to enquire:  
 And now the tempter thus his silence broke.

The city which thou seest no other deem  
 Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth 45  
 So far renown'd, and with the spoils enricht  
 Of nations: there the capitol thou seest  
 Above the rest lifting his stately head  
 On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel  
 Impregnable; and there mount Palatine 50  
 Th' imperial palace, compass huge and high  
 The structure, skill of noblest architects,  
 With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,  
 Turrets and terrases, and glit'ring spires.  
 Many a fair edifice besides, more like 55  
 Houses of gods (so well I have dispos'd  
 My airy microscope) thou may'st behold  
 Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs  
 Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd artificers  
 In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold. 60  
 Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see  
 What conflux issuing forth, or entring in,  
 Pretors, proconsuls to their provinces  
 Hastning or on return, in robes of state;  
 Lictors and rods the ensigns of their pow'r, 65

Legions and cohorts, turmes of horse and wings:  
 Or embassies from regions far remote  
 In various habits on the Appian road,  
 Or on th' Emilian, some from farthest south,  
 Syene, and where the shadow both way falls, 70  
 Meroe Nilotic isle, and more to west,  
 The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea;  
 From th' Asian kings and Parthian among these,  
 From India and the golden Chersonese,  
 And utmost Indian isle Taprobane, 75  
 Dusk faces with white silken turbants wreath'd;  
 From Gallia, Gades, and the British west,  
 Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians north  
 Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.  
 All nations now to Rome obedience pay, 80  
 To Rome's great emperor, whose wide domain  
 In ample territory, wealth and pow'r,  
 Civility of manners, arts and arms,  
 And long renown thou justly may'st prefer  
 Before the Parthian; these two thrones except, 85  
 The rest are barb'rous, and scarce worth the sight,  
 Shar'd among petty kings too far remov'd;  
 These having shewn thee, I have shewn thee all  
 The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.  
 This emp'rour hath no son, and now is old, 90  
 Old and lascivious, and from Rome retir'd  
 To Capreae an island small but strong  
 On the Campanian shore, with purpose there  
 His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,  
 Committing to a wicked favourite 95  
 All public cares, and yet of him suspicious,  
 Hated of all, and hating; with what ease  
 Indu'd with regal virtues as thou art,  
 Appearing and beginning noble deeds,  
 Mightst thou expel this monster from his throne 100  
 Now made a stye, and in his place ascending  
 A victor people free from servile yoke?  
 And with my help thou may'st; to me the pow'r

Is giv'n, and by that right I give it thee.  
 Aim therefore at no less than all the world,  
 Aim at the highest, without the highest attain'd  
 Will be for thee no sitting or not long  
 On David's throne, be prophesy'd what will.

To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd.  
 Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show  
 Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,  
 More than of arms before, allure mine eye,  
 Much less my mind; though thou shouldst add to tell  
 Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts  
 On Cittron tables or Atlantic stone,  
 (For I have also heard, perhaps have read)  
 Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,  
 Chios and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,  
 Crystal and myrrhine cups imboss'd with gems  
 And studs of pearl, to me shou'dst tell who thirst  
 And hunger still: then embassies thou shew'st  
 From nations far and nigh; what honour that,  
 But tedious waste of time to sit and hear  
 So many hollow compliments and lies,  
 Outlandish flatteries? then proceed'st to talk  
 Of th' emperor, how easily subdu'd,  
 How gloriously; I shall, thou say'st, expel  
 A brutish monster: what if I withal  
 Expel a devil who first made him such?  
 Let his tormenter conscience find him out,  
 For him I was not sent, nor yet to free  
 That people victor once, now vile and base,  
 Deservedly made vassal, who once just,  
 Frugal, and mild, and temp'rate, conquer'd well,  
 But govern ill the nations under yoke,  
 Peeling their provinces, exhausted all  
 By lust and rapine; first ambitious grown  
 Of triumph, that insulting vanity;  
 Then cruel, by their sports to blood enur'd  
 Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos'd,  
 Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,

And from the daily scene effeminate.

What wise and valiant man would seek to free  
These thus degen'rate, by themselves enslav'd,  
Or could of inward slaves make outward free? 145

Know therefore when my season comes to fit  
On David's throne, it shall be like a tree,  
Spreading and overshadow'ing all the earth,  
Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash  
All monarchies besides throughout the world, 150  
And of my kingdom there shall be no end:  
Means there shall be to this, but what the means,  
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.

To whom the tempter impudent reply'd:  
I see all offers made by me how slight 155  
Thou valu'st, because offer'd, and reject'st:  
Nothing will please the difficult and nice,  
Or nothing more than still to contradict;  
On th' other side know also thou, that I  
On what I offer set as high esteem, 160  
Nor what I part with mean to give for nought;  
All these which in a moment thou behold'st,  
The kingdoms of the world to thee I give;  
For giv'n to me, I give to whom I please,  
No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else, 165  
On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,  
And worship me as thy superior lord,  
Easily done, and hold them all of me;  
For what can less so great a gift deserve?

Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain: 170  
I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less,  
Now both abhor, since thou hast dar'd to utter  
'Th' abominable terms, impious condition;  
But I endure the time, till which expir'd,  
Thou hast permission on me. It is written 175  
The first of all commandments, Thou shalt worship  
The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve;  
And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound  
To worship thee accurst, now more accurst



For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve, 180  
 And more blasphemous ? which expect to rue.  
 The kingdoms of the world to thee were giv'n,  
 Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd,  
 Other donation none thou canst produce ;  
 If giv'n, by whom but by the King of kings, 185  
 God over all supreme ? if giv'n to thee,  
 By thee how fairly is the giver now  
 Repaid ? but gratitude in thee is lost  
 Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,  
 As offer them to me the Son of God, 190  
 To me my own, on such abhorred pact,  
 That I fall down and worship thee as God :  
 Get thee behind me ; plain thou now appear'st  
 That evil one, Satan for ever damn'd.

To whom the fiend with fear abasht reply'd. 195  
 Be not so fore offended, Son of God ;  
 Though sons of God both angels are and men,  
 If I to try whether in higher sort  
 Than these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd  
 What both from men and angels I receive, 200  
 Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth  
 Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,  
 God of this world invok'd and world beneath ;  
 Who then thou art whose coming is foretold  
 To me so fatal, me it most concerns, 205  
 The trial hath endamag'd thee no way,  
 Rather more honour left and more esteem ;  
 Me naught advantag'd, missing what I aim'd.  
 Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,  
 The kingdoms of this world ; I shall no more 210  
 Advise thee, gain them as thou can'st, or not.  
 And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclin'd  
 Than to a worldly crown, addicted more  
 To contemplation and profound dispute,  
 As by that early action may be judg'd, 215  
 When slipping from thy mother's eye thou went'st  
 Alone into the temple, there was found

Among the graveſt Rabbies diſputant  
 On points and queſtions fitting Moſes' chair,  
 Teaching not taught; the childhood ſhews the man,  
 As morning ſhews the day. Be famous then 221  
 By wiſdom; as thy empire muſt extend,  
 So let extend thy mind o'er all the world,  
 In knowlege, all things in it comprehend;  
 All knowlege is not couch'd in Moſes' law, 225  
 The Pentateuch, or what the prophets wrote,  
 The Gentiles alſo know, and write, and teach  
 To admiration, led by nature's light;  
 And with the Gentiles much thou muſt converſe,  
 Ruling them by perſuaſion as thou mean'ſt; 230  
 Without their learning how wilt thou with them,  
 Or they with thee hold converſation meet?  
 How wilt thou reaſon with them, how refute  
 Their idolifms, traditions, paradoxes?  
 Error by his own arms is beſt evinc'd. 235  
 Look once more ere we leave this ſpecular mount  
 Weſtward, much nearer by ſouth-weſt, behold  
 Where on th' Ægean ſhore a city ſtands  
 Built nobly, pure the air, and light the ſoil,  
 Athens the eye of Greece, mother of arts 240  
 And eloquence, native to famous wits  
 Or hoſpitable, in her ſweet reſeſs,  
 City or ſuburban, ſtudious walks and ſhades;  
 See there the olive grove of Academe,  
 Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird 245  
 Trills her thick-warbl'd notes the ſummer long,  
 There flow'ry hill Hymettus with the ſound  
 Of bees induſtrious murmur oft invites  
 To ſtudious muſing; there Iliffus rolls  
 His whiſp'ring ſtream; within the walls then view  
 The ſchools of ancient ſages; his who bred 251  
 Great Alexander to ſubdue the world,  
 Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:  
 There thou ſhalt hear and learn the ſecret pow'r  
 Of harmony in tones and numbers hit 255

By voice or hand, and various-measur'd verse,  
Æolian charms and Dorian Lyric odes,  
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,  
Blind Melesigenes thence Homer call'd,  
Whose poem Phoebus challeng'd for his own. 260  
Thence what the lofty grave tragoedians taught  
In Chorus or Iambic, teachers best  
Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd,  
In brief sententious precepts while they treat  
Of fate and chance, and change in human life; 265  
High actions, and high passions best describing:  
Thence to the famous orators repair,  
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence  
Wielded at will that fierce democratic,  
Shook th' arsenal and fulmin'd over Greece 270  
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne.  
To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,  
From heav'n descended to the low-rooft house  
Of Socrates, see there his tenement,  
Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd 275  
Wise of men; from whose mouth issu'd forth  
Mellifluous streams that water'd all the schools  
Of Academics old and new, with those  
Siranam'd Peripatetics, and the sect  
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe. 280  
These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,  
Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;  
These rules will render thee a king compleat  
Within thyself, much more with empire join'd.  
To whom our Saviour sagely thus reply'd. 285  
Think not, but that I know these things, or think  
I know them not; not therefore am I short  
Of knowing what I aught; he who receives  
Light from above, from the fountain of light,  
No other doctrine needs, though granted true; 290  
But these are false, or little else but dreams,  
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.  
The first and wisest of them all profess'd

To know this only, that he nothing knew ;  
 The next to fabling fell, and smooth conceits ; 295  
 A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense ;  
 Others in virtue plac'd felicity,  
 But virtue join'd with riches and long life,  
 In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease :  
 The Stoic last in philosophic pride 300  
 By him call'd virtue ; and his virtuous man,  
 Wife, perfect in himself, and all possessing,  
 Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,  
 As fearing God nor man, condemning all  
 Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life. 305  
 Which when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can ;  
 For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,  
 Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.  
 Alas, what can they teach, and not mis-lead ;  
 Ignorant of themselves, of God much more, 310  
 And how the world began, and how man fell  
 Degraded by himself, on grace depending ?  
 Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,  
 And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves  
 All glory arrogate, to God give none, 315  
 Rather accuse him under usual names,  
 Fortune and fate, as one regardless quite  
 Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these  
 True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion  
 Far worse, her false resemblance only meets 320  
 An empty cloud. However many books  
 Wise men have said are wearisom ; who reads  
 Incessantly, and to his reading brings not  
 A spirit and judgment equal or superior,  
 (And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek)  
 Uncertain and unsettled still remains 326  
 Deep vers'd in books and shallow in himself,  
 Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,  
 And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge ;  
 As children gath'ring pebbles on the shore. 230  
 Or if I would delight my private hours



With music or with poem, where so soon  
 As in our native language can I find  
 That solace? all our law and story strew'd  
 With hymns, our psalms with artful terms inscrib'd,  
 Our Hebrew songs and harps in Babylon, 336  
 That pleas'd so well our victors ear, declare  
 That rather Greece from us these arts deriv'd;  
 Ill imitated, while they loudest sing  
 The vices of their deities, and their own 340  
 In fable, hymn, or song, so personating  
 Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.  
 Remove the swelling epithets thick laid  
 As varnish on a harlot's cheek; the rest,  
 Thin sown with aught of profit or delight, 345  
 Will far be found unworthy to compare  
 With Sion's songs, to all true taste excelling,  
 Where God is prais'd aright, and god-like men  
 The holiest of holies, and his saints :  
 Such are from God inspir'd, not such from thee; 350  
 Unless where moral virtue is express'd  
 By light of nature not in all quite lost.  
 Their orators thou then extoll'st, as those  
 The top of eloquence, statists indeed,  
 And lovers of their country, as may seem; 355  
 But herein to our prophets far beneath,  
 As men divinely taught, and better teaching  
 The solid rules of civil government,  
 In their majestic unaffected stile,  
 Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome. 360  
 In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,  
 What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,  
 What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat;  
 These only with our law best form a king.  
 So spake the Son of God; but Satan now 365  
 Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent,  
 Thus to our Saviour with stern brow reply'd.  
 Since neither wealth, nor honour, arms nor arts,  
 Kingdom nor empire pleases thee, nor aught

By me propos'd in life contemplative, 370  
Or active, tended on by glory, or fame,  
What dost thou in this world? the wilderness  
For thee is fittest place, I found thee there,  
And thither will return thee, yet remember  
What I foretel thee, soon thou shalt have cause 375  
To wish thou never hadst rejected thus  
Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid,  
Which would have set thee in short time with ease  
On David's throne, or throne of all the world,  
Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season 380  
When prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.  
Now contrary, if I read aught in heav'n,  
Or heav'n write aught of fate, by what the stars  
Voluminous, or single characters,  
In their conjunction met, give me to spell, 385  
Sorrows and labours, opposition, hate,  
Attends thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,  
Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death;  
A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,  
Real or allegoric, I discern not, 390  
Nor when, eternal sure, as without end,  
Without beginning; for no date prefixt,  
Directs me in the starry rubric set.

So saying he took (for still he knew his pow'r  
Not yet expir'd) and to the wilderness 395  
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,  
Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,  
As day-light sunk, and brought in lowring night  
Her shad'wy offspring, unsubstantial both,  
Privation meer of light and absent day. 400  
Our Saviour meek and with untroubled mind  
After his aery jaunt, though hurry'd sore,  
Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,  
Wherever, under some concourse of shades  
Whose branching arms thick interwin'd might shield  
From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head, 406  
But shelter'd slept in vain, for at his head.

The tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams  
 Disturb'd his sleep, and either tropic now  
 'Gan thunder, and both ends of heav'n the clouds 410  
 From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd  
 Fierce rain with lightning mixt, water with fire  
 In ruin reconcil'd : nor slept the winds  
 Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad  
 From the four hinges of the world, and fell 415  
 On the vast wilderness, whose tallest pines,  
 Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,  
 Bow'd their stiff-necks, loaden with stormy blasts,  
 Or torn up sheer : ill wast thou shrouded then,  
 O patient Son of God, yet only stoodst 420  
 Unshaken ; nor yet staid the terror there,  
 Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies, round  
 Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,  
 Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou  
 Sat'st unappal'd in calm and sinless peace. 425  
 Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair  
 Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray ;  
 Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar  
 Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,  
 And grisly spectres which the fiend had rais'd 430  
 To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.  
 And now the sun with more effectual beams  
 Had chear'd the face of earth, and dry'd the wet  
 From drooping plant, or drooping tree ; the birds,  
 Who all things now behold more fresh and green, 435  
 After a night of storm so ruinous,  
 Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray  
 To gratulate the sweet return of morn :  
 Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn  
 Was absent, after all his mischief done, 440  
 The prince of darkness, glad would also seem  
 Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,  
 Yet with no new device, they all were spent,  
 Rather by this his last affront resolv'd,  
 Desp'rate of better course, to vent his rage, 445

And mad despight to be so oft repell'd.  
Him walking on a sunny hill he found,  
Back'd on the north and west by a thick wood;  
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,  
And in a careless mood thus to him said. 450

Fair morning yet betides thee Son of God,  
After a dismal night; I heard the rack  
As earth and sky would mingle; but myself  
Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear them  
As dang'rous to the pillar'd frame of heav'n, 455  
Or to the earth's dark basis underneath,

Are to the main as inconsiderable;  
And harmless, if not wholsom, as a freeze  
To man's less universe, and soon are gone;  
Yet as being oft times noxious where they light 460

On man, beast, plant, wastful and turbulent,  
Like turbulencies in th' affairs of men;  
Over whose heads they rore, and seem to point,  
They oft fore-signify and threaten ill:

This tempest at this desert most was bent; 465  
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'ft.

Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject  
The perfect season offer'd with my aid  
To win thy destin'd seat, but wilt prolong  
All to the push of fate, pursue thy way 470

Of gaining David's throne no man knows when,  
For both the when and how is no where told,  
Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;  
For angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing  
The time and means: each act is rightest done, 475  
Not when it must, but when it may be best.

If thou observe not this, be sure to find,  
What I foretold thee, many a hard assay  
Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,  
Ere thou of Israel's scepter get fast hold; 480  
Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,  
So many terrors, voices, prodigies  
May warn thee, as a sure fore going sign.



So talk'd he; while the Son of God went on  
And staid not, but in brief him answer'd thus. 485

Me worse than wet thou find'st not; other harm  
Those terrors which thou speak'st of, did me none;  
I never fear'd they could, though noising loud  
And threatening nigh, what they can do as signs  
Betok'ning, or ill boding, I condemn 490  
As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;  
Who knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,  
Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting  
At least might seem to hold all pow'r of thee,  
Ambitious spirit, and wouldst be thought my God,  
And storm'st refus'd, thinking to terrify 496  
Me to thy will; desist, thou art discern'd  
And toil'st in vain, nor me in vain molest.

To whom the fiend now swoln with rage reply'd;  
Then hear, O Son of David, virgin-born; 500  
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt,  
Of the Messiah I have heard foretold  
By all the prophets; of thy birth at length  
Announc'd by Gabriel with the first I knew,  
And of th' angelic song in Bethlehem field, 505  
On thy birth night, that sung thee Saviour born,  
From that time seldom have I ceas'd to eye  
'Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,  
'Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;  
Till at the ford of Jordan, whither all 510  
Flock'd to the Baptist, I among the rest,  
Though not to be baptiz'd, by voice from heav'n,  
Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd.  
Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view  
And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn 515  
In what degree or meaning thou art call'd  
'The Son of God, which bears no single sense;  
The son of God I also am, or was,  
And if I was, I am; relation stands;  
All men are sons of God; yet thee I thought 520  
In some respect far higher so declar'd.

Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,  
And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild;  
Where by all best conjectures I collect  
Thou art to be my fatal enemy. 525  
Good reason then, if I before-hand seek  
To understand my adversary, who  
And what he is; his wisdom, pow'r, intent,  
By parl, or composition, truce, or league  
To win him, or win from him what I can. 530  
And opportunity I here have had  
To try thee, sift thee, and confels have found thee  
Proof against all temptation as a rock  
Of adamant, and as a center, firm  
To th' utmost of meer man both wise and good, 535  
Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory  
Have been before contemn'd, and may again:  
Therefore to know what more thou art than man,  
Worth naming Son of God by voice from heav'n,  
Another method I must now begin. 540

So saying he caught him up, and without wing:  
Of Hippogrif bore through the air sublime  
Over the wilderness and o'er the plain;  
Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,  
The holy city lifted high her tow'rs, 545  
And higher-yet the glorious temple rear'd  
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount  
Of alabaster, top'd with golden spires:  
There on the highest pinnacle he set  
The Son of God; and added thus in scorn: 550

There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand upright  
Will ask thee skill; I to thy father's house  
Have brought thee, and highest plac'd, highest is best,  
Now shew thy progeny; if not to stand,  
Cast thyself down; safely if Son of God: 555  
For it is written, He will give command  
Concerning thee to his angels, in their hands  
They shall up lift thee, lest at any time  
Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.

To whom thus Jesus: also it is written, 560  
 Tempt not the Lord thy God; he said and stood,  
 But Satan smitten with amazement fell,  
 As when earth's son Antaeus (to compare  
 Small things with greatest) in Irassa strove  
 With Jove's Alcides, and oft foil'd still rose, 565  
 Receiving from his mother earth new strength,  
 Fresh from his fall and fiercer grapple join'd,  
 Throttled at length in th' air, expir'd and fell:  
 So after many a foil the tempter proud,  
 Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride 570  
 Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall  
 And as that Theban monster that propos'd  
 Her riddle, and him, who solv'd it not, devour'd;  
 That once found out and solv'd, for grief and spight  
 Cast herself headlong from th' Ismenian steep; 575  
 So struck with dread and anguish fell the fiend,  
 And to his crew that sat consulting, brought  
 Joyless triumphals of his hop'd success,  
 Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,  
 Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God. 580  
 So Satan fell; and straight a fiery globe  
 Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,  
 Who on their plummy vans receiv'd him soft  
 From his uneasy station, and upbore  
 As on a floating couch through the blithe air, 585  
 Then in a flow'ry valley set him down.  
 On a green bank, and set before him spread  
 A table of celestial food, divine,  
 Ambrosial fruits, fetcht from the tree of life,  
 And from the fount of life ambrosial drink, 590  
 That soon refresh'd him weary'd, and repair'd  
 What hunger, if aught hunger had impair'd,  
 Or thirst: and as he fed, angelic quires  
 Sung heav'nly anthems of his victory  
 Over temptation, and the tempter proud. 595  
 True image of the Father whether thron'd

In the bosom of blifs, and light of light  
Conceiving, or remote from heav'n, enshrin'd  
In fleshly tabernacle, and human form,  
Wand'ring the wilderness, whatever place, 600  
Habit or state, or motion, still expressing  
The Son of God, with god-like force indu'd  
Against th' attempter of thy father's throne,  
And thief of paradise; him long of old  
Thou didst debel, and down from heaven cast 605  
With all his army, now thou hast aveng'd  
Supplanted Adam, and by vanquishing  
Temptation, hath regain'd lost paradise;  
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent:  
He never more henceforth will dare set foot 610  
In paradise to tempt; his snares are broke:  
For though that seat of earthly blifs be fail'd,  
A fairer paradise is founded now  
For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou  
A Saviour art come down to re-instal 615  
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,  
Of tempter and temptation without fear.  
But thou, infernal serpent, shalt not long  
Rule in the clouds; like an autumnal star  
Or lightning thou shall fall from heav'n trod down  
Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'st 621  
Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound  
By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in hell  
No triumph; in all her gates Abaddon rues  
Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with aw 625  
To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd  
Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice  
From thy demoniac holds, possession foul,  
Thee and thy legions, yelling they shall fly,  
And beg to hide them in a herd of swine, 630  
Lest he command them down into the deep  
Bound, and to torment sent before their time.  
Hail Son of the Most High, heir of both worlds,



Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work  
Now enter, and begin to save mankind.

635

Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek  
Sung victor, and from heav'nly feast refresh'd  
Brought on his way with joy; he unobserv'd  
Home to his mother's house private return'd.

*The End of the Fourth Book.*

SAMSON AGONISTES,

A

Dramatic Poem.

The AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

*Aristot. Poet. Cap. 6.*

*Τραγωδία μίμησις πράξεως σπουδαίας, etc.*

*Tragoedia est imitatio actionis seriae, etc. per misericordiam et metum perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem.*



OF THAT SORT OF  
DRAMATIC POEM  
WHICH IS CALLED  
TRAGEDY.

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems: therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirr'd up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion: for so in physic, things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers and other gravest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The apostle St. Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture; 1 Cor. xv. 33. and Paræus commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book as a tragedy, into acts distinguished each by a chorus of heavenly harpings, and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his Ajax, but unable to please his own judgment with what he



had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca the philosopher is by some thought the author of those tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a father of the church, thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which is intitled, Christ suffering. This is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes; happening through the poet's error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient tragedy use no prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence, or explanation, that which Martial calls an epistle; in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much may before-hand be epistled; that Chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modelling therefore of this poem, with good reason, the ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse used in the chorus is of all sorts, called by the Greeks Monostrophic, or rather Apolylemenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe, or Epod, which were a kind of stanza's framed only for the music, then used with the chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into stanza's or pauses, they may be called Allaeostropha. Division into act and scene referring chiefly to the stage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act. Of the style and uniformity, and that commonly called the plot, whether intricate

or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such oeconomy, or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum, they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write tragedy. The circumscription of time wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is according to ancient rule and best example, within the space of 24 hours.

## The ARGUMENT.

*Samson made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common work-house, on a festival-day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retired, there to sit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father Manoa, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; and lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoa then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistian lords for Samson's redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly, by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or shew his strength in their presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatnings to fetch him; the chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoa returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his son's deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Hebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterward more distinctly relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the tragedy ends.*





**The PERSONS.**

*Samson.*

*Manoa, the father of Samson.*

*Dalila his wife.*

*Harapha of Gath.*

*Public Officer.*

*Messenger.*

*Chorus of Danites.*

*The Scene before the prison in Gaza.*

## SAMSON AGONISTES.

*Samf.* **A** Little onward lend thy guiding hand  
To these dark steps, a little farther on;  
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade,  
There I am wont to sit, when any chance  
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,  
Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me,  
Where I as pris'ner chain'd, scarce freely draw  
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,  
Unwholsom draught; but here I feel amends,  
The breath of heav'n fresh blowing, pure and sweet,  
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.  
This day a solemn feast the people hold  
To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid  
Laborious works, unwillingly this rest  
Their superstition yields me; hence with leave  
Retiring from the pop'lar noise, I seek  
This unfrequented place to find some ease,  
Ease to the body some, none to the mind  
From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm  
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,  
But rush upon me thronging, and present  
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.  
O wherefore was my birth from heav'n foretold  
Twice by an angel; who at last in sight  
Of both my parents all in flames ascended  
From off the altar, where an off'ring burn'd,  
As in a fiery column charioting  
His God-like presence, and from some great act  
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?  
Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd  
As of a person separate to God,  
Design'd for great exploits; if I must die  
Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out,

Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze;  
To grind in brazen fetters under task,  
With this heav'n-gifted strength? O glorious strength  
Put to the labour of a beast, debas'd  
Lower than bondslave! promise was that I  
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver:  
Ask for this great deliv'rer now, and find him  
Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,  
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke.  
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt  
Divine prediction: what if all foretold  
Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default,  
Whom have I to complain of but myself?  
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,  
In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,  
Under the seal of silence could not keep,  
But weakly to a woman must reveal it,  
O'ercome with importunity and tears.  
O impotence of mind, in body strong!  
But what is strength without a double share  
Of wisdom, vast, unwieldy, burthensome,  
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall  
By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,  
But to subserve where wisdom bears command.  
God, when he gave me strength, to shew withal  
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.  
But peace, I must not quarrel with the will  
Of highest dispensation, which herein  
Haply had ends above my reach to know:  
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,  
And proves the source of all my miseries;  
So many, and so huge, that each apart  
Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,  
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!  
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,  
Dungeon, or beggary, decrepit age!  
Light the prime work of God to me is extinct,  
And all her various objects of delight

Annul'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,  
Inferior to the vilest now become  
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me,  
They creep, yet see, I dark in light expos'd  
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong,  
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,  
In pow'r of others, never in my own;  
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.  
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
Irrecov'rably dark, total eclipse  
Without all hope of day!  
O first created beam, and thou great Word,  
Let there be light, and light was over all;  
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?  
The sun to me is dark  
And silent as the moon  
When she deserts the night  
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.  
Since light so necessary is to life,  
And almost life itself, if it be true  
That light is in the soul,  
She all in ev'ry part; why was the light  
To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd?  
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd,  
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffus'd,  
That she might look at will through ev'ry pore?  
Then had I not been thus exil'd from light;  
As in the land of darkness yet in light,  
To live a life half dead, a living death,  
And bury'd; but O yet more miserable!  
Myself, my sepulchre, a moving grave,  
Bury'd, yet not exempt  
By privilege of death and burial  
From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs,  
But made hereby obnoxious more  
To all the miseries of life,  
Life in captivity  
Among inhuman foes.



But who are these? for with joint pace I hear  
The tread of many feet steering this way;  
Perhaps my enemies who come to stare  
At my affliction, and perhaps t' insult,  
Their daily practice to afflict me more.

*Chor.* This, this is he; softly a while,  
Let us not break in upon him;  
O change beyond report, thought or belief!  
See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd,  
With languish'd head unpropt,  
As one past hope, abandon'd,  
And by himself giv'n over?  
In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds  
O'er-worn and soil'd;  
Or do my eyes misrepresent? can this be he,  
That heroic, that renown'd,  
Irresistible Samson; whom unarm'd  
No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could withstand?  
Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid,  
Ran on imbattled armies clad in iron,  
And weaponless himself,  
Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery  
Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass,  
Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail  
Adamantean proof;  
But safest he who stood aloof,  
When insupportably his foot advanc'd,  
In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,  
Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonite  
Fled from his lion ramp, old warriors turn'd  
Their plated backs under his heel;  
Or grov'ling soil'd their crested helmets in the dust.  
Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,  
The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,  
A thousand foreskins fell, the flow'r of Palestine,  
In Ramath-lechi famous to this day:  
Then by main force pull'd up and on his shoulders bore  
The gates of Azza, post, and massy bar

Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,  
No journey of a sabbath-day, and loaded so;  
Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up heav'n.

Which shall I first bewail,  
Thy bondage or lost fight,  
Prison within prison  
Inseparably dark?

Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!)  
The dungeon of thyself; thy soul [plain'd)  
(Which men enjoying light oft without cause com-  
Imprison'd now indeed,  
In real darkness of the body dwells,  
Shut up from outward light  
T' incorporate with gloomy night;  
For inward light alas  
Puts forth no visual beam.

O mirror of our sickle state,  
Since man on earth unparallel'd!  
The rarer thy example stands,  
By how much from the top of wond'rous glory,  
Strongest of mortal men,  
To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.  
For him I reckon not in high estate,  
Whom long descent of birth  
Or the sphere of fortune raises;  
But thee whose strength, while virtue was her mate,  
Might have subdu'd the earth,  
Universally crown'd with highest praises.

*Samf.* I hear the sound of words, their sense the air  
Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.

*Chor.* He spake, let us draw nigh. Matchless in might,  
The glory late of Israel, now the grief,  
We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown  
From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale  
To visit or bewail thee, or if better,  
Counsel or consolation we may bring,  
Salve to thy sores, apt words have pow'r to swage  
The tumours of a troubled mind,

And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

*Samf.* Your coming, friends, revives me, for I learn  
Now of my own experience, not by talk,  
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends  
Bear in their superscription (of the most  
I would be understood) in prosp'rous days  
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head  
Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends  
How many evils have inclos'd me round;  
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,  
Blindness, for had I sight, confus'd with shame,  
How could I once look up, or heave the head,  
Who like a foolish pilot have shipwreck'd  
My vessel trusted to me from above,  
Gloriously rigg'd; and for a word, a tear,  
Fool, have divulg'd the secret gift of God  
To a deceitful woman? tell me, friends,  
Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool  
In ev'ry street, do they not say, how well  
Are come upon him his deserts? yet why?  
Immeasurable strength they might behold  
In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean;  
This with the other should, at least, have pair'd,  
These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse.

*Chor.* Tax not divine disposal, wisest men  
Have err'd, and by bad women been deceiv'd;  
And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.  
Deject not then so overmuch thyself,  
Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides;  
Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder  
Why thou should'st wed Philistian woman rather  
Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,  
At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

*Samf.* The first I saw at Timna, and she pleas'd  
Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed,  
The daughter of an infidel; they knew not  
That what I mention'd was of God; I knew  
From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd.

The marriage on; that by occasion hence  
 I might begin Israel's deliverance,  
 The work to which I was divinely call'd.  
 She proving false, the next I took to wife  
 (O that I never had! fond wish too late,)  
 Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,  
 That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare.  
 I thought it lawful from my former act,  
 And the same end; still watching to oppress  
 Israel's oppressors: of what now I suffer,  
 She was not the prime cause, but I myself,  
 Who vanquish'd with a peal of words (O weakness!)  
 Gave up my fort of silence to a woman.

*Chor.* In seeking just occasion to provoke  
 The Philistin, thy country's enemy,  
 Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness:  
 Yet Israel still serves with all his sons.

*Samf.* That fault I take not on me, but transfer  
 On Israel's governors, and heads of tribes,  
 Who seeing those great acts which God had done  
 Singly by me against their conquerors,  
 Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd  
 Deliv'rance offer'd: I on the other side  
 Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds, [doer;  
 The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the  
 But they persisted deaf, and would not seem  
 To count them things worth notice, till at length  
 Their lords the Philistines with gather'd pow'rs  
 Enter'd Judea seeking me, who then  
 Safe to the rock of Etham was retir'd,  
 Not flying, but fore-casting in what place  
 To set upon them what advantag'd best.  
 Mean while the men of Judah to prevent  
 The harrafs of their land beset me round;  
 I willingly on some conditions came  
 Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me  
 To the uncircumcis'd a welcome prey,  
 Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threds



Touch'd with the flame : on their whole host I flew  
Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd  
Their choicest youth ; they only liv'd who fled.  
Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe,  
They had by this possess'd the tow'rs of Gath,  
And lorded over them whom now they serve :  
But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,  
And by their vices brought to servitude,  
Than to love bondage more than liberty,  
Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty ;  
And to despise, or envy, or suspect  
Whom God hath of his special favour rais'd  
As their deliverer ; if he aught begin,  
How frequent to desert him, and at last  
To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds ?

*Chor.* Thy words to my remembrance bring  
How Succoth and the fort of Penuel  
Their great deliverer contemn'd,  
The matchless Gideon in pursuit  
Of Madian and her vanquish'd kings :  
And how ingrateful Ephraim  
Had dealt with Jephtha ; who by argument,  
Not worse than by his shield and spear  
Defended Israel from the Ammonite,  
Had not his prowess quell'd their pride  
In that fore battle, when so many dy'd  
Without reprieve adjudg'd to death,  
For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

*Samf.* Of such examples add me to the roll,  
Me easily indeed mine may neglect,  
But God's propos'd deliverance not so.

*Chor.* Just are the ways of God,  
And justifiable to men ;  
Unless there be who think not God at all ;  
If any be, they walk obscure ;  
For of such doctrine never was their school,  
But the heart of the fool,  
And no man therein doctor but him self.

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just,  
As to his own edicts found contradicting,  
Then give the reins to wandring thought,  
Regardless of his glory's diminution;  
Till by their own perplexities involv'd  
They ravel more, still less resolv'd,  
But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine th' interminable,  
And tie him to his own prescript,  
Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,  
And hath full right t' exempt  
Whom so it pleases him by choice  
From national obstriction, without taint  
Of sin, or legal debt;  
For with his own laws he can best dispense.

He would not else, who never wanted means,  
Nor in respect of th' enemy just cause  
To set his people free,  
Have prompted this heroic Nazarite  
Against his vow of strictest purity,  
To seek in marriage that fallacious bride,  
Unclean, unchaste.

Down reason then, at least vain reasoning down,  
Though reason here aver  
That moral verdict quits her of unclean:  
Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his.

But see here comes thy rev'rend fire  
With careful step, locks white as down,  
Old Manoa: advise  
Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.

*Samf.* Ay me, another inward grief awak'd  
With mention of that name renews th' assault.

*Man.* Brethren and men of Dan, for such ye seem,  
Though in this uncouth place; if old respect,  
As I suppose, toward your once glory'd friend,  
My son now captive, hither hath inform'd  
Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age  
Came lagging after; say if he be here.

*Chor.* As signal now in low dejected state  
As erst in highest, behold him where he lies.

*Man.* O miserable change ! is this the man,  
That invincible Samson, far renown'd  
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength  
Equivalent to angels walk'd their streets,  
None offering fight ; who single combatant  
Duell'd their armies rank'd in proud array,  
Himself an army, now unequal match  
To save himself against a coward arm'd  
At one spear's length. O ever-failing trust  
In mortal strength ! and oh what not in man  
Deceivable and vain ? nay, what thing good  
Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane ?  
I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness  
In wedlock a reproach ; I gain'd a son,  
Such a son as all men hail'd me happy ;  
Who would be now a father in my stead ?  
O wherefore did God grant me my request,  
And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd ?  
Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt  
Our earnest pray'rs, then giv'n with solemn hand  
As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind ?  
For this did th' angel twice descend ? for this  
Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant ;  
Select and sacred, glorious for a while,  
The miracle of men ; then in an hour  
Ensnar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound,  
Thy foes derision, captive, poor, and blind,  
Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves ?  
Alas methinks whom God hath chosen once  
To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,  
He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall  
Subject him to so foul indignities,  
Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds.

*Samf.* Appoint not heav'nly disposition, father,  
Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me  
But justly ; I, myself have brought them on,

Sole author, I, sole cause: if ought seem vile,  
As vile hath been my folly, who have profan'd  
The mystery of God giv'n me under pledge  
Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,  
A Canaanite, my faithless enemy:  
This well I knew, nor was at all surpriz'd  
But warn'd by oft experience; did not she  
Of Timna first betray me, and reveal  
The secret wrested from me in her height  
Of nuptial love profess, carrying it straight  
To them who had corrupted her, my spies,  
And rivals? in this other was there found  
More faith? who also in her prime of love,  
Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,  
Though offer'd only, by the scent conceiv'd  
Her spurious first-born; treason against me?  
Thrice she assay'd with flatt'ring pray'rs and sighs,  
And amorous reproaches to win from me  
My capital secret, in what part my strength  
Lay stor'd, in what part summ'd, that she might know:  
Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport  
Her importunity, each time perceiving  
How openly, and with what impudence  
She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worse  
Than undissembled hate) with what contempt  
She thought to make me traitor to myself;  
Yet the fourth time, when must'ring all her wiles,  
With blandish'd parleys, feminine assaults,  
Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night  
To storm me over-watch'd, and weary'd out.  
At times when men seek most repose and rest,  
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,  
Who with a grain of manhood well resolv'd  
Might easily have shook off all her snares:  
But foul effeminacy held me yok'd  
Her bond-slave; O indignity, O blot  
To honour and religion! servile mind  
Rewarded well with servile punishment!



The base degree to which I now am fall'n.  
These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base  
As was my former servitude, ignoble,  
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,  
True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,  
That saw not how degen'rately I serv'd.

*Man.* I cannot praise thy marriage choices, son,  
Rather approv'd them not; but thou didst plead  
Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st  
Find some occasion to infect our foes.  
I state not that; this I am sure, our foes  
Found soon occasion thereby to make thee  
Their captive, and their triumph; thou the sooner  
Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms  
To violate the sacred trust of silence  
Deposited within thee; which to have kept  
Tacit, was in thy pow'r: true; and thou bear'st  
Enough, and more the burden of that fault;  
Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying  
That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains,  
This day the Philistines a pop'lar feast  
Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim  
Great pomp and sacrifice, and praises loud  
To Dagon, as their god who hath deliver'd  
Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands,  
Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.  
So Dagon shall be magnify'd, and God,  
Besides whom is no God, compar'd with idols,  
Disglorify'd; blasphem'd, and had in scorn  
By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine;  
Which to have come to pass by means of thee,  
Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,  
Of all reproach the most with shame that ever  
Could have befall'n thee and thy father's house.

*Samf.* Father, I do acknowledge and confess  
That I this honour, I this pomp have brought  
To Dagon, and advanc'd his praises high  
Among the heathen round; to God have brought

Dishonour, obloquy, and op'd the mouths  
 Of idolists, and atheists; have brought scandal  
 To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt  
 In feeble hearts, propense enough before  
 To waver, or fall off and join with idols;  
 Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,  
 The anguish of my soul, that suffers not  
 Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.  
 This only hope relieves me, that the strife  
 With me hath end; all the contest is now  
 'Twixt God and Dagon; Dagon hath presum'd  
 Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,  
 His Deity comparing and preferring  
 Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure,  
 Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,  
 But will arise and his great name assert:  
 Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive  
 Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him  
 Of all these boasted trophies won on me,  
 And with confusion blank his worshippers. [words

*Man.* With cause this hope relieves thee, and these  
 I as a prophecy receive; for God,  
 Nothing more certain, will not long defer  
 To vindicate the glory of his name  
 Against all competition, nor will long  
 Endure it, doubtful whether God be Lord,  
 Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done?  
 Thou must not in the mean while here forgot  
 Lye in this miserable loathsom plight  
 Neglected. I already have made way  
 To some Philistian lords with whom to treat  
 About thy ransom: well they may by this  
 Have satisfy'd their utmost of revenge  
 By pains and slav'ries, worse than death, inflicted  
 On thee who now no more canst do them harm.

*Samf.* Spare that proposal, father, spare the trouble  
 Of that sollicitation; let me here,  
 As I deserve, pay on my punishment;

And expiate, if possible, my crime,  
 Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd  
 Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,  
 How heinous had the fact been, how deserving  
 Contempt and scorn of all, to be excluded  
 All friendship, and avoided as a blab,  
 The mark of fool set on his front? but I  
 God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret  
 Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,  
 Weakly at least, and shamefully: a sin  
 That Gentiles in their parables condemn  
 To their abyss and horrid pains confin'd.

*Man.* Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,  
 But act not in thy own affliction, son;  
 Repent the sin, but if the punishment  
 Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids;  
 Or th' execution leave to high disposal,  
 And let another hand, not thine, exact  
 Thy penal forfeit from thyself: perhaps  
 God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;  
 Who ever more approves and more accepts  
 (Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission)  
 Him who imploring mercy sues for life,  
 Than who self-rigorous chuses death as due;  
 Which argues over-just, and self-displeas'd  
 For self-offence, more than for God offended.  
 Reject not then what offer'd means; who knows  
 But God hath set before us, to return thee  
 Home to thy country and his sacred house,  
 Where thou may'st bring thy off'rings, to avert  
 His farther ire, with pray'rs and vows renew'd?

*Samf.* His pardon I implore; but as for life,  
 To what end should I seek it? when in strength  
 All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes  
 With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts  
 Of birth from heav'n foretold and high exploits,  
 Full of divine instinct, after some proof  
 Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond

The sons of Anack, famous now and blaz'd,  
 Fearless of danger, like a petty god  
 I walk'd about admir'd of all and dreaded  
 On hostile ground, none daring my affront.  
 Then swoll'n with pride into the snare I fell  
 Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,  
 Softned with pleasure and voluptuous life;  
 At length to lay my head and hollow pledge  
 Of all my strength in the lascivious lap  
 Of a deceitful concubine, who shor'd me  
 Like a tame weather, all my precious fleece,  
 Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,  
 Shaven and disarm'd among mine enemies.

*Chor.* Desire of wine and all delicious drinks  
 Which many a famous warrior overturns,  
 Thou couldst repress, nor did the dancing ruby  
 Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavour or the smell,  
 Or taste that cheers the hearts of gods or men,  
 Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream.

*Samf.* Where-ever fountain or fresh current flow'd  
 Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure,  
 With touch aethereal of heav'n's fiery rod,  
 I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying  
 Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envy'd them the grape  
 Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

*Chor.* O madness, to think use of strongest wines  
 And strongest drinks our chief support of health;  
 When God with these forbidd'n made choice to rear  
 His mighty champion, strong above compare,  
 Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

*Samf.* But what avail'd this temp'rance, not compleat  
 Against another object more enticing?  
 What boots it at one gate to make defence,  
 And at another to let in the foe  
 Effeminately vanquish'd? by which means,  
 Now blind, disheartn'd, sham'd, dishonour'd, quell'd,  
 To what can I be useful, wherein serve  
 My nation, and the work from heav'n impos'd,



But to sit idle on the household-hearth,  
 A burd'nous drone; to visitants a gaze,  
 Or pity'd object, these redundant locks  
 Robustious to no purpose clustring down,  
 Vain monument of strength; till length of years  
 And sedentary numbness craze my limbs  
 To a contemptible old age obscure.

Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,  
 Till vermin or the draff of servile food  
 Consume me, and oft invocated death  
 Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

*Man.* Wilt thou then serve Philistians with that gift  
 Which was expressly giv'n thee to annoy them?  
 Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,  
 Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age out-worn.  
 But God who caus'd a fountain at thy pray'r  
 From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst t' allay  
 After the brunt of battle, can as easy  
 Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,  
 Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast;  
 And I persuade me so; why else this strength  
 Mirac'lous yet remaining in those locks?  
 His might continues in thee not for naught,  
 Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

*Samf.* All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,  
 That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,  
 Nor th' other light of life continue long,  
 But yield to double darkness nigh at hand:  
 So much I feel my genial spirits droop,  
 My hopes all flat, nature within me seems  
 In all her functions weary of herself;  
 My race of glory run, and race of shame,  
 And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

*Man.* Believe not these suggestions, which proceed  
 From anguish of the mind and humours black,  
 That mingle with thy fancy. I however  
 Must not omit a father's timely care  
 To prosecute the means of thy deliverance

By ransom, or how else: mean while be calm,  
And healing words from these thy friends admit.

*Samf.* O that torment should not be confin'd  
To the body's wounds and sores,  
With maladies innumerable  
In heart, head, breast, and reins;  
But must secret passage find  
To th' inmost mind,  
There exercise all his fierce accidents,  
And on her purest spirits prey,  
As on entrails, joints and limbs  
With answerable pains, but more intense,  
Though void of corporal sense!

My griefs not only pain me  
As a lingering disease,  
But finding no redress, ferment and rage,  
Nor less than wounds immedicable  
Rankle, and fester, and gangreen,  
To black mortification.  
Thoughts my tormenters arm'd with deadly slings  
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,  
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise  
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb  
Or medicinal liquor can assuage,  
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.  
Sleep hath forsook and giv'n me o'er  
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure,  
Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,  
And sense of heav'n's desertion.

I was his nursling once, and choice delight,  
His destin'd from the womb,  
Promis'd by heav'nly message twice descending.  
Under his special eye  
Abstemious I grew up and thriv'd amain;  
He led me on to mightiest deeds  
Above the nerve of mortal arm  
Against the uncircumis'd, our enemies:  
But now hath cast me off as never known,

And to those cruel enemies,  
Whom I by his appointment had provok'd,  
Left me all helpless with th' irreparable loss  
Of sight, reserv'd alive to be repeated  
The subject of their cruelty or scorn.  
Nor am I in the list of them that hope;  
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless;  
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,  
No long petition, speedy death,  
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

*Chor.* Many are the sayings of the wise  
In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,  
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;  
And to the bearing well of all calamities,  
All chances incident to man's frail life:  
Consolatories writ  
With study'd argument, and much persuasion fought,  
Lenient of grief and anxious thought,  
But to th' afflicted in his pangs their sound  
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune,  
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint,  
Unless he feel within  
Some source of consolation from above,  
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,  
And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our fathers, what is man!  
That thou towards him with hand so various,  
Or might I say contrarious,  
Temper'st thy providence through his short course  
Not evenly; as thou rul'st  
Th' angelic orders and inferior creatures mute,  
Irrational and brute.  
Nor do I name of men the common rout,  
That wandring loose about,  
Grow up and perish, as the summer flie,  
Heads without name no more remembered,  
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,  
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd,

To some great work, thy glory,  
 And people's safety, which in part they effect:  
 Yet toward these thus dignify'd, thou oft  
 Amidst their height of noon,  
 Changest thy countenance, and thy hand with no regard  
 Of highest favours past  
 From thee on them, or them to thee of service.

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit  
 To life obscur'd, which were a fair dismissal,  
 But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them high,  
 Unseemly falls in human eye,  
 Too grievous for the trespass or omission,  
 Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword  
 Of heathen and prophane, their carcases  
 To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd:  
 Or to th' unjust tribunals, under change of times,  
 And condemnation of the ingrateful multitude.  
 If these they 'scape, perhaps in poverty  
 With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,  
 Painful diseases and deform'd,  
 In crude old age:  
 Though not disordinate, yet causeless suff'ring  
 The punishment of dissolute days, in fine,  
 Just or unjust, alike seem miserable,  
 For oft alike, both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,  
 The image of thy strength and mighty minister.  
 What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?  
 Behold him in his state calamitous, and turn  
 His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.

But who is this, what thing of sea or land?  
 Female of sex it seems,  
 That so bedeckt, ornate, and gay,  
 Comes this way sailing  
 Like a stately ship  
 Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles  
 Of Javan or Gadier,  
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,



Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,  
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play,  
 An amber scent of odorous perfume  
 Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;  
 Some rich Philistian matron she may seem,  
 And now at nearer view, no other certain  
 Than Dalila thy wife.

*Samf.* My wife, my trait'refs, lether not come near me.

*Ghor.* Yet on she moves, now stands and eyes thee fix'd.  
 About t' have spoke, but now, with head declin'd,  
 Like a fair flow'r surcharg'd with dew, she weeps,  
 And words address'd seem tears dissolv'd,  
 Wetting the borders of her silken veil:  
 But now again she makes address to speak.

*Dal.* With doubtful feet and wavering resolution  
 I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,  
 Which to have merited, without excuse,  
 I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears  
 May expiate (though the fact more evil drew  
 In the perverse event than I foresaw)  
 My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon  
 No way assur'd. But conjugal affection  
 Prevailing over fear, and timorous doubt  
 Hath led me on desirous to behold  
 Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,  
 If aught in my ability may serve  
 To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease  
 Thy mind with what amends is in my pow'r,  
 Though late, yet in some part to recompense  
 My rash, but more unfortunate misdeed.

*Samf.* Out, out Hyæna; these are thy wonted arts,  
 And arts of ev'ry woman false like thee,  
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,  
 Then as repentant to submit, beseech,  
 And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,  
 Confess, and promise wonders in her change,  
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try,  
 Her husband, how far us'd his patience bears,

His virtue or weakness which way to assail:  
 Then with more cautious and instructed skill  
 Again transgresses, and again submits;  
 That wisest and best men full oft beguil'd,  
 With goodness principled not to reject  
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,  
 Are drawn to wear out miserable days,  
 Entangled with a pois'nous bosom snake,  
 If not by quick destruction soon cut off,  
 As I by thee, to ages an example.

*Dal.* Yet hear me, Samson; not that I endeavour  
 To lessen or extenuate my offence,  
 But that on th' other side if it be weigh'd  
 By itself, with aggravations not surcharg'd,  
 Or else with just allowance counterpois'd,  
 I may, if possible, thy pardon find  
 The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.  
 First granting, as I do, it was a weakness  
 In me, but incident to all our sex,  
 Curiosity, inquisitive, importune  
 Of secrets, then with like infirmity  
 To publish them, both common female faults:  
 Was it not weakness also to make known  
 For importunity, that is, for naught,  
 Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?  
 To what I did thou shew'dst me first the way.  
 But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not;  
 Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's frailty:  
 Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.  
 Let weakness then with weakness come to parl,  
 So near related or the same of kind,  
 Thine forgive mine; that men may censure thine  
 The gentler, if severely thou exact not  
 More strength from me, than in thyself was found.  
 And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate,  
 The jealousy of love, powerful of sway,  
 In human hearts, nor less in mine towards thee,  
 Caus'd what I did? I saw thee mutable

Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou wou'dst leave me  
 As her at Timna, sought by all means therefore  
 How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest:  
 No better way I saw than by importuning  
 To learn thy secrets, get into my pow'r  
 Thy key of strength and safety: thou wilt say,  
 Why then reveal'd? I was assur'd by those  
 Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd  
 Against thee but safe custody, and hold:  
 That made for me, I knew that liberty  
 Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,  
 While I at home sat full of cares and fears,  
 Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed;  
 Here I should still enjoy thee day and night  
 Mine and love's pris'ner, not the Philistins,  
 Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,  
 Fearless at home of partners in my love.  
 These reasons in love's law have past for good,  
 Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps;  
 And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much wo,  
 Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd:  
 Be not unlike all others, not austere  
 As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.  
 If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,  
 In uncompassionate anger do not so.

*Samf.* How cunningly the forcerefs displays  
 Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine!  
 That malice not repentance brought thee hither,  
 By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, th' example;  
 I led the way, bitter reproach, but true,  
 I to myself was false ere thou to me:  
 Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,  
 Take to thy wicked deed, which when thou seest  
 Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,  
 Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather  
 Confess it feign'd, weakness is thy excuse,  
 And I believe it, weakness to resist  
 Philistian gold: if weakness may excuse,

What murderer, what traitor, parricide,  
 Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?  
 All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore  
 With God or man will gain thee no remission,  
 But love constrain'd thee; call it furious rage  
 To satisfy thy lust: love seeks to have love;  
 My love how couldst thou hope, who took'st the way  
 To raise in me inexpiable hate,  
 Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd?  
 In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,  
 For by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

*Dal.* Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea  
 In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,  
 Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,  
 What sieges girt me round, ere I consented;  
 Which might have aw'd the best resolv'd of men,  
 The constantest, to have yielded without blame.  
 It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,  
 That wrought with me: thou know'st the magistrates  
 And princes of my country came in person,  
 Solicited, commanded, threatn'd, urg'd,  
 Abjur'd by all the bonds of civil duty  
 And of religion, press'd how just it was,  
 How honourable, how glorious to entrap  
 A common enemy, who had destroy'd  
 Such numbers of our nation: and the priest  
 Was not behind, but ever at my ear,  
 Preaching how meritorious with the gods  
 It would be to ensnare an irreligious  
 Dishonourer of Dagon: what had I  
 To oppose against such pow'rful arguments?  
 Only my love of thee held long debate;  
 And combated in silence all their reasons  
 With hard contest: at length that grounded maxim,  
 So rise and celebrated in the mouths  
 Of wisest men; that to the public good  
 Private respects must yield; with grave authority  
 Took full possession of me, and prevail'd;



Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty so enjoining.

*Samf.* I thought where all thy circling wiles would end;  
In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy.  
But had thy love, still odiously pretended,  
Been, as it ought, sincere, it wou'd have taught thee  
Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.  
I before all the daughters of my tribe  
And of my nation chose thee from among  
My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st,  
Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,  
Not out of levity, but over-pow'r'd  
By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;  
Yet now am judg'd an enemy. When then  
Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband?  
Then, as since then, thy country's foe profest:  
Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave  
Parents and country; nor was I their subject,  
Nor under their protection but my own;  
Thou mine, not theirs; if aught against my life  
Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,  
Against the law of nature, law of nations,  
No more thy country, but an impious crew  
Of men conspiring to uphold their state  
By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends  
For which our country is a name so dear;  
Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee:  
To please thy gods thou didst it; gods unable  
T' acquit themselves and prosecute their foes  
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction  
Of their own deity, gods they cannot be;  
Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd or fear'd.  
These false pretexts and varnish'd colours failing,  
Bare in thy guilt, how foul must thou appear?

*Dal.* In argument with men a woman ever  
Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

*Samf.* For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath,  
Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

*Dal.* I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken

In what I thought would have succeeded best.  
Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson,  
Afford me place to shew what recompence  
Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,  
Misguided; only what remains past cure  
Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist  
T' afflict thyself in vain: though sight be lost,  
Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd  
Where other senses want not their delights  
At home in leisure and domestic ease,  
Exempt from many a care and chance, to which  
Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.  
I to the lords will intercede, not doubting  
Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee  
From forth this loathsome prison-house, t' abide  
With me, where my redoubled love and care  
With nursing diligence, to me glad office,  
May ever tend about thee to old age  
With all things grateful cheer'd, and so supply'd,  
That what by me thou hast lost thou least shalt miss.

*Samf.* No, no, of my condition take no care;  
It fits not; thou and I long since are twain;  
Nor think me so unwary or accurst  
To bring my feet again into the snare  
Where once I have been caught: I know thy trains,  
Though dearly to my cost, thy ginns, and toils;  
Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms  
No more on me have pow'r, their force is null'd;  
So much of adders wisdom I have learnt  
To fence my ear against thy forceries.  
If in my flow'r of youth and strength, when all men  
Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'st hate me  
Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me:  
How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby  
Deceivable, in most things as a child  
Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,  
And last neglected? how wouldst thou insult,  
When I must live uxorious to thy will

In perfect thralldom, how again betray me,  
Bearing my words and doings to the lords  
To gloss upon, and censuring, frown or smile?  
This goal I count the house of liberty  
To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter.

*Dal.* Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

*Samf.* Not for thy life, lest fierce rememb'rance wake  
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.  
At distance I forgive thee, go with that;  
Bewail thy fallhood, and the pious works  
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable  
Among illustrious women, faithful wives:  
Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold  
Of matrimonial treason: so farewell.

*Dal.* I see thou art implacable, more deaf  
To pray'rs than winds and seas, yet winds to seas  
Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore:  
Thy anger unappeasable, still rages,  
Eternal tempest never to be calm'd.  
Why do I humble thus myself, and suing  
For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?  
Bid go with evil omen, and the brand  
Of infamy upon my name denounc'd?  
To mix with thy concernments I desist  
Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.  
Fame if not double-fac'd is double-mouth'd,  
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds,  
On both his wings, one black, the other white,  
Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.  
My name perhaps among the circumcis'd  
In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,  
To all posterity may stand defam'd,  
With malediction mention'd, and the blot  
Of fallhood most unconjugal traduc'd.  
But in my country where I most desire,  
In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,  
I shall be nam'd among the famousfest  
Of women, sung at solemn festivals,

Living and dead recorded, who to save  
 Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose  
 Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb  
 With odours visited and annual flow'rs,  
 Not less renown'd than in mount Ephraim,  
 Jael, who with inhospitable guile  
 Smote Sisera sleeping through the temples nail'd.  
 Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy  
 The public marks of honour and reward  
 Conferr'd upon me, for the piety  
 Which to my country I was judg'd to have shewn.  
 At this whoever envies or repines,  
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

*Chor.* She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting  
 Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

*Samf.* So let her go, God sent her to debase me,  
 And aggravate my folly, who committed  
 To such a viper his most sacred trust  
 Of secrecy, my safety and my life.

*Chor.* Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange pow'r,  
 After offence returning, to regain  
 Love once possess'd, nor can be easily  
 Repuls'd, without much inward passion felt  
 And secret sting of amorous remorse.

*Samf.* Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,  
 Not wedlock-treachery endang'ring life.

*Chor.* It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,  
 Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,  
 That woman's love can win or long inherit;  
 But what it is, hard is to say,  
 Harder to hit,

(Which way soever men refer it)  
 Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day  
 Or seven, though one should musing sit.

If any of these or all, the Timnian bride  
 Had not so soon preferr'd  
 Thy paranymph, worthless to thee compar'd,  
 Successor in thy bed,



Nor both so loosely disally'd  
 Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously  
 Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head:  
 Is it for that such outward ornament  
 Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts  
 Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,  
 Capacity not rais'd to apprehend,  
 Or value what is best  
 In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong?  
 Or was too much of self-love mixt,  
 Of constancy no root infix'd,  
 That either they love nothing or not long?

Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best  
 Seeming at first all heav'nly under virgin veil,  
 Soft, modest, meek, demure,  
 Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn  
 Intestine, war within defensive arms  
 A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue  
 Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms  
 Draws him awry enslav'd  
 With dotage, and his sense deprav'd  
 To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends.  
 What pilot so expert but needs must wreck  
 Embark'd with such a steers-mate at the helm?

Favour'd of heav'n who finds  
 One virtuous rarely found,  
 That in domestic good combines:  
 Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:  
 But virtue which breaks through all opposition,  
 And all temptation can remove,  
 Most shines, and most is acceptable above.

Therefore God's universal law  
 Gave to the man despotic power  
 Over his female in due awe,  
 Nor from that right to part an hour,  
 Smile she or lowre:  
 So shall he least confusion draw  
 On his whole life, not sway'd

By female usurpation, or dismay'd.

But had we best retire, I see a storm ?

*Samf.* Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

*Chor.* But this another kind of tempest brings.

*Samf.* Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.

*Chor.* Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear  
The bait of honied words ; a rougher tongue  
Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,  
The giant Harapha of Gath, his look  
Haughty as is his pile high-built and proud.  
Comes he in peace ? what wind hath blown him hither  
I less conjecture than when first I saw  
The sumptuous Dalila floating this way :  
His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

*Samf.* Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

*Chor.* His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives.

*Har.* I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance  
As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,  
Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath,  
Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd  
As Og or Anak and the Emims old  
That Kariathaim held, thou know'st me now  
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard  
Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd  
Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,  
That I was never present on the place  
Of those encounters, where we might have try'd  
Each other's force in camp or list'd field :  
And now am come to see of whom such noise  
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,  
If thy appearance answer loud report.

*Samf.* The way to know were not to see but taste.

*Har.* Dost thou already single me ? I thought  
Gieves and the mill had tam'd thee. O that fortune  
Had brought me to the field where thou art fam'd  
To have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw !  
I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms,  
Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown :

So had the glory of prowess been recover'd  
 To Palestine, won by a Philistin  
 From the unfore-skin'd race, of whom thou bear'st  
 The highest name for valiant acts, that honour  
 Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,  
 I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

*Samf.* Boast not of what thou wouldst have done, but do  
 What then thou wouldst, thou seest it in thy hand.

*Har.* To combat with a blind man I disdain,  
 And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd.

*Samf.* Such usage as your honourable lords  
 Afford me assassinated and betray'd,  
 Who durst not with their whole united pow'rs  
 In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,  
 Nor in the house with chamber-ambushes  
 Close-banded durst attack me, no not sleeping  
 Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold  
 Breaking her marriage faith to circumvent me.  
 Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd  
 Some narrow place inclos'd, where fight may give thee,  
 Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;  
 Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet  
 And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon,  
 Vant-brass and greves, and gauntlet, and thy spear  
 A weaver's beam, and seven-times-folded shield;  
 I only with an oak'n-staff will meet thee,  
 And raise such out-cries on thy clatter'd iron,  
 Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,  
 That in a little time while breath remains thee,  
 Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath to boast  
 Again in safety what thou wouldst have done  
 To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

*Har.* Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms  
 Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,  
 Their ornament and safety, had not spells  
 And black enchantments, some magician's art [heav'n  
 Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from  
 Feign'dst at thy birth was given thee in thy hair,

Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs  
Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back  
Of chaf'd wild boars, or ruffled porcupines.

*Samf.* I know no spells, use no forbidden arts;  
My trust is in the living God, who gave me  
At my nativity this strength, diffus'd  
No less through all my sinews, joints and bones,  
Than thine, while I preserv'd these locks unshorn,  
The pledge of my unviolated vow.

For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god,  
Go to his temple, invoke his aid  
With solemnest devotion, spread before him  
How highly it concerns his glory now  
To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,  
Which I to be the pow'r of Israel's God  
Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,  
Off'ring to combat thee his champion bold  
With th' utmost of his godhead seconded:  
Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow  
Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

*Har.* Presume not on thy God, what e'er he be,  
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off  
Quite from his people, and deliver'd up  
Into thy enemies hand, permitted them  
To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee  
Into the common prison, there to grind  
Among the slaves and asses thy comrades,  
As good for nothing else, no better service  
With those thy boist'rous locks, no worthy match  
For valour to assail, nor by the sword  
Of noble warriour, so to stain his honour,  
But by the barber's razor best subdu'd.

*Samf.* All these indignities, for such they are  
From thine, these evils I deserve and more,  
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me  
Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon  
Whose ear is ever open, and his eye  
Gracious to re-admit the suppliant;



In confidence whereof I once again  
 Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,  
 By combat to decide whose God is God,  
 Thine or whom I with Israel's sons adore.

*Har.* Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in trusting  
 He will accept thee to defend his cause,  
 A murderer, a revolter, and a robber. [me these?

*Samf.* Tongue-doughty giant, how dost thou prove

*Har.* Is not thy nation subject to our lords?  
 Their magistrates confess'd it, when they took thee  
 As a league-breaker, and deliver'd bound  
 Into our hands: for hadst thou not committed  
 Notorious murder on those thirty men  
 At Askalon, who never did thee harm,  
 Then like a robber strip'dst them of their robes?  
 The Philistins, when thou hadst broke the league,  
 Went up with arm'd pow'rs thee only seeking,  
 To others did no violence nor spoil.

*Samj.* Among the daughters of the Philistins  
 I chose a wife, which argu'd me no foe;  
 And in your city held my nuptial feast:  
 But your ill-meaning politician lords,  
 Under pretence of bridal friends, and guests,  
 Appointed to await me thirty spies,  
 Who threatening cruel death constrain'd the bride  
 To wring from me and tell to them my secret,  
 That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd.  
 When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,  
 As on my enemies, where-ever chanc'd,  
 I us'd hostility, and took their spoil  
 To pay my underminers in their coin.  
 My nation was subjected to your lords;  
 It was the force of conquest; force with force  
 Is well ejected when the conquer'd can.  
 But I a private person, whom my country  
 As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd  
 Single rebellion, and did hostile acts:  
 I was no private but a person rais'd

With strength sufficient and command from heav'n  
To free my country ; if their servile minds  
Me their deliverer sent would not receive,  
But to their masters gave me up for naught,  
Th' unworthier they ; whence to this day they serve.  
I was to do my part from heav'n assign'd,  
And had perform'd it if my known offence  
Had not disabled me, not all your force :  
These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant  
Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,  
Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,  
As a petty enterprize of small enforce.

*Har.* With thee, a man condemn'd, a slave enrol'd,  
Due by the law to capital punishment ?  
To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

*Samf.* Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,  
To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict ?  
Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd ;  
But take good heed my hand survey not thee.

*Har.* O Baal-zebub ! can my ears unus'd  
Hear these dishonours, and not render death ?

*Samf.* No man withholds thee, nothing from thy hand  
Fear I incurable ; bring up thy van,  
My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free.

*Har.* This insolence other kind of answer fits.

*Samf.* Go baffled coward, lest I run upon thee,  
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,  
And with one buffet lay thy structure low,  
Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down  
To th' hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

*Har.* By Astaroth ere long thou shalt lament  
These braveries in irons loaden on thee.

*Ghor.* His giantship is gone somewhat crest-fall'n,  
Stalking with less unconscionable strides  
And lower looks, but in a sultry chase.

*Samf.* I dread him not, nor all his giant-brood,  
Though fame divulg'd him father of five sons  
All of gigantic size, Goliath chief.

*Chor.* He will directly to the lords, I fear,  
And with malicious counsel stir them up  
Some way or other farther to afflict thee.

*Samf.* He must alledge some cause, and offer'd fight  
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise  
Whether he durst accept the offer or not,  
And that he durst not plain enough appear'd :  
Much more affliction than already felt  
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;  
If they intend advantage of my labours  
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping  
With no small profit daily to my owners.  
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove  
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,  
The worst that he can give, to me the best.  
Yet so it may fall out, because their end  
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine  
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

*Chor.* Oh how comely it is, and how reviving  
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd !  
When God into the hands of their deliverer  
Puts invincible might  
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,  
The brute and boist'rous force of violent men  
Hardy and industrious to support  
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue  
The righteous and all such as honour truth;  
He all their ammunition  
And feats of war defeats,  
With plain heroic magnitude of mind  
And celestial vigour arm'd,  
Their armories and magazines contemns,  
Renders them useless, while  
With winged expedition,  
Swift as the light'ning glance, he executes  
His errand on the wicked, who surpriz'd  
Lose their defence distracted and amaz'd.

But patience is more oft the exercise

Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,  
 Making them each his own deliverer,  
 And victor over all  
 That tyranny or fortune can inflict.  
 Either of these is in thy lot,  
 Samson, with might endu'd  
 Above the sons of men; but sight bereav'd  
 May chance to number thee with those  
 Whom patience finally must crown.  
 This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,  
 Labouring thy mind  
 More than the working day thy hands.

And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,  
 For I descry this way  
 Some other tending, in his hand  
 A scepter or quaint staff he bears,  
 Comes on amain, speed in his look;  
 By his habit I discern him now  
 A public officer, and now at hand,  
 His message will be short and voluble.

*Off.* Hebrews, the pris'ner Samson here I seek.

*Chor.* His manacles remark him, there he sits.

*Off.* Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say;  
 This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,  
 With sacrifices, triumph, pomp and games;  
 Thy strength they know surpassing human race,  
 And now some public proof thereof require  
 To honour this great feast, and great assembly:  
 Rise therefore with all speed and come along,  
 Where I will see thee heartn'd and fresh clad  
 To appear as fits before th' illustrious lords. [them,

*Samf.* Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, therefore tell  
 Our law forbids at their religious rites  
 My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

*Off.* This answer, be assur'd, will not content them.

*Samf.* Have they not sword-players, and ev'ry sort  
 Of gymnastic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,  
 Juglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimers,



But they must pick me out with shackles tir'd,  
 And over-labour'd at their public mill,  
 To make them sport with blind activity?  
 Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels  
 On my refusal to distress me more,  
 Or make a game of my calamities?  
 Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.

*Off.* Regard thyself, this will offend them highly.

*Samf.* Myself? my conscience and internal peace.  
 Can they think me so broken, so debas'd  
 With corporal servitude, that my mind ever  
 Will condescend to such absurd commands?  
 Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,  
 And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief  
 To shew them feats, and play before their god,  
 The worst of all indignities, yet on me  
 Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.

*Off.* My message was impos'd on me with speed,  
 Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution?

*Samf.* So take it with what speed thy message needs.

*Off.* I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

*Samf.* Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.

*Chor.* Consider, Samson; matters now are strain'd  
 Up to the height, whether to hold or break;  
 He's gone, and who knows how he may report  
 Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?  
 Expect another message more imperious,  
 More lordly thund'ring than thou well wilt bear.

*Samf.* Shall I abuse this consecrated gift  
 Of strength, again returning with my hair  
 After my great transgression, so requite  
 Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin  
 By prostituting holy things to idols?  
 A Nazarite in place abominable  
 Vaunting my strength in honour to their Dagon?  
 Besides how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,  
 What act more execrably unclean, profane?

*Chor.* Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Philistins,

Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean:

*Samf.* Not in their idol worship, but by labour  
Honest and lawful to deserve my food  
Of those who have me in their civil power. [not.

*Chor.* Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile

*Samf.* Where outward force constrains, the sentence  
But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon, [holds,  
Not dragging? the Philistian lords command.

Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,

I do it freely, vent'ring to displease

God for the fear of man, and man prefer,

Set God behind: which in his jealousy

Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.

Yet that he may dispense with me or thee

Present in temples at idolatrous rites

For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

*Chor.* How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach.

*Samf.* Be of good courage, I begin to feel

Some rousing motions in me, which dispose

To something extraordinary my thoughts.

I with this messenger will go along,

Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour

Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.

If there be aught of presage in the mind,

This day will be remarkable in my life

By some great act, or of my days the last.

*Chor.* In time thou hast resolv'd, the man returns.

*Off.* Samson, this second message from our lords

To thee I am bid say. Art thou our slave,

Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,

And dar'st thou at our sending and command

Dispute thy coming? come without delay;

Or we shall find such engines to assail

And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,

Though thou art firmlier fastn'd than a rock.

*Samf.* I could be well content to try their art,

Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.

Yet knowing their advantages too many,

Because they shall not trail me through their streets  
 Like a wild beast, I am content to go.  
 Masters commands come with a power resistless  
 To such as owe them absolute subjection :  
 And for a life who will not change his purpose ?  
 (So mutable are all the ways of men)  
 Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply  
 Scandalous or forbidden in our law.

*Off.* I praise thy resolution, doff those links :  
 By this compliance thou wilt win the lords  
 To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

*Samf.* Brethren, farewell, your company along  
 I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them  
 To see me girt with friends; and how the sight  
 Of me as of a common enemy,  
 So dreaded once, may now exasperate them  
 I know not: lords are lordliest in their wine;  
 And the well-feasted priest then soonest fir'd  
 With zeal, if aught religion seem concern'd :  
 No less the people on their holy days  
 Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable,  
 Happen what may, of me expect to hear  
 Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy  
 Our God, our law, my nation or myself,  
 The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

*Chor.* Go, and the Holy One  
 Of Israel be thy guide  
 To what may serve his glory best, and spread his name  
 Great among the Heathen round;  
 Send the angel of thy birth to stand  
 Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field  
 Rode up in flames after his message told  
 Of thy conception, and be now a shield  
 Of fire; that spirit that first rusht on thee  
 In the camp of Dan  
 Be efficacious in thee now at need.  
 For never was from heaven imparted  
 Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,

As in thy wond'rous actions hath been seen.  
But wherefore comes old Manoa in such haste  
With youthful steps? much livelier than ere while  
He seems: supposing here to find his son,  
Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

*Man.* Peace with you, brethren; my inducement hither  
Was not at present here to find my son,  
By order of the lords new parted hence  
To come and play before them at their feast.  
I heard all as I came, the city rings  
And numbers thither flock, I had no will,  
Lest I should see him forc'd to things unseemly:  
But that which mov'd my coming now was chiefly  
To give you part with me what hope I have  
With good success to work his liberty,

*Chor.* That hope would much rejoice us to partake  
With thee; say, reverend Sire, we thirst to hear.

*Man.* I have attempted one by one the lords  
Either at home, or through the high street passing,  
With supplication prone and father's tears,  
T' accept of ransom for my son their pris'ner.  
Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,  
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;  
That part most reverenc'd Dagon and his priests.  
Others more moderate seeming, but their aim  
Private reward, for which both God and state  
They easily would set to sale; a third  
More generous far and civil, who confess'd  
They had enough reveng'd, having reduc'd  
Their foe to misery beneath their fears,  
The rest was magnanimity to remit,  
If some convenient ransom was propos'd.  
What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky.

*Chor.* Doubtless the people shouting to behold  
Their once great dread, captive, and blind before them,  
Or at some proof of strength before them shown.

*Man.* His ransom, if my whole inheritance  
May compass it, shall willingly be paid



And number'd down: much rather I shall chuse  
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,  
And he in that calamitous prison left.  
No, I am fixt not to part hence without him;  
For his redemption all my patrimony,  
If need be, I am ready to forego  
And quit: not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

*Chor.* Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons,  
Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all;  
Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,  
Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy son,  
Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

*Man.* It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,  
And view him sitting in the house, ennobled  
With all those high exploits by him achiev'd,  
And on his shoulders waving down those locks,  
That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd:  
And I persuade me God hath not permitted  
His strength again to grow up with his hair  
Garrison'd round about him like a camp  
Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose  
To use him farther yet in some great service,  
Not to sit idle with so great a gift  
Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.  
And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,  
God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

*Chor.* Thy hopes are not ill founded, nor seem vain  
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon  
Conceiv'd, agreeable to a father's love,  
In both which we, as next, participate.

*Man.* I know your friendly minds and—O what noise!  
Mercy of heav'n what hideous noise was that!  
Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

*Chor.* Noise call you it, or universal groan,  
As if the whole inhabitation perish'd!  
Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,  
Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

*Mam.* Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise.

Oh it continues, they have slain my son !

*Chor.* Thy son is rather slaying them, that out-cry  
From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

*Man.* Some dismal accident it needs must be ;  
What shall we do, stay here or run and see ?

*Chor.* Best keep together here, lest running thither  
We unawares run into danger's mouth.

This evil on the Philistins is fall'n,  
From whom could else a general cry be heard ?  
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here,  
From other hands we need not much to fear.  
What if his eye-sight (for to Israel's God  
Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,  
He now be dealing dole among his foes,  
And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way ?

*Man.* That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

*Chor.* Yet God hath wrought things as incredible  
For his people of old ; what hinders now ?

*Man.* He can, I know, but doubt to think he will ;  
Yet hope would fain subscribe and tempts belief,  
A little stay will bring some notice hither.

*Chor.* Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner ;  
For evil news rides post, while good news baits.  
And to our wish I see one hither speeding,  
An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.

*Mess.* O whither shall I run, or which way fly  
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,  
Which erst my eyes beheld and yet behold ?  
For dire imagination still pursues me.  
But providence or instinct of nature seems,  
Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted  
To have guided me aright, I know not how,  
To thee first reverend Manoa, and to these  
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,  
As at some distance from the place of horror,  
So in the sad event too much concern'd.

*Man.* The accident was loud, and heard before thee  
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not ;

No preface needs, thou see'st we long to know.

*Mess.* It would burst forth, but I recover breath  
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

*Man.* Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

*Mess.* Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fall'n,  
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

*Man.* Sad, but thou know'st to Israelites not saddest  
The desolation of a hostile city.

*Mess.* Feed on that first, there may in grief be surfeit.

*Man.* Relate by whom. *Mess.* By Samson. *Man.* That  
The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy. [still lessens

*Mess.* Ah Manoa, I refrain, too suddenly  
To utter what will come at last too soon;  
Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption  
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.

*Man.* Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.

*Mess.* Then take the worst in brief, Samson is dead.

*Man.* The worst indeed, O all my hope's defeated  
To free him hence! but death who sets all free  
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.  
What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd  
Hopeful of his deliv'ry! which now proves  
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring  
Nipt with the lagging reer of winter's frost.  
Yet ere I give the reins to grief, say first,  
How dy'd he? death to life is crown or shame.  
All by him fell thou say'st, by whom fell he?  
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?

*Mess.* Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

*Man.* Wearied with slaughter then or how? explain.

*Mess.* By his own hands.

*Man.* Self-violence? what cause  
Brought him so soon at variance with himself  
Among his foes?

*Mess.* Inevitable cause  
At once both to destroy and be destroy'd;  
The edifice where all were met to see him,  
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

*Man.* O lastly over-strong against thyself!  
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.  
More than enough we know; but while things yet  
Are in confusion, give us if thou canst,  
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,  
Relation more particular and distinct.

*Mess.* Occasions drew me early to this city,  
And as the gates I enter'd with sun-rise,  
The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd  
Through each high street: little had I dispatch'd,  
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day  
Samson should be brought forth to shew the people  
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games.  
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded  
Not to be absent at that spectacle.  
The building was a spacious theatre  
Half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high,  
With seats where all the lords and each degree  
Of sort, might sit in order to behold;  
The other side was op'n, where the throng  
On banks and scaffolds, under sky might stand;  
I among those aloof obscurely stood.  
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice  
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer and wine,  
When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately  
Was Samson as a public servant brought,  
In their state-livery clad; before him pipes  
And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,  
Both horse and foot before him and behind,  
Archers, and slingers, cataphracts and spears.  
At sight of him the people with a shout  
Rifted the air, clamouring their god with praise,  
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.  
He patient but undaunted where they led him,  
Came to the place, and what was set before him  
Which without help of eye might be assay'd,  
To heave, pull, draw, and break, he still perform'd  
All with incredible stupendous force,



None daring to appear antagonist.  
At length for intermission-sake they led him  
Between the pillars; he his guide requested  
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard)  
As over-tir'd, to let him lean a while  
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,  
That to the arched roof gave main support.  
He unsuspicious led him; which when Samson  
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd,  
And eyes fast fixt he stood as one who pray'd,  
Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd.  
At last with head erect thus cry'd aloud,  
Hitherto, lords, what your commands impos'd  
I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,  
Nor without wonder or delight beheld:  
Now of my own accord such other trial  
I mean to shew you of my strength, yet greater,  
As with amaze shall strike all who behold.  
This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,  
As with the force of winds and waters pent,  
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars  
With horrible confusion to and fro,  
He tugg'd, he took, till down they came and drew  
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder  
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,  
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,  
Their choice nobility and flower, not only  
Of this but each Philistian city round  
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.  
Samson with these inmixt, inevitably  
Pull'd down the same destruction on himself;  
The vulgar only 'scap'd who stood without.

*Chor.* O dearly bought revenge, yet glorious!  
Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd  
The work for which thou wast foretold  
To Israel, and now ly'st victorious  
Among thy slain self-kill'd  
Not willingly, but tangled in the fold,

Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd  
Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more  
Than all thy life had slain before.

*Semichor.* While their hearts were jocund and sublime,  
Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,  
And fat regorg'd of bulls and goats,  
Chaunting their idol, and preferring  
Before our living Dread who dwells  
In Silo his bright sanctuary :  
Among them he a spirit of phrenzy sent,  
Who hurt their minds,  
And urg'd them on with mad desire  
To call in haste for their destroyer.  
They only set on sport and play,  
Unweeingly importun'd  
Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.  
So fond are mortal men,  
Fall'n into wrath divine,  
As their own ruin on themselves t' invite,  
Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,  
And with blindness internal struck.

*Semichor.* But he though blind of sight,  
Despis'd and thought extinguish'd quite,  
With inward eyes illuminated,  
His fiery virtue rous'd  
From under ashes into sudden flame,  
And as ev'ning dragon came,  
Assailant on the perched roosts,  
And nests in order rang'd  
Of tame villatic fowl; but as an eagle  
His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.  
So virtue giv'n for lost,  
Deprest, and overthrown, as seem'd,  
Like that self-begott'n bird  
In th' Arabian woods embost,  
That no second knows nor third,  
And lay ere while a holocaust,  
From out her ashy womb now teem'd,

Revives, reffourifhes, then vigorous moft  
When moft unactive deem'd,  
And though her body die, her fame furvives,  
A fecular bird ages of lives.

*Man.* Come, come, no time for lamentation now,  
Nor much more caufe; Samfon hath quit himfelf  
Like Samfon, and heroically hath finifh'd  
A life heroic, on his enemies  
Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,  
And lamentation to the fons of Chaptor  
Through all Philiftian bounds: to Ifrael  
Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them  
Find courage to lay hold on this occafion;  
To himfelf and father's houfe eternal fame:  
And which is beft and happieft yet, all this  
With God not parted from him, as was fear'd.  
But favouring and affifting to the end.  
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail  
Or knock the breafte, no weaknefs, no contempt,  
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,  
And what may quiet us in a death fo noble.  
Let us go find the body where it lies  
Soak'd in his enemies blood, and from the fream  
With lavers pure and cleaning herbs wafh off  
The clodded gore. I with what fpeed the while  
(Gaza is not in plight to fay us nay)  
Will fend for all my kindred, all my friends  
To fetch him hence, and folemnly attend  
With filent obfequy and funeral train  
Home to his father's houfe: there will I build him  
A monument, and plant it round with fhade  
Of laurel ever-green, and branching palm,  
With all his trophies hung, and afts enroll'd  
In copious legend, or fweet lyric fong.  
Thither fhall all the valiant youth refort,  
And from his memory inflame their breafte  
To matchlefs valour, and adventures high:  
The virgins alfo fhall on feaftful days

Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing  
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,  
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

*Chor.* All is best, though we oft doubt  
What th' unsearchable dispose  
Of highest wisdom brings about,  
And ever best found in the close.  
Oft he seems to hide his face,  
But unexpectedly returns,  
And to his faithful champion hath in place  
Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns,  
And all that band them to resist  
His uncontroulable intent,  
His servant he with new acquit  
Of true experience from this great event  
With peace and consolation hath dismiss,  
And calm of mind all passion spent.

THE END.





C O M U S.

A

M A S K

PRESENTED

AT LUDLOW-CASTLE, MDCXXXIV.

BEFORE

THE EARL OF BRIDGEWATER,

then president of Wales.

2 J M O O

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The Copy of a Letter written by Sir HENRY WOOTTON, to the Author, upon the following Poem.

From the College, this 13th of April, 1638.

SIR,

**I**T was a special favour, when you lately bestowed upon me here the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know that I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly; and in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts, which I understood afterwards by Mr. H. I would have been bold in our vulgar phrase to mend my draught, (for you left me with an extreme thirst) and to have begged your conversation again, jointly with your said learned friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have banded together some good authors of the antient time: among which, I observed you to have been familiar.

Since your going, you have charged me with new obligations, both for a very kind letter from you dated the sixth of this month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment which came therewith. Wherein I should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Dorique delicacy in your songs and odes, whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language: ipsa mollities. But I must not omit to tell you, that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true artificer. For the work itself I had view'd some good while before, with singular delight, having received it from our common friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R's poems, printed at Oxford, whereunto it was added (as I now suppose) that the accessory might help out the principal, according to the art of stationers, and to leave the reader con la bocca dolce.



Now Sir, concerning your travels, wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of discourse with you; I suppose you will not blanch Paris in your way: therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B. whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as his governor; and you may surely receive from him good directions for the shaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he did reside by my choice some time for the king, after mine own recess from Venice.

I should think that your best line will be thorough the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by sea to Genoa, whence the passage into Tuscany is as diurnal as a Gravesend barge: I hasten as you do to Florence, or Siena, the rather to tell you a short story from the interest you have given me in your safety.

At Siena I was tabled in the house of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman courtier in dangerous times, having been steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his family were strangled, save this only man that escaped by foresight of the tempest: with him I had often much chat of those affairs; into which he took pleasure to look back from his native harbour; and at my departure toward Rome (which had been the center of his experience.) I had won confidence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry myself securely there, without offence of others, or of mine own conscience. Signor Arrigo mio (says he) I pensieri stretti, et il viso sciolto, will go safely over the whole world: of which Delphian oracle (for so I have found it) your judgment doth need no commentary; and therefore (Sir) I will commit you with it to the best of all securities, God's dear love, remaining

Your friend as much at command

as any of longer date,

Henry Wootton.

P O S T S C R I P T.

S I R,

I Have exprefly fent this my foot-boy to prevent your departure without fome acknowledgement from me of the receipt of your obliging letter, having myfelf through fome buſinefs, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I ſhall underſtand you fixed, I ſhall be glad, and diligent to entertain you with home-noveltyes; even for ſome fomentation of our friendship, too ſoon interrupted in the cradle.

## The PERSONS.

*The attendant spirit, afterwards in the habit of  
Thyrsis.*

*Comus with his crew.*

*The lady.*

*1 Brother.*

*2 Brother.*

*Sabrina the nymph.*

The chief persons who presented, were,

*The Lord Bracy.*

*Mr. Thomas Egerton his brother.*

*The Lady Alice Egerton.*

## C O M U S,

A

## M A S K.

The first Scene discovers a wild Wood.

*The attendant spirit descends or enters.*

**B**EFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court  
 My mansion is, where those immortal shapes  
 Of bright aereal spirits live inspher'd  
 In regions mild of calm and serene air,  
 Above the smook and stir of this dim spot,  
 Which men call earth, and with low-thoughted care  
 Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,  
 Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,  
 Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,  
 After this mortal change, to her true servants  
 Amongst the enthron'd gods on fainted seats.  
 Yet some there be that by due steps aspire  
 To lay their just hands on that golden key  
 That ope's the palace of eternity:  
 To such my errand is, and but for such,  
 I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds,  
 With the rank vapours of this sin-worm mould.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway  
 Of ev'ry salt flood, and each ebbing stream,  
 Took in by lot 'twixt high and neather Jove,  
 Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,  
 That like to rich and various gemms inlay

L



The unadorned bosom of the deep,  
Which he to grace his tributary gods  
By course commits to several government,  
And gives them leave to wear their saphire crowns,  
And wield their little tridents; but this isle,  
The greatest and the best of all the main,  
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities,  
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun  
A noble peer of mickle trust and power  
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide  
An old, and haughty nation proud in arms :  
Where his fair off-spring nurs'd in princely lore,  
Are coming to attend their father's state,  
And new-entrusted sceptre : but their way  
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,  
The nodding horror of whose shady brows  
Threats the forlorn and wandring passenger ;  
And here their tender age might suffer peril,  
But that by quick command from sovereign Jove  
I was dispatcht for their defence and guard ;  
And listen why, for I will tell ye now  
What never yet was heard in tale or song,  
From old or modern bard, in hall or bow'r.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape  
Crusht the sweet poyson of misused wine,  
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,  
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listd,  
On Circe's island fell ; (who knows not Circe,  
The daughter of the sun? whose charmed cup  
Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,  
And downward fell into a groveling swine)  
This nymph that gaz'd upon his clustring locks,  
With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,  
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son  
Much like his father, but his mother more,  
Whom therefore she brought up and Comus nam'd,  
Who ripe, and frolic of his full-grown age,  
Roaving the Celtic and Iberian fields,

At last betakes him to this ominous wood,  
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbowl'd,  
 Excells his mother at her mighty art,  
 Off'ring to every weary traveller  
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass,  
 To quench the drouth of Phœbus, which as they taste  
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)  
 Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,  
 Th' express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd  
 Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,  
 Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,  
 All other parts remaining as they were;  
 And they, so perfect is their misery,  
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,  
 But boast themselves more comely than before,  
 And all their friends and native home forget,  
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual stie.  
 Therefore when any favour'd of high Jove,  
 Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,  
 Swift as a sparkle of a glancing star  
 I shoot from heav'n to give him safe convoy,  
 As now I do: but first I must put off  
 These my sky robes spun out of Iris wooff,  
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain  
 That to the service of this house belongs,  
 Who with his soft pipe, and smooth dittied song,  
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,  
 And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,  
 And in this office of his mountain watch,  
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid  
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread  
 Of hateful steps, I must be viewless now.

*Comus enters with a charming rod in one hand, his glass  
 in the other; with him a rout of monsters headed like  
 sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and  
 women, their apparel glist'ring; they come in making  
 a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

*Comus.* The star that bids the shepherd fold,  
Now the top of heav'n doth hold,  
And the gilded car of day  
His glowing axle doth allay  
In the steep Atlantic stream,  
And the slop sun his upward beam  
Shoots against the dusky pole,  
Pacing toward the other goal  
Of his chamber in the east.  
Mean while welcome joy, and feast,  
Midnight shout, and revelry,  
Tipfy dance, and jollity.  
Braid your locks with rosy twine,  
Dropping odours, dropping wine.  
Rigour now is gone to bed,  
And advice with scrupulous head;  
Strict age, and sowre severity,  
With their grave saws in slumber lie.  
We that are of purer fire  
Imitate the starry quire,  
Who in their nightly watchful sphears,  
Lead in swift round the months and years.  
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,  
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move,  
And on the tawny sands and shelves,  
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves;  
By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,  
The wood-nymphs deckt with daisies trim,  
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:  
What hath night to do with sleep?  
Night hath better sweets to prove,  
Venus now wakes, and wak'ns love.  
Come let us our rights begin,  
'Tis only day-light that makes sin,  
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.  
Hail goddess of nocturnal sport,  
Dark vail'd Cotytto, t' whom the secret flame  
Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame,

That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb  
 Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,  
 And makes one blot of all the air,  
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,  
 Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend  
 Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end  
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,  
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,  
 The nice morn on th' Indian steep  
 From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,  
 And to the tell-tale sun descry  
 Our conceal'd solemnity.  
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground  
 In a light fantastic round.

*The measure.*

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace  
 Of some chaff footing near about this ground.  
 Run to your stirrups, within these brakes and trees,  
 Our number may affright: some virgin fure  
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)  
 Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,  
 And to my wily trains, I shall ere long  
 Be well-stock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd  
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl  
 My dazzling spells into the spongy air,  
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,  
 And give it false presentments, lest the place  
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,  
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight,  
 Which must not be, for that's against my course;  
 I under fair pretence of friendly ends,  
 And well-plac'd words of glozing courtesy,  
 Baited with reasons not unplaussible,  
 Win me into the easy-hearted man,  
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye  
 Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,  
 I shall appear some harmless villager,



Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.  
 But here she comes, I fairly step aside  
 And harken, if I may her business hear.

*The lady enters.*

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,  
 My best guide now ; methought it was the sound  
 Of riot, and ill-manag'd merriment,  
 Such as the jocund flute, or gameful pipe  
 Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,  
 When for their teeming flocks, and granges full  
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,  
 And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth  
 To meet the rudeness, and swell'd insolence  
 Of such late wassailers ; yet O where else  
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet  
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood ?  
 My brothers when they saw me wearied out  
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge  
 Under the spreading favour of these pines,  
 Stept as they said to the next thicket side  
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit  
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.  
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded ev'n  
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed  
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.  
 But where they are, and why they came not back,  
 Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likeliest  
 They had engag'd their wandering steps too far,  
 And envious darkness, ere they could return,  
 Had stole them from me ; else O theevish night,  
 Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,  
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,  
 That nature hung in heav'n, and fill'd their lamps  
 With everlasting oil, to give due light  
 To the mis-led and lonely traveller ?  
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,  
 Whence ev'n now the tumult of loud mirth

Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear,  
 Yet nought but single darkness do I find.  
 What might this be? a thousand fantasies  
 Begin to throng into my memory  
 Of calling shapes, and beckning shadows dire,  
 And airy tongues, that syllable mens names  
 On sands and shoars, and desert wildernesses.  
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound  
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended  
 By a strong fiding champion conscience.—  
 O welcome pure-ey'd faith, white-handed hope,  
 Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,  
 And thou unblemish'd form of chastity;  
 I see ye visibly, and now believe  
 That he, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill  
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,  
 Would send a glist'ring guardian if need were  
 To keep my life and honour unassail'd.  
 Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?  
 I did not err, there does a sable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,  
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.  
 I cannot hallow to my brothers, but  
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest  
 I'll venture, for my new enliv'n'd spirits  
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

## S O N G.

*SWEET* echo, sweetest nymph that liv'st unseen  
 Within thy airy shell,  
 By slow Meander's margent green,  
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,  
 Where the love-lorn nightingale  
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;  
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair  
 That likest thy Narcissus are?

*O if thou have  
 Hid them in some flowry cave,  
 Tell me but where,  
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphear,  
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,  
 And give resounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies.*

*Comus.* Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould  
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?  
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,  
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air  
 To testify his hidden residence;  
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings  
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,  
 At ev'ry fall smoothing the raven doun  
 Of darkness till it smil'd: I have oft heard  
 My mother Circe with the sirens three,  
 Amidst the flowry-kirtled Naiades,  
 Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,  
 Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,  
 And lap it in Elysium: Sylla wept,  
 And chid her barking waves into attention,  
 And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:  
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,  
 And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself.  
 But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,  
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss  
 I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,  
 And she shall be my queen. Hail foreign wonder,  
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,  
 Unless the goddess that in rural shrine  
 Dwell'st here with Pan, or Silvan, by blest song  
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog  
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

*La.* Nay gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise  
 That is addrest to unattending ears;  
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift  
 How to regain my sever'd company,

Compell'd me to awake the courteous echo  
To give me answer from her mossy couch.

*Co.* What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?

*La.* Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

*Co.* Could that divide you from near ushering guides?

*La.* They left me weary on a grassy turf.

*Co.* By falshood, or discourtesy, or why?

*La.* To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly spring.

*Co.* And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

*La.* They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

*Co.* Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

*La.* How easy my misfortune is to hit!

*Co.* Imports their loss, beside the present need?

*La.* No less than if I should my brothers lose.

*Co.* Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

*La.* As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

*Co.* Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox

In his loose traces from the furrow came,

And the swink't hedger at his supper sat;

I saw them under a green mantling vine

That crawls along the side of yon small hill,

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;

Their port was more than human, as they stood:

I took it for a fairy vision

Of some gay creatures of the element,

That in the colours of the rainbow live,

And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was aw-strook,

And as I pass'd, I worshipt; if those you seek,

It were a journey like the path to heav'n,

To help you find them. *La.* Gentle villager,

What readiest way would bring me to that place?

*Co.* Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

*La.* To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose

In such a scant allowance of star-light,

Would over-task the best land-pilot's art,

Without the sure guess of well practis'd feet.

*Co.* I know each lane, and every alley green,

Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,



And every bosky bourn from side to side,  
 My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood:  
 And if your stray-attendance be yet lodg'd,  
 Or shroud within these limits, I shall know  
 Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark  
 From her thatch'd pallat rowse; if otherwise  
 I can conduct you, lady, to a low  
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe  
 Till further quest. *La.* Shepherd, I take thy word,  
 And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,  
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds  
 With smoaky rafters, than in tap'stry halls  
 And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,  
 And yet is most pretended: in a place  
 Less warranted than this, or less secure  
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.  
 Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial  
 To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on. —

*The two brothers.*

*Eld. Bro.* Unmuffle ye faint stars, and thou fair moon  
 That wont'st to love the travellers benizon,  
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,  
 And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here  
 In double night of darkness, and of shades;  
 Or if your influence be quite damm'd up  
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper  
 Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole  
 Of some clay habitation visit us  
 With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light.  
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,  
 Or Tyrian Cynosure. *2. Bro.* Or if our eyes  
 Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear  
 The folded flocks pen'd in their watled cotes,  
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten sops,  
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock  
 Count the night watches to his feathery dames,  
 'Twould be some solace yet, some little chearing

In this close dungeon of innumerable bows.  
 But O that hapless virgin! our lost sister,  
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her  
 From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?  
 Perhaps some cold bank is her boulder now,  
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm  
 Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears.  
 What if in wild amazement, and affright,  
 Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp  
 Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

*Eld. Bro.* Peace, brother, be not over-exquisite  
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;  
 For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,  
 What need a man forestall his date of grief,  
 And run to meet what he would most avoid?  
 Of if they be but false alarms of fear,  
 How bitter is such self-delusion?  
 I do not think my sister so to seek,  
 Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,  
 And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,  
 As that the single want of light and noise  
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)  
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,  
 And put them into mis-becoming plight.  
 Virtue could see to do what virtue would  
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon  
 Were in the flat sea sunk. And wisdom's self  
 Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,  
 Where with her best nurse contemplation,  
 She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,  
 That in the various bustle of resort  
 Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.  
 He that has light within his own clear breast  
 May sit i' th' center, and enjoy bright day;  
 But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,  
 Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;  
 Himself is his own dungeon.

2 *Bro.* 'Tis most true,

That musing meditation most affects  
 The penfive secrecy of defart cell,  
 Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,  
 And fits as safe as in a fenat house :  
 For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,  
 His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,  
 Or do his gray hairs any violence ?  
 But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree  
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard  
 Of Dragon-watch with uninchanted eye,  
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit  
 From the rash hand of bold incontinence.  
 You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps  
 Of misers treasure by an outlaw's den,  
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope  
 Danger will wink on opportunity,  
 And let a single helpless maiden pass  
 Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste  
 Of night, or loneliness it recks me not,  
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,  
 Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person  
 Of our unowned sister.

*Eld. Bro.* I do not, brother,  
 Infer, as if I thought my sister's state  
 Secure without all doubt, or controversy :  
 Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear  
 Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is  
 That I incline to hope, rather than fear,  
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.  
 My sister is not so defenceless lest  
 As you imagine, she has a hidden strength  
 Which you remember not.

*2 Bro.* What hidden strength,  
 Unless the strength of heav'n, if you mean that ?

*Eld. Bro.* I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,  
 Which if heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own :  
 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity :  
 She that has that, is clad in compleat steel,

And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen  
 May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,  
 Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wildes,  
 Where through the sacred rays of chastity,  
 No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer  
 Will dare to soil her virgin purity:  
 Yea there, where very desolation dwells  
 By grots, and caverns shag'd with horrid shades,  
 She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,  
 Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.  
 Some say no evil thing that walks by night,  
 In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,  
 Blue meager hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,  
 That breaks his magic chains at Curfew time,  
 No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,  
 Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.  
 Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call  
 Antiquity from the old schools of Greece  
 To testify the arms of chastity?  
 Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,  
 Fair silver-shafted queen for ever chaste,  
 Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness,  
 And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought  
 The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men  
 Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' th' woods.  
 What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield  
 That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,  
 Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,  
 But rigid looks of chaste austeritey,  
 And noble grace that dash'd brute violence  
 With sudden adoration, and blank aw?  
 So dear to heav'n is faintly chastity,  
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,  
 A thousand liveried angels lacky her,  
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,  
 And in clear dream, and solemn vision,  
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,  
 Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants



Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,  
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,  
 Till all be made immortal: but when lust,  
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,  
 But most by leud and lavish act of sin,  
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,  
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
 The divine property of her first being.  
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp  
 Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchres,  
 Lingring and sitting by a new-made grave,  
 As loth to leave the body that it lov'd,  
 And linkt itself by carnal sensuality  
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

2 *Bro.* How charming is divine philosophy!  
 Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,  
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,  
 Where no crude surfeit reigns. *Eld. Bro.* List, list, I hear  
 Some far off hollow break the silent air.

2 *Bro.* Methought so too; what should it be?

*Eld. Bro.* For certain

Either some one like us night-founder'd here,  
 Or else some neighbour woodman, or, at worst,  
 Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

2 *Bro.* Heav'n keep my sister. Agen, agen, and near!  
 Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

*Eld. Bro.* I'll hollow;

If he be friendly he comes well; if not,  
 Defence is a good cause, and heav'n be for us.

*The attendant spirit, habited like a shepherd.*  
 That hollow I should know, what are you? speak.  
 Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.

*Spir.* What voice is that, my young lord? speak agen.

2 *Bro.* O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd sure.

*Eld. Bro.* Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft delaid  
 The hudling brook to hear his madrigal,  
 And sweetn'd every muskrose of the dale,  
 How cam'st thou here, good swain? hath any ram  
 Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,  
 Or straggling weather the pen't flock forlook?  
 How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

*Spir.* O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,  
 I came not here on such a trivial toy  
 As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth  
 Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth  
 That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought  
 To this my errand, and the care it brought.  
 But, O my virgin lady, where is she?  
 How chance she is not in your company?

*Eld. Bro.* To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without blame,  
 Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

*Spir.* Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

*Eld. Bro.* What fears, good Thyrsis? prethee briefly

*Spir.* I'll tell ye, 'tis not vain or fabulous, [shew.  
 (Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)  
 What the sage poets, taught by th' heav'nly muse,  
 Story'd of old in high immortal verse,  
 Of dire Chimera's and enchanted isles,  
 And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to hell,  
 For such there be, but unbelief is blind.  
 Within the navel of this hideous wood,  
 Immur'd in cypress shades a forcerer dwells,  
 Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,  
 Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries;  
 And here to every thirsty wanderer,  
 By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,  
 With many murmurs mixt, whose pleasing poison  
 The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,  
 And the inglorious likeness of a beast  
 Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage  
 Character'd in the face; this have I learnt  
 Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts,

That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night  
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl  
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,  
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate  
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowres.  
Yet have they many baits; and guileful spells,  
To inveigle and invite th' unwary sense  
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.  
This evening late by then the chewing flocks  
Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb  
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,  
I sat me down to watch upon a bank  
With ivy canopied, and interwove  
With flaunting honey-suckle, and began  
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,  
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,  
Till fancy had her fill; but ere a close  
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,  
And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance,  
At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while,  
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence  
Gave respite to the drowsy frightened flocks  
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep.  
At last a soft and solemn breathing sound  
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,  
And stole upon the air, that even silence  
Was took ere she was ware, and wisht she might  
Deny her nature, and be never more  
Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear,  
And took in strains that might create a soul  
Under the ribs of death: but O ere long  
Too well I did perceive it was the voice  
Of my most honour'd lady, your dear sister.  
Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,  
And O poor hapless nightingale thought I,  
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!  
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste  
Through paths and turnings often trode by day,

Till guided by mine ear I found the place  
 Where that damn'd wifard hid in fly disguise,  
 (For so by certain signs I knew) had met  
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,  
 The aidless innocent lady his wisht prey,  
 Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,  
 Supposing him some neighbour villager ;  
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd  
 Ye were the two she meant, with that I sprung  
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here.  
 But further know I not. 2 *Bro.* O night and shades,  
 How are ye join'd with hell in triple knot,  
 Against th' unarmed weakness of one virgin  
 Alone, and helpless ! is this the confidence  
 You gave me, brother ? *Eld. Bro.* Yes, and keep it still,  
 Lean on it safely, not a period  
 Shall be unsaid for me : against the threats  
 Of malice or of forcery, or that power  
 Which erring men call chance, this I hold firm,  
 Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,  
 Surpriz'd by unjust force, but not inthrall'd ;  
 Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,  
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.  
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,  
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last  
 Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,  
 It shall be in eternal restless change  
 Self-fed, and self-consum'd ; if this fail,  
 The pillar'd firmament is rott'nness,  
 And earth's base built on stubble. But come let's on :  
 Against th' opposing will and arm of heav'n  
 May never this just sword be list'd up,  
 But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt  
 With all the griesly legions that troop  
 Under the footy flag of Acheron,  
 Harpyes and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms  
 'Twixt Africa and Inde, I'll find him out,  
 And force him to restore his purchase back,



Or drag him by the curls, to a foul death,  
Curs'd as his life.

*Spir.* Alas! good vent'rous youth,  
I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise;  
But here thy sword can do thee little stead,  
Far other arms, and other weapons must  
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms,  
He with his bare wand can unthred thy joints,  
And crumble all thy sinews.

*Eld. Bro.* Why prethee, shepherd,  
How durst thou then thyself approach so near,  
As to make this relation?

*Spir.* Care and utmost shifts  
How to secure the lady from surprisal,  
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,  
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd  
In every virtuous plant and healing herb  
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray:  
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,  
Which when I did, he on the tender grass  
Would sit, and hearken even to extasy,  
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,  
And shew me simples of a thousand names,  
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties;  
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,  
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;  
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,  
But in another country, as he said,  
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:  
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain  
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon,  
And yet more med'cinal is it than that Moly  
That Hermies once to wise Ulysses gave;  
He call'd it Haemony, and gave it me,  
And bad me keep it as of sov'reign use  
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast or damp,  
Or gasty furies apparition:  
I purs'd it up, but little reck'ning made,

Till now that this extremity compell'd,  
 But now I find it true; for by this means  
 I knew the foul inchanter, though disguis'd,  
 Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,  
 And yet came off: if you have this about you  
 (As I will give you when we go) you may  
 Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;  
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,  
 And brandisht blade rush on him, break his glass,  
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,  
 But seize his wand, though he and his curst crew  
 Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,  
 Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoak,  
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

*Eld. Bro.* Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,  
 And some good angel bear a shield before us.

*The scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all  
 'manner of deliciousness: soft music, tables spread  
 with all dainties. Comus appears with his rabble,  
 and the lady set in an enchanted chair, to whom he  
 offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about  
 to rise.*

*Comus.* Nay, lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,  
 Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster,  
 And you a statue, or as Daphne was,  
 Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

*La.* Fool, do not boast,  
 Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind  
 With all thy charms, although this corporal rind  
 Thou hast immanacled, while heav'n sees good.

*Co.* Why are you vext, lady? why do you frown?  
 Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from these gates  
 Sorrow flies far: see here be all the pleasures  
 That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,  
 When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns  
 Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.

And first behold this cordial julip here  
 That flames and dances in his crystal bounds  
 With spirits of balm, and fragrant syrups mixt.  
 Not that Nepentes which the wife of Thone,  
 In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,  
 Is of such power to stir up joy as this,  
 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.  
 Why should you be so cruel to yourself,  
 And to those dainty limbs which nature lent  
 For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?  
 But you invert the covenants of her trust,  
 And harshly deal like an ill borrower  
 With that which you receiv'd on other terms,  
 Scorning the unexempt condition  
 By which all mortal frailty must subsist,  
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,  
 That have been tir'd all day without repast,  
 And timely rest have wanted: but fair virgin  
 This will restore all soon."

*La.* 'Twill not, false traitor,  
 'Twill not restore the truth and honesty  
 That thou hast banisht from thy tongue with lies.  
 Was this the cottage, and the safe abode  
 Thou told'st me of? what grim aspects are these,  
 These ugly-headed monsters? mercy guard me!  
 Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver,  
 Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence  
 With visor'd falshood, and base forgery,  
 And would'st thou seek agen to trap me here  
 With lickerish baits fit to insnare a brute?  
 Were it a draft for Juno when she banquets,  
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none  
 But such as are good men can give good things,  
 And that which is not good, is not delicious  
 To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

*Co.* O foolishness of men! that lend their ears  
 To those budge doctors of the Stoic furr,  
 And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,

Praising the lean and fallow abstinence.  
Wherefore did nature pour her bounties forth,  
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,  
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,  
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,  
But all to please, and sate the curious taste?  
And set to work millions of spinning worms,  
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk  
To deck her sons, and that no corner might  
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loyns  
She hutch't th' all-worshipt ore, and precious gems  
To store her children with; if all the world  
Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,  
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but freize,  
Th' all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd  
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,  
And we should serve him as a grudging master,  
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,  
And live like nature's bastards, not her sons,  
Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,  
And strangled with her waste fertility; [plumes,  
Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with  
The herds would over-multitude their lords, | diamonds  
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought  
Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,  
And so bestud with stars, that they below  
Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last  
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.  
Lift lady, be not coy, and be not cosen'd  
With that same vaunted name virginity,  
Beauty is nature's coin, must not be hoorded,  
But must be current, and the good thereof  
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,  
Unsav'ry in th' enjoyment of itself;  
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose  
It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.  
Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shown  
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,



Where most may wonder at the workmanship ;  
 It is for homely features to keep home,  
 They had their name thence ; coarse complexions  
 And checks of sorry grain will serve to ply  
 The fampler, and to teize the housewives wooll.  
 What need a vermil-tinctur'd lip for that,  
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn ?  
 There was another meaning in these gifts,  
 Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young yet.

*La.* I had not thought to have unlockt my lips  
 In this unhallow'd air, but that this jugler  
 Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,  
 • Obtruding false rules, pranckt in reason's garb.  
 I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,  
 And virtue has no tongue to check her pride :  
 Impostor, do not charge most innocent nature,  
 As if she would her children should be riotous  
 With her abundance ; she good caterefs  
 Means her provision only to the good,  
 That live according to her sober laws,  
 And holy dictate of spare temperance :  
 If every just man that now pines with want  
 Had but a moderate and beſeeming ſhare  
 Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury  
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,  
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd,  
 In unſuperfluous even proportion,  
 And ſhe no whit encumber'd with her ſtore,  
 And then the giver would be better thank'd,  
 His praise due paid ; for ſwinish gluttony  
 Ne'er looks to heav'n amidſt his gorgeous feaſt,  
 But with beſotted baſe ingratitude  
 Cramms, and blaſphemes his feeder. Shall I go on ?  
 Or have I ſaid enough ? to him that dares  
 Arm his prophane tongue with contemptuous words  
 Againſt the ſun-clad power of chaſtity,  
 Fain would I ſomething ſay, yet to what end ?  
 Thou haſt nor ear, nor ſoul to apprehend

The sublime notion, and high mystery  
 That must be utter'd to unfold the sage  
 And serious doctrine of virginity,  
 And thou art worthy that thou should'st not know  
 More happiness than this thy present lot.  
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric  
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,  
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd;  
 Yet should I try, the uncontrouled worth  
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rap'd spirits  
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence,  
 That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,  
 And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and shake,  
 Till all thy magic structures rear'd so high,  
 Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

*Co.* She fables not, I feel that I do fear  
 Her words set off by some superior power;  
 And though not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew  
 Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove  
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus  
 To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,  
 And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more,  
 This is meer moral babble, and direct  
 Against the canon laws of our foundation;  
 I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees  
 And settlings of a melancholy blood:  
 But this will cure all straight, one sip of this  
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,  
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste. —

*The brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest his  
 glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground;  
 his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven  
 in; the attendant spirit comes in.*

*Spir.* What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape?  
 O ye mistook, ye should have snatcht his wand  
 And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,

And backward mutters of dis severing power,  
We cannot free the lady that sits here  
In stony fetters fixt, and motionless;  
Yet stay, be not disturb'd, now I bethink me,  
Some other means I have which may be us'd,  
Which once of Melibaeus old I learnt,  
The soothest shepherd that e'er pip't on plains.

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,  
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,  
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;  
Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine,  
That had the scepter from his father Brute.  
She guiltless damsel flying the mad pursuit  
Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,  
Commended her fair innocence to the flood  
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.  
The water nymphs that in the bottom plaid,  
Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,  
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus hall,  
Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,  
And gave her to his daughters to imbath  
In nectar'd lavers strew'd with asphodil,  
And through the porch and inlet of each sense  
Dropt in ambrosial oyls till she reviv'd,  
And underwent a quick immortal change,  
Made goddess of the river; still she retains  
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve  
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,  
Helping all urchin blast, and ill-luck signs  
That the shrewd meddling Elfe delights to make,  
Which she with precious viol'd liquors heals,  
For which the shepherds at their festivals  
Carrol her goodness loud in rustic lays,  
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream  
Of pancies, pinks and gandy daffadils.  
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock  
The clasp'ing charm, and thaw the numming spell,  
If she be right invok'd in warbled song,

For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift  
 To aid a virgin, such as was herself,  
 In hard-besetting need; this will I try,  
 And add the power of some adjuring verse.

## S O N G.

*Sabrina fair,  
 Listen where thou art sitting  
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,  
 In twisted braids of lillies knitting  
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;  
 Listen for dear honour's sake,  
 Goddess of the silver lake,  
 Listen and save.*

Listen and appear to us,  
 In name of great Oceanus,  
 By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,  
 And Tethys grave majestic pace,  
 By hoary Nereus wrinkled look,  
 And the Carpathian wifard's hook,  
 By scaly Triton's winding shell,  
 And old sooth-saying Glaucus spell,  
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,  
 And her son that rules the strands,  
 By Thetis tinsel-slipper'd feet,  
 And the songs of Sirens sweet,  
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,  
 And fair Ligea's golden comb,  
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,  
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks,  
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance  
 Upon thy streams with wily glance,  
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head  
 From thy coral-paven bed,  
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,  
 Till thou our summons answer'd have.

Listen and save.



Sabrina rises, attended by water-nymphs, and sings.

*By the rusby-fringed bank,  
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,  
My sliding chariot stays;  
Thick set with agat, and the azure sheen  
Of turkis blue, and emrauld green  
That in the channel strays,  
Whilst from off the waters fleet  
Thus I set my printless feet  
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,  
That bends not as I tread;  
Gentle swain, at thy request  
I am here.*

*Spir. Goddeſs dear,  
We implore thy powerful hand  
To undo the charmed band  
Of true virgin here diſtreſt,  
Through the force, and through the wile  
Of unbleſt inchanter vile.*

*Sab. Shepherd, 'tis my office beſt  
To help inſnared chaſtity;  
Brighteſt lady look on me,  
Thus I ſprinkle on thy breaſt  
Drops that from my fountain pure,  
I have kept of precious cure,  
Thrice upon thy fingers tip,  
Thrice upon thy rubied lip,  
Next this marble venom'd ſeat  
Snear'd with gums of glutinous heat  
I touch with chaſte palms moiſt and cold,  
Now the ſpell hath loſt his hold;  
And I muſt haſte ere morning hour  
To wait in Amphiſtrite's bow'r.*

*Sabrina descends, and the lady rises out of her seat.*

*Spir.* Virgin daughter of Loerine,  
 Sprung of old Anchises line,  
 May thy brimmed waves for this  
 Their full tribute never miss  
 From a thousand petty rills,  
 That tumble down the snowy hills:  
 Summer drouth, or singed air  
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,  
 Nor wet October's torrent flood  
 Thy molten crystal fill with mud;  
 May thy billows roul ashore  
 The beryl, and the golden ore,  
 May thy lofty head be crown'd  
 With many a tower and terrass round,  
 And here and there thy banks upon  
 With groves of myrrhe, and cinnamon.

Come, lady, while heav'n lends us grace,  
 Let us fly this cursed place,  
 Lest the sorcerer us intice  
 With some other new device,  
 Not a waste, or needless sound,  
 Till we come to holier ground,  
 I shall be your faithful guide  
 Through this gloomy covert wide,  
 And not many furlongs thence  
 Is your father's residence,  
 Where this night are met in state  
 Many a friend to gratulate  
 His wish'd presence; and beside  
 All the swains that there abide,  
 With jigs, and rural dance resort,  
 We shall catch them at their sport,  
 And our sudden coming there  
 Will double all their mirth and chere;

Come let us haste, the stars grow high,  
But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

*The scene changes, presenting Ludlow town, and the President's castle, then come in country dancers, after them the attendant spirit, with the two brothers and the lady.*

S O N G.

*Spir. Back, shepherds, back, enough your play,  
Till next sun-shine holiday,  
Here be without duck, or nod,  
Other trappings to be trod  
Of lighter toes, and such court guise  
As Mercury did first devise  
With the mincing Dryades  
On the lawns, and on the leas.*

This second song presents them to their father and mother.

*Noble lord and lady bright,  
I have brought ye new delight,  
Here behold so goodly grown  
Three fair branches of your own,  
Heav'n hath timely try'd their youth,  
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,  
And sent them here through hard assays  
With a crown of deathless praise,  
To triumph in victorious dance  
O'er sensual folly, and intemperance.*

*The dances ended, the spirit epiloguizes.*

*Spir. To the ocean now I fly,  
And those happy climes that ly  
Where day never shuts his eye,  
Up in the broad fields of the sky :*

There I suck the liquid air  
 All amidst the gardens fair  
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three  
 That sing about the golden tree:  
 Along the crisped shades and bowres  
 Revels the spruce and jocund spring,  
 The graces, and the rosie-bosom'd hours,  
 Thither all their bounties bring,  
 There eternal summer dwells,  
 And west winds, with musky wing  
 About the cedar'n alleys sing  
 Nard, and Cassia's balmy smells.  
 Iris there with humid bow,  
 Waters the odorous banks that blow  
 Flowers of more mingled hew  
 Than her purpled scarf can shew,  
 And drenches with Elysian dew  
 (Lift mortals, if your ears be true)  
 Beds of Hyacinth, and roses  
 Where young Adonis oft repofes,  
 Waxing well of his deep wound  
 In slumber soft, and on the ground  
 Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen;  
 But far above in spangled sheen  
 Celestial Cupid her fam'd son advanc'd,  
 Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranc'd,  
 After her wandring labours long,  
 Till free consent the gods among  
 Make her his eternal bride,  
 And from her fair unspotted side  
 Two blisful twins are to be born,  
 Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done,  
 I can fly, or I can run  
 Quickly to the green earth's end,  
 Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,  
 And from thence can soar as soon  
 To the corners of the moon.



Mortals that would follow me,  
Love virtue, she alone is free,  
She can teach you how to clime  
Higher than the sphery chime;  
Or if virtue feeble were,  
Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

P O E M S,

U P O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

Composed at several Times.

B Y J O H N M I L T O N .

— Baccare frontem  
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.  
*Virgil. Eclog. 7.*

R O E M S

SEVERAL OCCASIONS



Good Special Time

BY JOHN MILTON

— Excuse the name —  
Of the name of the book is not in the title.

# LYCIDAS.

*In this Monody the Author bewails a learned friend unfortunately drown'd in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas, 1637. And by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergy then in their height.*

**Y**ET once more, O ye laurels, and once more  
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never-fear,  
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,  
 And with forc'd fingers rude,  
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.  
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,  
 Compels me to disturb your season due:  
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:  
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew  
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme,  
 He must not flote upon his watry bier  
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, sisters of the sacred well,  
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,  
 Begin, and somewhat louder sweep the string.  
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,  
 So may some gentle Muse  
 With lucky words favour my destin'd urn,  
 And as he passes turn,  
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.  
 For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,  
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.



Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd  
 Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,  
 We drove a-field, and both together heard  
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,  
 Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
 Oft till the star that rose, at evening, bright,  
 Toward heav'n's descent had slop'd his westering wheel:  
 Mean while the rural ditties were not mute,  
 Temper'd to th' oaten flute,  
 Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel,  
 From the glad sound would not be absent long,  
 And old Damætas lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,  
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!  
 Thee shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves  
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,  
 And all their echoes mourn.  
 The willows, and the hazel copses green,  
 Shall now no more be seen,  
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft layes,  
 As killing as the canker to the rose,  
 Or taint-worm to the weaning herds that graze,  
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,  
 When first the white-thorn blows;  
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds ear.

Where were ye nymphs, when the remorseless deep  
 Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?  
 For neither were you playing on the steep,  
 Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,  
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream:  
 Ah me, I fondly dream!  
 Had ye been there——for what could that have done?  
 What could the muse herself that Orpheus bore,  
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son  
 Whom universal nature did lament,  
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar,  
 His goary visage down the stream was sent,

Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore.

Alas! what boots it with uncessant care  
To tend the homely slighted shepherds trade,  
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?  
Were it not better done, as others use,  
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?  
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
(That last infirmity of noble mind)  
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;  
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
Comes the blind fury with th' abhorred shears,  
And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,  
Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;  
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
Nor in the glistening foil  
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,  
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,  
And perfect witness of all judging Jove;  
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
Of so much fame in heav'n expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd fount,  
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,  
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:  
But now my oate proceeds,  
And listens to the herald of the sea  
That came in Neptune's plea,  
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds  
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?  
And question'd every gust of rugged winds  
That blows from off each beaked promontory:  
They knew not of his story,  
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,  
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,  
The air was calm, and on the level brine,  
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.  
It was that fatal and perfidious bark

Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,  
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend Sire, went footing slow,  
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.  
Ah; who hath rest (quoth he) my dearest pledge?  
Last came, and last did go  
The pilot of the Galilean lake,  
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,  
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)  
He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake;  
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,  
Anow of such as for their bellies sake,  
Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?  
Of other care they little reck'ning make,  
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,  
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;  
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold  
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least  
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!  
What recks it them? what need they? they are sped,  
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;  
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,  
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,  
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:  
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw  
Daily devours apace, and nothing fed,  
But that two-handed engine at the door,  
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more!

Return Alpheus, the dread voice is past,  
That shrunk thy streams; return Sicilian Muse,  
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
Their bells, and flourets of a thousand hues.  
Ye valleys low where the mild whispers use,  
Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,

Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,  
That on the green turf suck the honied showres,  
And purple all the ground with vernal flowres,  
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
The white pink, and the pansie freckt with jeat,  
The glowing violet,  
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,  
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
And ev'ry flower that sad embroidery wears :  
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,  
To strew the laureat herse where Lycid lies,  
For so to interpose a little ease,  
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.  
Ah me! whilst thee the shores, and founding seas  
Wash far away, where-e'er thy bones are hurl'd,  
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide  
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;  
Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,  
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,  
Where the great vision of the guarded mount  
Looks toward Namanco's and Bayona's hold ;  
Look homeward angel now, and melt with ruth :  
And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.  
Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,  
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead ;  
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor,  
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore,  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :  
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,  
Where other groves, and other streams along,  
With Nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,



In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
 There entertain him all the saints above,  
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,  
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,  
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.  
 Now Lycidas the shepherds weep no more;  
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,  
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,  
 While the still morn went out with sandals gray,  
 He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,  
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:  
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,  
 And now was dropt into the western bay:  
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue;  
 To morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

### *L' Allegro.*

**H**ENCE loathed Melancholy,  
 Of Cerberus, and blackest midnight born,  
 In Stygian cave forlorn  
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,  
 Find out some uncouth cell,  
 Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
 And the night-raven sings;  
 There under Ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,  
 As ragged as thy locks,  
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.  
 But come thou Goddess fair and free,  
 In heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,  
 And by men, heart-easing mirth,  
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth  
 With two sister graces more  
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;

Or whether (as some sages sing)  
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,  
Zephir with Aurora playing,  
As he met her once a maying,  
There on beds of violets blue,  
And fresh-blown roses washt in dew,  
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,  
So buckfom, blithe, and debonnair.  
Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful jollity,  
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimple sleek;  
Sport that wrinkled care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides.  
Come, and trip it as you go  
On the light fantastic toe,  
And in thy right hand lead with thee  
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;  
And if I give thee honour due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unreprieved pleasures free;  
To hear the lark begin his flight,  
And singing startle the dull night,  
From his watch-tower in the skies,  
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;  
Then to come in spight of sorrow,  
And at my window bid good-morrow,  
Through the sweet briar, or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine.  
While the cock with lively din  
Scatters the rear of darkness thin;  
And to the stack, or the barn-dore,  
Stoutly struts his dames before,  
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn  
Chearly rouse the slumbering morn,

From the side of some hoar hill,  
Through the high wood echoing shrill.  
Some time walking not unseen  
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
Right against the eastern gate,  
Where the great sun begins his state,  
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,  
The clouds in thousand liveries dight.  
While the plow-man near at hand,  
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,  
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
And the mower whets his scythe,  
And every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.  
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
Whilst the landskip round it measures;  
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,  
Mountains on whose barren breast  
The labouring clouds do often rest,  
Meadows trim with daisies pide,  
Shallow brooke, and rivers wide.  
Towers and battlements it sees  
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.  
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,  
From betwixt two aged oaks,  
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
Are at their savoury dinner set  
Of herbs, and other country messes,  
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;  
And then in haste her bower she leaves,  
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;  
Or if the earlier season lead  
To the tann'd haycock in the mead,  
Sometimes with secure delight  
The up-land hamlets will invite,

When the merry bells ring round,  
And the jocund rebecks sound  
To many a youth, and many a maid,  
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;  
And young and old come forth to play  
On a sunshine holy-day,  
Till the live-long day-light fail,  
Then to the spiey nut-brown ale,  
With stories told of many a feat,  
How Fairy-Mab the junkets eat;  
She was pincht, and pull'd, she said,  
And he by friers lanthorn led;  
Tells how the drudging Goblin swet,  
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
When in one night, ere glimps of morn  
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn  
That ten day-labourers could not end,  
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend;  
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,  
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;  
And crop-full out of doors he flings,  
Ere the first cock his matten rings.  
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.  
Towred cities please us then,  
And the busy humm of men,  
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,  
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,  
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
Rain influence, and judge the prize  
Of wit or arms, while both contend  
To win her grace, whom all commend.  
There let Hymen oft appear  
In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
With mask, and antique pageantry,  
Such sights as youthful poets dream  
On summer eves by haunted stream.



Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If Johnson's learned sock be on,  
 Or sweetest Shakespear, fancy's child,  
 Warble his native wood-notes wild,  
 And ever against eating cares,  
 Lap me in soft Lydian aires,  
 Married to immortal verse,  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce  
 In notes, with many a winding bout  
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,  
 The melting voice through mazes running;  
 Untwisting all the chains that ty  
 The hidden soul of harmony :  
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
 From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heapt Elysian flowers, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.  
 These delights, if thou canst give,  
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

### *Il Penseroso.*

**H**ENCE vain deluding joys,  
 The brood of folly without father bred,  
 How little you bested,  
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys;  
 Dwell in some idle brain,  
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
 As thick and numberless  
 As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,  
 Or likest hovering dreams,  
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.  
 But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,  
 Hail divinest Melancholy,

Whose faintly visage is too bright  
To hit the sense of human sight;  
And therefore to our weaker view,  
O'erlaid with black staid wisdom's hue.  
Black, but such as in esteem,  
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,  
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove  
To set her beauties praise above  
The sea nymphs, and their powers offended.  
Yet thou art higher far descended,  
The bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore  
To solitary Saturn bore;  
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,  
Such mixture was not held a stain)  
Oft in glimmering bowres, and glades  
He met her, and in secret shades  
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
While yet there was no fear of Jove.  
Come pensive nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, stedfast, and demure,  
All in a robe of darkest grain,  
Flowing with majestic train,  
And sable stole of Cypress lawn,  
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.  
Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
With even step, and musing gait,  
And looks commercing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:  
There held in holy passion still,  
Forget thyself to marble, till  
With a sad leaden downward cast,  
Thou fix them on the earth as fast;  
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,  
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,  
And bears the Muses in a ring,  
Ay round about Jove's altar sing.  
And add to these retired Leisure,  
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;

But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,  
Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
The cherub Contemplation,  
And the mute silence hift along,  
'Lefs Philomel will deign a song,  
In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,  
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,  
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak ;  
Sweet bird that shunn'ft the noise of folly,  
Most musical, most melancholy !  
Thee chauntrefs of the woods among,  
I woo to hear thy even-song ;  
And missing thee, I walk unseen  
On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
To behold the wandring moon,  
Riding near her highest noon,  
Like one that had been led astray  
Through the heav'n's wide pathless way ;  
And oft as if her head she bow'd,  
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
Oft on a plat of rising ground,  
I hear the far-off Curfeu sound,  
Over some wide-water'd shoar,  
Swinging slow with sullen roar ;  
Or if the air will not permit,  
Some still removed place will fit,  
Where glowing embers through the room  
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,  
Far from all resort of mirth,  
Save the cricket on the hearth,  
Or the belman's drowfy charm,  
To bless the doors from nightly harm :  
Or let my lamp at midnight hour,  
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,  
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,  
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphear

The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
What worlds, or what vast regions hold  
Th' immortal mind that hath forsook  
Her mansion in this fleshly nook :  
And of those Dæmons that are found  
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
Whose power hath a true consent  
With planet, or with element.  
Sometime let gorgeous tragedy  
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,  
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops line,  
Or the tale of Troy divine.  
Or what (though rare) of later age,  
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.  
But, O sad virgin, that thy power  
Might raise Musæus from his bower,  
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
Such notes as warbled to the string,  
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
And made hell grant what love did seek.  
Or call up him that left half-told  
The story of Cambuscan bold,  
Of Camball, and of Algarfise,  
And who had Canace to wife,  
That own'd that virtuous ring and glass,  
And of the wondrous horse of brass,  
On which the Tartar king did ride ;  
And if ought else, great Bards beside,  
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
Of turneys and of trophies hung ;  
Of forests, and enchantments drear,  
Where more is meant than meets the ear,  
Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,  
Till civil-suited morn appear,  
Not trickt and frounc't as she was wont,  
With the Attic boy to hunt,  
But cherchef't in a comely cloud,  
While rocking winds are piping loud,



Or usher'd with a shower still,  
When the gulf hath blown his fill,  
Ending on the rustling leaves,  
With minute drops from off the eaves.  
And when the sun begins to fling  
His flaming beams, me Goddess bring  
To arched walks of twilight groves,  
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves  
Of pine, or monumental oak,  
Where the rude ax with heaved stroke,  
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,  
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.  
There in close covert by some brook,  
Where no profaner eye may look,  
Hide me from day's gairish eye,  
While the bee with honied thie,  
That at her flowry work doth sing,  
And the waters murmuring  
With such consort as they keep,  
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;  
And let some strange mysterious dream,  
Wave at his wings in airy stream  
Of lively portraiture display'd,  
Softly on my eye-lids laid.  
And as I wake, sweet music breath  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,  
Or th' unseen genius of the wood.  
But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloysters pale,  
And love the high embowed roof,  
With antic pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light.  
There let the pealing organ blow,  
To the full voiced quire below,  
In service high, and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,

Dissolve me into extasies,  
 And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.  
 And may at last my weary age  
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
 Where I may sit and rightly spell  
 Of ev'ry star that heav'n doth shew,  
 And ev'ry herb that sips the dew;  
 Till old experience do attain  
 To something like prophetic strain.  
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
 And I with thee will choose to live.

## A R C A D E S.

*Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess  
 Dowager of Derby at Harefield, by some Noble  
 Persons of her Family, who appear on the Scene  
 in Pastoral Habit, moving toward the Seat of  
 State, with this Song.*

### I. S O N G.

**L**OOK nymphs, and shepherds look,  
 What sudden blaze of majesty  
 Is that which we from hence descry,  
 Too divine to be mistook?

This, this is she  
 To whom our vows and wishes bend,  
 Here our solemn search hath end.  
 Fame that her high worth to raise,  
 Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,  
 We may justly now accuse  
 Of detraction from her praise;  
 Less than half we find express'd,  
 Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreads,  
In circle round her shining throne,  
Shooting her beams like silver threads :

This, this is she alone,

Sitting like a Goddess bright,

In the center of her light.

Might she the wise Latona be,

Or the towred Cybele,

Mother of a hundred gods;

Juno dares not give her odds.

Who had thought this clime had held

A deity so unparallel'd?

*As they come forward, the Genius of the Wood appears,  
and turning toward them speaks.*

Gen. **S**TAY gentle swains, for though in this disguise,  
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes,  
Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung  
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,  
Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice,  
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;  
And ye the breathing roses of the wood,  
Fair silver-buskin'd nymphs as great and good,  
I know this quest of yours, and free intent  
Was all in honour and devotion meant  
To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,  
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,  
And with all helpful service will comply  
To further this night's glad solemnity;  
And lead ye where ye may more near behold  
What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold;  
Which I full oft amidst these shades alone  
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon:  
For know by lot from Jove I am the pow'r  
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bow'r,  
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove  
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.

And all my plants I save from nightly ill,  
Of noisom winds, and blasting vapours chill.  
And from the boughs brush off the evil-dew,  
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blew,  
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,  
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.  
When ev'ning gray doth rise, I fetch my round  
Over the mount; and all this hallow'd ground,  
And early ere the odorous breath of morn  
Awakes the slumbring leaves, or tassell'd horn  
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,  
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout  
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless:  
But else in deep of night, when drowsiness  
Hath lockt up mortal sense, then listen I  
To the celestial Sirens harmony,  
That sit upon the nine enfolded sphears,  
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,  
And turn the adamantine spindle round,  
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.  
Such sweet compulsion doth in music ly,  
To lull the daughters of Necessity,  
And keep unsteddy nature to her law,  
And the low world in measur'd motion draw  
After the heav'nly tune, which none can hear  
Of human mould with gross unpurged ear;  
And yet such music worthiest were to blaze  
The peerless height of her immortal praise,  
Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,  
If my inferior hand or voice could hit  
Inimitable sounds: yet as we go,  
What e'er the skill of lesser gods can show,  
I will assay, her worth to celebrate,  
And so attend ye toward her glittering state;  
Where ye may all that are of noble stem  
Approach, and kiss her sacred vestures hem.



## II. S O N G.

O'ER the smooth enamel'd green,  
 Where no print of step hath been,  
     Follow me as I sing,  
     And touch the warbled string,  
 Under the shady roof  
 Of branching elm star-proof.  
     Follow me,  
 I will bring you where she sits,  
 Clad in splendor as befits  
     Her Deity.  
 Such a rural queen  
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

## III. S O N G.

N YMPHS and shepherds dance no more  
 By sandy Ladon's lillied banks.  
 On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar,  
     Trip no more in twilight ranks,  
 Though Erymanth your loss deplore,  
     A better soil shall give ye thanks.  
 From the stony Mœnalus,  
 Bring your flocks, and live with us,  
 Here ye shall have greater grace,  
 To serve the lady of this place.  
     Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,  
     Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.  
     Such a rural queen  
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

ON THE  
MORNING  
OF  
CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

## I.

**T**HIS is the month, and this the happy morn  
Wherein the son of heav'n's eternal King,  
Of wedded maid, and virgin mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did bring;  
For so the holy sages once did sing,  
That he our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with his father work us a perpetual peace,

## II.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,  
Wherewith he wont at heav'n's high council-table  
To sit the midst of trinal unity,  
He laid aside; and here with us to be,  
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

## III.

Say, heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein,  
Afford a present to the infant God?  
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,  
To welcome him to this his new abode,  
Now while the heav'n by the sun's team untrod,  
Hath took no print of the approaching light,  
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

## IV.

See how from far upon the eastern rode  
The star-led wifards haste with odours sweet;  
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,  
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;  
Have thou the honour first, thy Lord to greet,

And join thy voice unto the angel quire,  
From out his secret altar toucht-with hallow'd fire.

*The H Y M N.*

I.

**I**T was the winter wild,  
While the heav'n-born-child  
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;  
Nature in awe to him  
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,  
With her great master so to sympathize;  
It was no season then for her  
To wanton with the sun her lusty paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair  
She woos the gentle air,  
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,  
And on her naked shame,  
Pollute with sinful blame,  
The faintly vail of maiden white to throw,  
Confound'd, that her maker's eyes  
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he her fears to cease,  
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;  
She crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding  
Down through the turning spear  
His ready harbinger,  
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;  
And waving wide her myrtle wand,  
She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.

IV.

No war, or battle's sound  
Was heard the world around,  
The idle spear and shield were high up hung,  
The hooked chariot stood  
Unstain'd with hostile blood.

The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,  
 And kings sat still with awful eye,  
 As if they surely knew their sov'reign Lord was by.

## V.

But peaceful was the night,  
 Wherein the prince of light

His reign of peace upon the earth began :  
 The winds with wonder whist,  
 Smoothly the waters kist,

Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,  
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

## VI.

The stars with deep amaze  
 Stand fixt in stedfast gaze,

Bending one way their precious influence :  
 And will not take their flight,  
 For all the morning light,

Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence ;  
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow,  
 Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

## VII.

And though the shady gloom  
 Had giv'n day her room,

The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,  
 And hid his head for shame,  
 As his inferiour flame

The new-enlightned world no more should need ;  
 He saw a greater sun appear  
 Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could bear.

## VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn,  
 Or ere the point of dawn,

Sat simply chatting in a rustie row ;  
 Full little thought they then,  
 That the mighty Pan

Was kindly come to live with them below :



Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep,

## IX.

When such music sweet  
Their hearts and ears did greet,  
As never was by mortal finger strook,  
Divinely warbled voice  
Answering the stringed noise,  
As all their souls in blissful rapture took :  
The air such pleasure loth to lose,  
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heav'nly close.

## X.

Nature that heard such sound  
Beneath the hollow round  
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,  
Now was almost won  
To think her part was done,  
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;  
She knew such harmony alone  
Could hold all heav'n and earth in happier union.

## XI.

At last surrounds their sight  
A globe of circular light,  
That with long beams the shame-fac'd night array'd ;  
The helmed cherubim  
And sworded seraphim,  
Are seen in glitt'ring ranks with wings display'd,  
Harping in loud and solemn quire,  
With unexpressive notes to heav'n's new-born heir.

## XII.

Such music (as 'tis said)  
Before was never made,  
But when of old the sons of morning sung,  
While the Creator great  
His constellations set,  
And the well ballanc'd world on hinges hung,  
And cast the dark foundations deep,  
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

## XIII.

Ring out ye crystal sphears,  
Once bless our human ears,  
    (If ye have power to touch our senses so)  
And let your silver chime  
Move in melodious time;  
And let the base of heav'n's deep organ blow,  
And with your ninefold harmony  
Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony.

## XIV.

For if such holy song  
Enwrap our fancy long,  
    Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,  
And speckled vanity  
Will sicken soon and die,  
    And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,  
And hell itself will pass away,  
And leave her dolorous mansion to the peering day,

## XV.

Yea truth and justice then  
Will down return to men,  
    Orb'd in a rainbow, and like glories wearing:  
Mercy will sit between,  
Thron'd in celestial sheen,  
    With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,  
And heav'n as at some festival,  
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

## XVI.

But wisest fate says no,  
This must not yet be so,  
    The babe lies yet in smiling infancy,  
That on the bitter cross  
Must redeem our loss;  
    So both himself and us to glorify:  
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,  
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder thro' the deep.

## XVII.

With such a horrid clang  
 As on mount Sinai rang,  
     While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out-brake;  
 The aged earth agast,  
 With terrour of that blast,  
     Shall from the surface of the center shake;  
 When at the world's last session,  
 The dreadful judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

## XVIII.

And then at last our bliss  
 Full and perfect is,  
     But now begins; for from this happy day  
 Th' old dragon under ground  
 In straiter limits bound,  
     Not half so far casts his usurped sway,  
 And wroth to see his kingdom fail,  
 Swindges the scaly horror of his foulded tail.

## XIX.

The oracles are dumb,  
 No voice or hideous humm  
     Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.  
 Apollo from his shrine  
 Can no more divine,  
     With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.  
 No nightly trance, or breathed spell,  
 Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetic cell.

## XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,  
 And the resounding shore,  
     A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;  
 From haunted spring, and dale,  
 Edg'd with poplar pale,  
     The parting genius is with sighing sent;  
 With flow'r-inwov'n tresses torn [mourn.  
 The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets

## XXI.

In consecrated earth,  
And on the holy hearth,  
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint ;  
In urns, and altars round,  
A drear and dying sound  
Affrights the Flamins at their service quaint ;  
And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.

## XXII.

Peor and Baalim  
For sake their temples dim,  
With that twice batter'd god of Palestine,  
And mooned Ashtaroth,  
Heav'n's queen and mother both,  
Now sits not girt with tapers holy shine,  
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn,  
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thamuz mourn.

## XXIII.

And sullen Moloch fled,  
Hath left in shadows dred  
His burning idol all of blackest hue ;  
In vain, with cymbals ring,  
They call the grisly king,  
In dismal dance about the furnace blue ;  
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,  
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

## XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen  
In Memphian grove, or green,  
Trampling the unshowr'd grass with lowings loud :  
Nor can he be at rest  
Within his sacred chest,  
Naught but profoundest hell can be his shroud ;  
In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark  
The fable-stoed forcerers bear his worship'd ark.



## XXV.

He feels from Judah's land  
 The dredded infant's hand,  
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;  
 Nor all the gods beside,  
 Longer dare abide,  
 Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :  
 Our babe, to shew his Godhead true,  
 Can in his swadling bands controul the damned crew.

## XXVI.

So when the sun in bed,  
 Curtain'd with cloudy red,  
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
 The flocking shadows pale,  
 Troop to th' infernal jail,  
 Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave,  
 And the yellow-skirted Fayses [maze.  
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd

## XXVII.

But see the virgin blest  
 Hath laid her babe to rest,  
 Time is our tedious song should here have ending :  
 Heav'n's youngest teemed star  
 Hath fixt her polish'd car,  
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending :  
 And all about the courtly stable,  
 Bright-harnest angels sit in order serviceable.

Anno ætatis 17.

*On the Death of a fair Infant, a Nephew of his,  
 dying of a Cough.*

## I.

O Fairest flower no sooner blown but blasted,  
 Soft-silken primrose fading timelessly,

Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst out-last'd  
Bleak winter's force that made thy blossom dry ;  
For he being amorous on that lovely dy

That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,  
But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

## II.

For since grim Aquilo his charioteer  
By boistrous rape th' Athenian damsel got,  
He thought it toucht his Deity full near,  
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,  
Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot

Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld, [held.  
Which 'mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach was

## III.

So mounting up in icy-pearled car,  
Through middle empire of the freezing air,  
He wander'd long, till thee he spy'd from far,  
There ended was his quest, there ceast his care.  
Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,

But all unawares with his cold-kind embrace  
Unhous'd thy virgin soul from her fair biding place.

## IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate ;  
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,  
Whilom did slay his dearly-loved mate,  
Young Hyacinth born on Eurota's strand,  
Young Hyacinth the pride of Spartan land ;

But then transform'd him to a purple flower,  
Alack that so to change thee winter had no power.

## V.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,  
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,  
Or that thy beauties ly in wormy bed,  
Hid from the world in a low delved tomb ;  
Could heav'n for pity thee so strictly doom ?

Oh no ! for something in thy face did shine  
Above mortality, that shew'd thou wast divine.

## VI.

Resolve me then, oh soul most purely blest,  
 (If so it be that thou these complaints dost hear)  
 Tell me, bright spirit, where-e'er thou hoverest,  
 Whether above that high first-moving sphere,  
 Or in the Elysian fields (if such there were)

O say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,  
 And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

## VII.

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roof  
 Of shak'd Olympus by mischance didst fall;  
 Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof  
 Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?  
 Or did of late earth's sons besiege the wall

Of sheenie heav'n, and thou some goddess fled  
 Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head.

## VIII.

Or wert thou that just maid who once before  
 Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,  
 And cam'st again to visit us once more?  
 Or wert thou that sweet smiling youth?  
 Or that crown'd matron sage white-robed Truth!

Or any other of that heav'nly brood  
 Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good?

## IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,  
 Who having clad thyself in human weed,  
 To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,  
 And after short abode fly back with speed,  
 As if to shew what creatures heav'n doth breed,

Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire  
 To scorn the sordid world, and unto heav'n aspire.

## X.

But oh why didst thou not stay here below  
 To bless us with thy heav'n-lov'd innocence,  
 To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,  
 To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,  
 Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,

To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?  
But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

## XI.

Then thou the mother of so sweet a child  
Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,  
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;  
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,  
And render him with patience what he lent:  
This if thou do, he will an off-spring give,  
That till the world's last end shall make thy name to live.

Anno Aetatis 19. *At a Vacation exercise in the  
College, part Latin, part English. The Latin  
speeches ended, the English thus began.*

**H**AIL native language, that by sinews weak  
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,  
And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,  
Half unpronounc'd slide through my infant-lips,  
Driving dumb silence from the portal door,  
Where he had mutely sat two years before:  
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,  
That now I use thee in my latter task:  
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,  
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee:  
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,  
Believe me I have hither packt the worst:  
And, if it happen as I did forecast,  
The daintiest dishes shall be serv'd up last;  
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid  
For this same small neglect that I have made:  
But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,  
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure,  
Not those new-fangled toys, and trimmings slight,  
Which take our late fantasticks with delight;  
But cull those richest robes, and gay'st attire,  
Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire:



I have some naked thoughts that rove about,  
And loudly knock to have their passage out ;  
And weary of their place do only stay  
Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array ;  
That so they may without suspect or fears  
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears :  
Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse,  
Thy service in some graver subject use,  
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,  
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound :  
Such where the deep transported mind may soar  
Above the wheeling poles, and at heav'n's door  
Look in, and see each blisful Deity  
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,  
Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings  
To th' touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings  
Immortal nectar to her kingly Sire:  
Then passing through the sphears of watchful fire,  
And misty regions of wide air next under,  
And hills of snow and lofts of piled thunder,  
May tell at length how green-ey'd Neptune raves  
In heav'n's defiance mustering all his waves ;  
Then sing of secret things that came to pass  
When beldam nature in her cradle was ;  
And last of kings and queens and heroes old,  
Such as the wise Demodocus once told  
In solemn songs at King Alcinous feast,  
While sad Ulysses soul and all the rest  
Are held with his melodious harmony  
In willing chains and sweet captivity.  
But fy, my wandring Muse, how thou dost stray !  
Expectance calls thee now another way,  
Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent  
To keep in compass of thy predicament :  
Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,  
That to the next I may resign my room.

*Then Ens is represented as Father of the Prædicaments his ten Sons, whereof the Eldest stood for Substance with his Canons, which Ens, thus speaking, explains.*

GOOD luck befriend thee, son; for at thy birth  
 The fairy ladies danc'd upon the hearth;  
 Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy  
 Come tripping to the room where thou didst ly;  
 And sweetly singing round about thy bed,  
 Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head.  
 She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still  
 From eyes of mortals walk invisible:  
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear,  
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear  
 A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,  
 That far events full wisely could presage,  
 And in time's long and dark prospective glass  
 Forefaw what future days should bring to pass;  
 Your son, said she, (nor can you it prevent)  
 Shall subject be to many an accident.  
 O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king,  
 Yet every one shall make him underling;  
 And those that cannot live from him asunder,  
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under:  
 In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,  
 Yet being above them, he shall be below them;  
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing,  
 Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.  
 To find a foe it shall not be his hap,  
 And peace shall lull him in her flow'ry lap:  
 Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door  
 Devouring war shall never cease to roar:  
 Yea it shall be his natural property  
 To harbour those that are at enmity.  
 What pow'r, what force, what mighty spell, if not  
 Your learned hands, can loose his gordian knot?

*The next Quantity and Quality spake in Prose,  
then Relation was called by his name.*

RIVERS arise ; whether thou be the son  
Of utmost Tweed, or Oose, or gulphy Dun,  
Or Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads  
His thirty arms along the indented meads,  
Or sullen Mole that runneth underneath,  
Or Severn swift, guilty of maidens death,  
Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,  
Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee,  
Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythians name,  
Or Medway smooth, or royal towred Thame,  
*The rest was Prose.*

*The P A S S I O N.*

I.

ERE while of music, and ethereal mirth,  
Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,  
And joyous news of heav'nly infant's birth,  
My Muse with angels did divide to sing;  
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,  
In wintry solstice like the shortn'd light,  
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,  
And set my harp to notes of saddest wo,  
Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long,  
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,  
Which he for us did freely undergo.

Most perfect Heroe, try'd in heaviest plight  
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight.

III.

He sov'reign priest stooping his regal head  
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,

Poor fleshly tabernacle entered,  
 His starry front low-roof'd beneath the skies;  
 O what a mask was there, what a disguise!  
 Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,  
 Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethren's side.

## IV.

These latter scenes confine my roving verse,  
 To this horizon is my Phœbus bound;  
 His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,  
 And former sufferings, elsewhere are found;  
 Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound;  
 Me softer airs besit, and softer strings  
 Of lute, or viol still more apt for mournful things.

## V.

Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief,  
 Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,  
 And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,  
 That heav'n and earth are colour'd with my wo;  
 My sorrows are too dark for day to know:  
 The leaves should all be black whereon I write,  
 And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish white.

## VI.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,  
 That whirl'd the prophet up at Chebar flood,  
 My spirit some transporting Cherub feels,  
 To bear me where the towers of Salem stood,  
 Once glorious towers, now sunk in guiltless blood;  
 There doth my soul in holy vision sit  
 In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

## VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock  
 That was the casket of heav'n's richest store,  
 And here though grief my feeble hands up lock,  
 Yet on the softned quarry would I score  
 My plaining verse as lively as before;  
 For sure so well instructed are my tears,  
 That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.



## VIII.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing,  
 Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,  
 The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring  
 Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild,  
 And I (for grief is easily beguil'd)

Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud,  
 Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

*This Subject the Author finding to be above the years  
 he had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisfy'd with  
 what was begun, left it unfinished.*

## On T I M E.

**F**LY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race,  
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,  
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummets pace;  
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,  
 Which is no more than what is false and vain,  
 And merely mortal dross;  
 So little is our loss,  
 So little is thy gain.  
 For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,  
 And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,  
 Then long eternity shall greet our bliss  
 With an individual kiss;  
 And joy shall overtake us as a flood,  
 When every thing that is sincerely good,  
 And perfectly divine,  
 With truth, and peace, and love shall ever shine  
 About the supreme throne  
 Of him, t'whose happy-making sight alone,  
 When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,  
 Then all this earthy grossness quit,  
 Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit,  
 Triumphant over death, and chance, and thee, O Time.

*Upon the Circumcision.*

YE flaming powers, and winged warriors bright,  
 That erst with music, and triumphant song,  
 First heard by happy watchful shepherds ear,  
 So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along  
 Through the soft silence of the list'ning night;  
 Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear  
 Your fiery essence can distil no tear,  
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow  
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow:  
 He who with all heav'n's heraldry whilear  
 Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;  
 Alas, how soon our sin  
     Sore doth begin

    His infancy to seize!  
 O more exceeding love or law more just?  
 Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!  
 For we by rightful doom remediless  
 Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above  
 High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust  
 Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedness;  
 And that great cov'nant which we still transgress  
 Intirely satisfy'd,  
 And the full wrath beside  
 Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,  
 And seals obedience first with wounding smart  
 This day; but O ere long  
 Huge pangs and strong  
     Will pierce more near his heart.

*At a solemn music.*

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of heav'n's joy,  
 Sphear-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,  
 Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ  
 Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,

And to our high-raiſ'd phantaſy preſent  
 That undiſturbed ſong of pure content,  
 Ay ſung before the ſaphire-colour'd throne  
 To him that ſits thereon  
 With faintly ſhout, and ſolemn jubilee,  
 Where the bright ſeraphim in burning row  
 Their loud up-liſted angel trumpets blow,  
 And the cherubic hoſt in thouſand quires,  
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
 With thoſe juſt ſpirits that wear victorious palms,  
 Hymns devote and holy pſalms  
 Singing everlaſtingly;  
 That we on earth with undiſcording voice  
 May rightly answer that melodious noiſe;  
 As once we did, till diſproportion'd ſin  
 Jarr'd againſt nature's chime, and with harſh din  
 Broke the fair muſic that all creatures made  
 To their great Lord, whoſe love their motion ſway'd  
 In perfect diapason, whiſt they ſtood  
 In firſt obedience, and their ſtate of good.  
 O may we ſoon again renew that ſong,  
 And keep in tune with heav'n, till God ere long  
 To his celeftial confort us unite,  
 To live with him, and ſing in endleſs morn of light,

A N

## E P I T A P H

O N T H E

*Marchioneſs of Wincheſter.*

**T**HIS rich marble doth enterr  
 The honour'd wife of Wincheſter,  
 A Viſcount's daughter, an Earl's heir,  
 Beſides what her virtues fair

Added to her noble birth,  
More than she could own from earth.  
Summers three times eight save one  
She had told, alas too soon,  
After so short time of breath,  
To house with darkness, and with death.  
Yet had the number of her days  
Been as compleat as her praise,  
Nature and fate had had no strife  
In giving limit to her life.  
Her high birth, and her graces sweet,  
Quickly found a lover meet;  
The virgin quire for her request  
The God that sits at marriage-feast;  
He at their invoking came,  
But with a scarce-well-lighted flame;  
And in his garland as he stood,  
Ye might discern a cypress bud.  
Once had the early matrons run  
To greet her of a lovely son,  
And now with second hope she goes,  
And calls Lucina to her throws;  
But whether by mischance or blame  
Atropos or Lucina came;  
And with remorseless cruelty  
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree:  
The hapless babe before his birth  
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,  
And the languish'd mother's womb  
Was not long a living tomb.  
So have I seen some tender slip  
Sav'd with care from winter's nip,  
The pride of her carnation train,  
Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,  
Who only thought to crop the flow'r  
New shot up from vernal show'r;  
But the fair blossom hangs the head  
Side-ways, as on a dying bed,



And those pearls of dew she wears,  
 Prove to be presaging tears  
 Which the sad morn had let fall  
 On her hast'ning funeral.  
 Gentle lady, may thy grave  
 Peace and quiet ever have;  
 After this day travel sore  
 Sweet rest seize thee evermore,  
 That to give the world increase,  
 Shortned hast thy own life's lease;  
 Here, besides the sorrowing  
 That thy noble house doth bring,  
 Here be tears of perfect moan  
 Wept for thee in Helicon,  
 And some flowers, and some bays,  
 For thy herse, to strew the ways,  
 Sent thee from the banks of Came,  
 Devoted to thy virtuous name:  
 Whilst thou, bright saint, high sit'st in glory,  
 Next her much like to thee in story,  
 That fair Syrian Shepherdess,  
 Who after years of barrenness,  
 The highly-favour'd Joseph bore  
 To him that serv'd for her before;  
 And at her next birth, much like thee,  
 Through pangs fled to felicity,  
 Far within the bosom bright  
 Of blazing majesty and light.  
 There with thee, new welcome saint,  
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint;  
 With thee there clad in radiant sheen,  
 No Marchioness, but now a queen.

S O N G. *On May Morning.*

**N**OW the bright morning star, day's harbinger,  
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her

The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws  
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.  
 Hail bounteous May, that dost inspire  
 Mirth and youth and warm desire,  
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing;  
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

*On SHAKESPEAR. 1630.*

**W**HAT needs my Shakespear, for his honour'd bones,  
 The labour of an age in piled stones,  
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid  
 Under a star-ypointing pyramid?  
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,  
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?  
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment  
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument.  
 For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art  
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart  
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd book,  
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,  
 Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,  
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;  
 And so sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,  
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

*On the University-Carrier, who sicken'd in the  
 time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to Lon-  
 don, by reason of the Plague.*

**H**ERE lies old Hobson, death hath broke his girt,  
 And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt:  
 Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,  
 He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.  
 'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,  
 Death was half glad when he had got him down;

For he had any time this ten years full,  
 Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.  
 And surely death could never have prevail'd,  
 Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;  
 But lately finding him so long at home,  
 And thinking now his journey's end was come,  
 And that he had ta'ne up his latest inh,  
 In the kind office of a chamberlin,  
 Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that night,  
 Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light.  
 If any ask for him, it shall be said,  
 Hobson has supt, and's newly gone to bed.

*Another on the same.*

**H**ERE lieth one, who did most truly prove  
 That he could never die while he could move:  
 So hung his destiny, never to rot  
 While he might still jog on and keep his trot,  
 Made of sphere-metal, never to decay  
 Until his revolution was at stay.  
 Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime  
 'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time:  
 And like an engine mov'd with wheel and weight,  
 His principles being ceast, he ended strait.  
 Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,  
 And too much breathing put him out of breath;  
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm,  
 Too long vacation hasten'd on his term:  
 Meerly to drive the time away, he sickn'd,  
 Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quickn'd;  
 Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,  
 If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,  
 But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,  
 For one carrier put down to make six bearers.  
 Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,  
 He dy'd for heaviness that his cart went light:

His leisure told him that his time was come,  
And lack of load, made his life burdensome,  
That even to his last breath (there be that say't)  
As he were prest to death, he cry'd more weight;  
But had his doings lasted as they were,  
He had been an immortal carrier.  
Obedient to the moon he spent his date  
In course reciprocal, and had his fate  
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,  
Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:  
His letters are deliver'd all and gon,  
Only remains this superscription.

*On the new Forcers of Conscience under the Long  
PARLIAMENT.*

**B**ECAUSE you have thrown off your prelate Lord,  
And with stiff vows renounc'd his liturgie,  
To seize the widow'd whore Pluralitie  
From them whose sin ye envi'd, not abhorr'd,  
Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword  
To force our consciences that Christ set free,  
And ride us with a classic Hierarchy  
Taught ye by meer *A. S.* and Rotherford?  
Men whose life, learning, faith and pure intent  
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,  
Must now be nam'd and printed heretics,  
By shallow Edwards and Scots what-d'ye-call:  
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,  
Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent,  
That so the parliament  
May with their wholsom and preventive shears  
Clip your Phylacteries, though bauk your ears,  
And succour our just fears:  
When they shall read this clearly in your charge,  
*New Presbyter* is but *Old Priest* writ large.

R



*Ad PYRRHÆM. ODE. V.*

Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam e naufragio enataverat, cujus amore irretitos, affirmat esse miseros.

**Q**UIS multa gracilis te puer in rosa  
 Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,  
 Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?  
 Cui flavam religas comam

*Simplex munditiis? heu quoties fidem  
 Mutatosque deos flebis, et aspera  
 Nigris æquora ventis  
 Emirabitur insolens,*

*Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea:  
 Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem  
 Sperat, nescius auræ  
 Fallacis. Miseri, quibus*

*Intentata nites, me tabula sacer  
 Votiva paries indicat uvida  
 Suspendisse potenti  
 Vestimenta maris Deo.*

*The Fifth ODE of Horace, Lib. I.*

*Rendered almost word for word without Rhyme,  
 according to the Latin Measure, as near as the  
 Language will permit.*

**W**HAT slender youth bedew'd with liquid odours  
 Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,  
 Pyrrha, for whom bind'st thou  
 In wreaths thy golden hair,

Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he  
 On faith and changed Gods complain; and seas  
     Rough with black winds and storms  
 Unwonted shall admire:

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,  
 Who always vacant, always amiable  
     Hopes thee; of flattering gales  
 Unmindful. Hapless they

To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd  
 Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung  
     My dank and dropping weeds  
 To the stern God of Sea.

## S O N N E T S.

## S O N N E T I.

*To the Nightingale.*

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray  
     Warbl'st at eve, when all the woods are still,  
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,  
     While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.  
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,  
     First heard before the shallow Cuckoo's bill  
 Portend success in love; O, if Jove's will  
     Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,  
 Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate  
     Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove ny;  
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late  
 For my relief; yet hadst no reason why,  
 Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,  
     Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

## SONNET II.

Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora  
 L' herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,  
 Ben e colui d'ogni valore scarco  
 Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,  
 Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuora  
 De sui atti soavi giamai parco,  
 E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,  
 La onde l' alta tua virtu s' infiora.  
 Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti  
 Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,  
 Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi  
 L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;  
 Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti  
 Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

## SONNET. III.

Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera  
 L'avezza giovinetta pastorella  
 Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella  
 Che mal si spande a disusata spera  
 Fuor di sua natia alma prima vera,  
 Così Amor meco insu la lingua snella  
 Desta il fior novo di strana favella,  
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,  
 Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso  
 E'l bel Tanigi cangio col bel Arno.  
 Amor lo volse, ed io a l' altrui peso  
 Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarmo.  
 Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno  
 A chi pianta dal ciel sì buon terreno,

## C A N Z O N E.

**R** Idonfi donne e giovani amorosi  
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,  
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana  
 Verseggiando d' amor, e come t' osi?  
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,  
 E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi;  
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi  
 Altri lidi t' aspettan, et altre onde  
 Nelle cui verdi sponde  
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma  
 L'immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi  
 Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?  
 Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi  
 Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, e il mio cuore  
 Questa e lingua di cui si vanta amore.

## S O N N E T IV.

Diodati, e te'l diro con maraviglia,  
 Quel ritroso io ch' amor spreggiar solea  
 E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea  
 Già caddi, ov' huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.  
 Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia  
 M'abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea  
 Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,  
 Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia  
 Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,  
 Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,  
 E'l cantar che di mezzo l' hemispero  
 Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,  
 E degli occhi suoi auventa sì gran fuoco  
 Che l' incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.



## S O N N E T V.

*Per certo i bei vostr' occhi, Donna mia  
 Esser non puo che non fian lo mio sole  
 Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole  
 Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,  
 Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)  
 Da quel lato si spinge ove me duole,  
 Che forse amanti nelle lor parole  
 Ghiaman sospir ; io non so che si sia :  
 Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cела  
 Scoffo mi il petto, e poi n' uscendo poco  
 Quivi d' attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela ;  
 Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco  
 Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose  
 Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.*

## S O N N E T VI.

*Giovane piano, e semplicetto amante  
 Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,  
 Madonna a voi del mio cuor l' humil dono  
 Faro divoto ; io certo a prove tante  
 L' habbi fedele, intrepido, costante,  
 De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono ;  
 Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,  
 S' arma di fe, e d' intero diamante,  
 Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro,  
 Di timori, e speranze al popol use  
 Quanto d' ingegno, e d' alto valor vago,  
 E di cetra sonora, e delle muse :  
 Sal troverete in tal parte men dura  
 Ove amor mise l' insanabil ago.*

## SONNET VII.

*On his being arriv'd to his 23d Year.*

How soon hath Time, the futtle thief of youth,  
Stoln on his wing my three and twentieth year!  
My hasting days flie on with full career,  
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.  
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,  
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,  
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,  
That some more timely happy spirits indu'th.  
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,  
It shall be still in strictest measure ev'n  
To that same lot, however mean or high,  
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n;  
All is, if I have grace to use it so,  
As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

## SONNET VIII.

*To the Soldier, to spare his Dwelling place.*

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,  
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may cease,  
If ever deed of honour did thee please,  
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.  
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms  
That call fame on such gentle acts as these;  
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,  
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.  
Lift not thy spear against the Muses bowre,  
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare  
The house of Pindarus, when temple and towre  
Went to the ground: and the repeated air  
Of sad Electra's Poet had the power  
To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare.

## S O N N E T IX.

*To a Lady.*

Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth,  
 Wisely hast shun'd the broad way and the green,  
 And with those few art eminently seen,  
 That labour up the hill of heav'nly truth,  
 The better part with Mary and with Ruth  
 Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,  
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,  
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.  
 Thy care is fixt and zealously attends  
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,  
 And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure  
 Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends  
 Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,  
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

## S O N N E T X.

*To the Lady Margaret Lee, Daughter to the Earl  
 of Marlborough.*

Daughter to that good Earl, once President  
 Of England's Council, and her treasury,  
 Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,  
 And left them both, more in himself content,  
 'Till the sad breaking of that Parliament  
 Broke him; as that dishonest victory  
 At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,  
 Kill'd with report that old man eloquent,  
 Though later born, than to have known the days  
 Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,  
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet;  
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,

That all both judge you to relate them true,  
And to possess them, Honour'd Margaret.

## SONNET XI.

*On the Reception his Book of Divorce met with.*

A book was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,  
And woven close, both matter, form and stile;  
'The subject new: it walk'd the town a while,  
Numb'ring good intellects; now seldom por'd on.  
Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on  
A title-page is this! and some in file  
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-  
End Green. Why is it harder, Sirs, than Gordon,  
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?  
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,  
That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.  
Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheek,  
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp:  
When thou taught'st Cambridge, and King Edward  
[Greek.]

## SONNET XII.

*On the same.*

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs  
By the known rules of ancient liberty,  
When straight a barbarous noise environs me  
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes and dogs:  
As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs  
Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progenie,  
Which after held the sun and moon in fee.  
But this is got by casting pearl to hogs;  
That bawle for freedom in their senseless mood,  
And still revolt when truth would set them free.  
Licence they mean, when they cry liberty;



For who loves that, must first be wise and good,  
 But from that mark how far they rove we see,  
 For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

### S O N N E T XIII.

*To Mr. H. Lawes, on his Aires.*

Harry, whose tuneful and well-measur'd song  
 First taught our English music how to span  
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan  
 With Midas ears, committing short and long;  
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,  
 With praise enough for envy to look wan;  
 To after age thou shalt be writ the man, [tongue,  
 That with smooth aire could'st humour best our  
 Thou honour'st verse; and verse must send her wing  
 To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus quire  
 That tun'st the happiest lines in hymn, or story.  
 Dante shall give fame leave to set thee higher  
 Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing,  
 Met in the milder shades of purgatory.

### S O N N E T XIV.

*An Elegy.*

When Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,  
 Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,  
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load  
 Of death, call'd life, which us from life doth sever!  
 Thy works and alms and all thy good endeavour  
 Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod;  
 But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,  
 Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.  
 Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best  
 Thy hand-maids; clad them o'er with purple beams  
 And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,

And speak the truth of thee on glorious theams  
 Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest  
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

## SONNET XV.

*On General FAIRFAX.*

Fairfax, whose name in arms through Europe rings,  
 And fills all mouths with envy or with praise,  
 And all her jealous Monarchs with amaze  
 And rumours loud, which daunt remotest things;  
 Thy firm unshaken ~~valour~~ ever brings  
 Victory home, while new rebellions raise  
 Their Hydra heads, and the false north displays  
 Her broken league to imp her serpent wings.  
 O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,  
 For what can war but acts of war still breed,  
 'Till injur'd Truth from violence be freed,  
 And public faith be rescu'd from the brand  
 Of public fraud. In vain does valour bleed,  
 While avarice and rapine share the land.

## SONNET XVI.

*On Sir Henry Vane the younger.*

Vane, young in years, but in sage councils old,  
 Than whom a better senator ne'er held  
 The helm of Rome (when gowns not arms repell'd  
 The fierce Epirot, and the African bold)  
 Whether to settle peace, or to unfold  
 The drift of hollow states, hard to be spell'd.  
 Then to advise how war may be best upheld,  
 Man'd by her two main nerves, iron and gold,  
 In all her equipage: besides to know [done:  
 What serves each, thou hast learn'd, which few have  
 The bounds of either sword to thee we owe;

Therefore on thy right hand religion leans,  
And reckons thee in chief her eldest son.

### S O N N E T XVII.

*To O. CROMWELL.*

Cromwel our chief of men, that thro' a crowd  
Not of war only, but distractions rude,  
(Guided by faith and matchless fortitude)  
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plow'd  
And fought God's battles, and his works pursu'd,  
While Darwent streams with blood of Scots imbru'd,  
And Dunbar field resound thy praises loud,  
And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains  
To conquer still; peace has her victories  
No less than those of war. New foes arise,  
Threatning to bind our souls in secular chains;  
Help us to save free conscience from the paw  
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

### S O N N E T XVIII.

*On the late Massacre in Piemont.*

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones  
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;  
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,  
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,  
Forget not: in thy book record their groans  
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold  
Slain by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd  
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans  
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they  
To heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow,  
O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway  
The triple tyrant: that from these may grow

A hundred-fold, who having learnt thy way  
Early may fly the Babylonian wo.

## SONNET XIX.

*On Cyriac Skinner.*

Cyriac, this three years day, these eyes, tho' clear  
To outward view of blemish or of spot,  
Bereft of sight, their seeing have forgot.  
Nor to their idle orbes does day appear,  
Or sun, or moon, or stars throughout the year;  
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not  
Against heav'n's hand, or will; nor bate one jot  
Of heart or hope; but still bear up, and steer  
Right onwards. What supports me, dost thou ask?  
The conscience, friend, t' have lost them overply'd  
In liberty's defence, my noble task,  
Whereof all Europe rings from side to side. [mask,  
This thought might lead me through this world's vain  
Content, though blind, had I no other guide.

## SONNET XX.

When I consider how my light is spent,  
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
And that one talent, which is death to hide,  
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest he returning chide;  
Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,  
I fondly ask: but patience, to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need  
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best  
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best, his state  
Is kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed,  
And post o'er land and ocean without rest,  
They also serve who only stand and wait.



## S O N N E T XXI.

*To Mr. Lawrence, Son to the President of Cromwell's Council.*

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,  
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,  
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire  
 Help waste a fullen day; what may be won  
 From the hard season gaining? time will run  
 On smother, till Favonius re-inspire  
 The frozen earth; and clothe in fresh attire  
 The lillie and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.  
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,  
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise  
 To hear the lute well toucht, or artful voice  
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?  
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare  
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

## S O N N E T XXII.

*On Cyriac Skinner.*

Cyriac, whose Grandfire on the royal bench  
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause  
 Pronounc'd, and in his volumes taught our laws,  
 Which others at their bar so often wrench;  
 To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench  
 In mirth, that after no repenting draws;  
 Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,  
 And what the Swede intend, and what the French.  
 To measure life, learn thou betimes, and know  
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;  
 For other things mild heav'n a time ordains,  
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,

That with superfluous burden loads the day,  
And when God sends a chearful hour, refrains.

## SONNET XXIII.

*On his deceased Wife.*

Methought I saw my late espoused saint  
Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave,  
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,  
Rescu'd from death by force though pale and faint.  
Mine as whom washt from spot of child-bed taint,  
Purification in the old law did save,  
And such as yet once more I trust to have  
Full sight of her in heav'n without restraint,  
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:  
Her face was vail'd, yet to my fancied sight,  
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd  
So clear, as in no face with more delight.  
But O as to embrace me she inclin'd,  
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

---

*Galli ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori,  
Quis bene moratam, morigeramque neget?  
Gaudete Scombrî, et quicquid est piscium Salo,  
Qui frigida Hyeme incolitis argentes freta,  
Vestrum misertus ille Salmasius eques  
Bonus amicire nuditatem cogitat;  
Chartæque largus apparat papyrinos  
Vobis cucullos præferentes Claudii  
Insignia, nomenque et Decus Salmasii,  
Gestetis ut per omne cetarium forum  
Equitis clientes, scriniis mungentium  
Cubito virorum, et capsulis gratissimos.*

*Brutus taking with him Geryon the Diviner in the inward shrine of the Temple of the Goddess Diana, utters his Requests thus :*

*Diva potens nemorum, etc.*

**G**ODDESS of shades, and Huntress, who at will  
Walk'st on the lowring sphears, and thro' the deep,  
On thy third reign, the earth, look now, and tell  
What land, what seat of rest thou bidst me seek,  
What certain seat, where I may worship thee  
For aye, with temples vow'd and virgin quires.

*To whom sleeping before the altar, Diana in a Vision that night, thus answered :*

*Brute, sub occasum solis, etc.*

Brutus, far to the west in th' ocean wide,  
Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies,  
Sea-girt it lies, where giants dwelt of old,  
Now void; it fits thy people; thither bend  
Thy course, there shalt thou find a lasting seat,  
There to thy sons another Troy shall rise,  
And kings be born of thee, whose dreadful night  
Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold.

*Dante in the 19th Canto of Inferno.*

Ah Constantine, of how much ill was cause  
Not thy conversion, but those rich domains  
That the first wealthy Pope received of thee.

*In the 20th Canto of Paradise.*

Founded in chaste and humble poverty,  
'Gainst them that rais'd thee dost thou lift thy horn,  
Impudent whore, where hast thou plac'd thy hope?  
In thy adulterers, or thy ill-got wealth?  
Another Constantine comes not in haste.

*Aristo, Cant. 34.*

And to be short, at last his guide him brings  
 Into a goodly valley, where he sees  
 A mighty mass of things strangely confus'd,  
 Things that on earth were lost, or was abus'd.

Then pass'd he to a flow'ry mountain green,  
 Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously;  
 This was that gift (if you the truth will have)  
 That Constantine to good Silvester gave.

## HORACE to Quintius.

Whom do we count a good man? whom but he  
 Who keeps the laws and statutes of the senate,  
 Who judges in great suits and controversies,  
 Whose witness and opinion wins the cause?  
 But his own house, and the whole neighbourhood  
 Sees his foul inside through his whited skin.

*Four Greek Lines out of Euripides.*

This is true liberty, when free-born men,  
 Having to advise the public, may speak free,  
 Which he who can, and will, deserves his praise;  
 Who either can, or will, may hold his peace:  
 What can be juster in a state than this?

## H O R A C E.

——— *Valet ima summis*  
*Mutare, et insignem attenuat Deus,*  
*Obscura promens, etc.*

The Power that did create, can change the scene  
 Of things; make mean of great, and great of mean



The brightest glory can eclipse with night;  
And place the most obscure in dazling light.

## H O R A C E.

*Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythæ,  
Regumque matres barbarorum, et  
Purpurei metuunt Tyranni.  
Injurioso ne pede proruas  
Stantem Columnam, neu populus frequens  
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma  
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.*

All barbarous people, and their princes too,  
All purple tyrants honour you;  
The very wandring Scythians do.  
Support the pillar of the Roman State,  
Let all men be involv'd in one man's fate,  
Continue us in wealth and peace;  
Let wars and tumults ever cease.

## C A T U L L U S.

*Tanto pessimus omnium poeta,  
Quanto tu optimus omnium patronus.*

The worst of Poets I myself declare,  
By how much you the best of Patrons are.

## O n S A L M A S I U S.

*Quis expedit Salmasio suam Hundredam?  
Picamque docuit verba nostra conari?  
Magister artis venter, et Jacobei  
Centum, exultantis viscera marsupii regis.  
Quod si dolosi spes resulserit nummi,  
Ipse, Antichristi modo qui primatum Papæ*

*Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatu,  
Cantabit ultro Cardinalitium Melos.*

Englified.

Who taught Salmasius, that French chattering pye,  
To aim at English, and Hundreda cry?  
The starving rascal, flusht with just a hundred  
English Jacobus's, Hundreda blundred;  
An outlaw'd king's last stock——A hundred more  
Wou'd make him pimp for the antichristian Whore;  
And in Rome's praise employ his poison'd breath,  
Who threatned once to sink the Pope to death.

P S A L M I.

*Done into VERSE, 1653.*

**B**LESS'D is the man who hath not walk'd astray  
In counsel of the wicked, and i' th' way  
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat  
Of scorers hath not sate. But in the great  
Jehovah's law is ever his delight,  
And in his law he studies day and night.  
He shall be as a tree which planted grows  
By watry streams, and in his season knows  
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,  
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.  
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which sann'd  
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand  
In judgment, or abide their trial then,  
Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men.  
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just,  
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

PSAL. II. *done Aug. 8, 1653. Terzette.*

**W**HY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations  
 Muse a vain thing, the kings of th' earth upstand  
 With pow'r, and princes in their congregations  
 Lay deep their plots together through each land  
 Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?  
 Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand  
 Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,  
 Their twisted cords: he who in heav'n doth dwell  
 Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe  
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell  
 And fierce ire trouble them; but I, saith he,  
 Anointed have my King (though ye rebell)  
 On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree  
 I will declare; The Lord to me hath said  
 Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee  
 This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;  
 As thy possession I on thee bestow  
 Th' Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd  
 Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low  
 With iron sceptre bruis'd, and them disperse  
 Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.  
 And now be wise at length, ye kings averse,  
 Be taught ye judges of the earth; with fear  
 Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse  
 With trembling; kiss the Son lest he appear  
 In anger, and ye perish in the way,  
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere,  
 Happy all those who have in him their stay.

PSAL. III *Aug. 9, 1653.*

*When he fled from Absalom.*

**L**ORD, how many are my foes?  
 How many those

That in arms against me rise !

Many are they

That of my life distrustfully thus say,

No help for him in God there lies.

But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory,

Thee through my story

Th' exalter of my head I count;

Aloud I cry'd

Unto Jehovah, he full soon reply'd,

And heard me from his holy mount.

I lay and slept, I wak'd again,

For my sustain

Was the Lord. Of many millions

The populous rout

I fear not, though incamping round about

They pitch against me their pavilions.

Rise, Lord, save me, my God, for thou

Haste smote ere now

On the cheek-bone all my foes,

Of men abhorr'd

Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;

Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSAL. IV. *Aug.* 10, 1653.

ANSWER me when I call,  
God of my righteousness,

In straits and in distress

Thou didst me disenthral

And set at large; now spare,

Now pity me, and hear my earnest pray'r.

Great ones, how long will ye

My glory have in scorn,

How long be thus forborn

Still to love vanity,

To love, to seek, to prize

Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies ?



Yet know the Lord hath chose,  
Chose to himself apart,  
The good and meek of heart,  
(For whom to choose he knows.)  
Jehovah from on high

Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.  
Be aw'd, and do not sin,  
Speak to your hearts alone,  
Upon your beds, each one,  
And be at peace within.  
Offer the offerings just

Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.  
Many there be that say,  
Who yet will shew us good?  
Talking like this world's brood;  
But, Lord, thus let me pray,  
On us lift up the light,

Lift up the favour of thy countenance bright;  
Into my heart more joy  
And gladness thou hast put,  
Than when a year of glut  
Their stores doth over-cloy,  
And from their plenteous grounds

With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.  
In peace at once will I  
Both lay me down and sleep,  
For thou alone dost keep  
Me safe where-e'er I lie;  
As in a rocky cell

Thou Lord alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

PSAL. V. *Aug.* 12, 1653.

**J**EHOVAH to my words give ear,  
My meditation weigh,  
The voice of my complaining hear,  
My King and God; for unto thee I pray,

Jehovah, thou my early voice  
Shalt in the morning hear,  
I' th' morning I to thee with choice  
Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear.  
For thou art not a God that takes  
In wickedness delight,  
Evil with thee no biding makes,  
Fools or mad-men stand not within thy sight.  
All workers of iniquity  
Thou hat'st; and them unblest  
Thou wilt destroy that speak a lye;  
The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.  
But I will in thy mercies dear,  
Thy numerous mercies, go  
Into thy house; I in thy fear  
Will towards thy holy temple worship low.  
Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,  
Lead me because of those  
That do observe if I transgress;  
Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.  
For in his faltring mouth unstable  
No word is firm, or sooth  
Their inside, troubles miserable;  
An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.  
God, find them guilty, let them fall  
By their own counsels quell'd;  
Push them in their rebellions all  
Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd.  
Then all who trust in thee shall bring  
Their joy, while thou from blame  
Defend'st them, they shall ever sing  
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.  
For thou Jehovah wilt be found  
To bless the just man still,  
As with a shield thou wilt surround  
Him with thy lasting favour and good-will.

PSAL. VI. *Aug. 13, 1653.*

**L**ORD, in thine anger do not reprehend me,  
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;  
 Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,  
 Am very weak and faint; heal and amend me:  
 For all my bones, that even with anguish ake,  
 Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore;  
 And thou, O Lord, how long? turn Lord, restore  
 My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake:  
 For in death no remembrance is of thee;  
 Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?  
 Wearied I am with sighing out my days,  
 Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;  
 My bed I water with my tears; mine eye  
 Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark  
 I' th' midst of all mine enemies that mark.  
 Depart all ye that work iniquity,  
 Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping  
 The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my pray'r,  
 My supplication with acceptance fair  
 The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.  
 Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash'd  
 With much confusion; then grown red with shame,  
 They shall return in haste the way they came,  
 And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

PSAL. VII. *Aug. 14, 1653.*

*Upon the words of Cushi the Benjamite against him.*

**L**ORD my God to thee I fly,  
 Save me and secure me under  
 Thy protection while I cry,  
 Lest as a lion (and no wonder)  
 He haste to tear my soul afunder,  
 Tearing and no rescue nigh.

Lord my God, If I have thought  
Or done this, if wickedness  
Be in my hands, If I have wrought  
Ill to him that meant me peace,  
Or to him have render'd less,  
And not free'd my foe for naught;

Let th' enemy pursue my soul  
And overtake it, let him tread  
My life down to the earth, and roul  
In the dust my glory dead,  
In the dust, and there out-spread  
Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise, Jehovah, in thine ire,  
Rouze thyself amidst the rage  
Of my foes, that urge like fire;  
And wake for me, their fury assuage:  
Judgment here thou didst engage  
And command which I desire.

So th' assemblies of each nation  
Will surround thee, seeking right,  
Thence to thy glorious habitation  
Return on high, and in their sight.  
Jehovah judgeth most upright  
All people from the world's foundation.

Judge me, Lord, be judge in this  
According to my righteousness  
And the innocence which is  
Upon me: cause at length to cease  
Of evil men the wickedness,  
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,  
Since thou art the just God that tries



Hearts and reins. On God is cast  
My defence, and in him lies,  
In him who both just and wise  
Saves th' upright of heart at last.

God is a just judge and severe,  
And God is every day offended ;  
If th' unjust will not forbear,  
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended  
Already, and for him intended  
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he  
For them that persecute ) Behold.  
He travels big with vanity,  
Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old  
As in a womb, and from that mould  
Hath at length brought forth a lye.

He digg'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,  
And fell into the pit he made ;  
His mischief that due course doth keep,  
Turns on his head, and his ill trade  
Of violence will undelay'd  
Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise  
According to his justice raise,  
And sing the name and Deity  
Of Jehovah the most high.

PSAL. VIII. *Aug.* 14, 1653.

O Jehovah our Lord ! how wondrous great  
And glorious is thy name through all the earth !  
So as above the heav'n's thy praise to set  
Out of the tender mouths of latest breath.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou  
 Hast founded strength, because of all thy foes,  
 To stint th' enemy, and slack th' avenger's brow,  
 That bends his rage thy providence to oppose.

When I behold thy heav'ns, thy fingers art,  
 The moon and stars which thou so bright hast set,  
 In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,  
 O what is man that thou remembrest yet,

And think'st upon him; or of man begot,  
 That him thou visit'st, and of him art found!  
 Scarce to be less than gods, thou mad'st his lot,  
 With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,  
 Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,  
 All flocks, and herds by thy commanding word,  
 All beasts that in the field or forest meet;

Fowl of the heav'ns, and fish that through the wet  
 Sea-paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.  
 O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great  
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

April 1648. J. M.

*Nine of the Psalms done into Metre, wherein all,  
 but what is in a different Character, are the very  
 words of the text, translated from the original.*

PSAL. LXXX.

1 **T**HOU Shepherd that dost Israel keep  
 Give ear *in time of need,*  
 Who ledest like a flock of sheep  
*Thy-loved Joseph's seed,*

- That sit'st between the cherubs *bright*  
*Between their wings out-spread,*  
 Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light,*  
*And on our foes thy dread.*
- 2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,  
 And in Manasse's sight,  
 Awake \* thy strength, come, and be seen \* *Gnorera.*  
*To save us by thy might.*
- 3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*  
*To us, O God, vouchsafe;*  
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
 And then we shall be safe.
4. Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,  
 How long wilt thou declare  
 Thy § smoking wrath, *and angry vow* § *Gnasbanta.*  
 Against thy people's prayer.
- 5 Thou feedst them with the bread of tears,  
 Their bread with tears they eat,  
 And mak'st them ‡ largely drink the tears ‡ *Shalish.*  
*Wherewith their cheeks were wet.*
- 6 A strife thou mak'st us, *and a prey*  
 To every neighbour foe,  
 Among themselves they || laugh, they || play,  
 And || flouts at us they throw. || *Jilgnagu.*
- 7 Return us, *and thy grace divine*  
 O God of Hosts *vouchsafe,*  
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
 And then we shall be safe.
- 8 A vine from Ægypt thou hast brought,  
*Thy free love made it thine,*  
 And drov'st out nations, *proud and haught,*  
 To plant this *lovely* vine.
- 9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,  
 And root it deep and fast,  
 That it *began to grow apace,*  
*And fill'd the land at last.*
- 10 With her *green* shade that cover'd all,  
 The hills were *over-spread,*

- Her boughs as *high as cedars tall*  
*Advanc'd their lofty head.*
- 11 Her branches *on the western side*  
Down to the sea she sent,  
And *upward* to that river wide  
Her other branches *went.*
- 12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,  
And broken down her fence,  
That all may pluck her, as they go,  
*With rudest violence?*
- 13 The *tusked* boar out of the wood,  
Upturns it by the roots,  
Wild beasts there brouze and make their food  
*Her grapes and tender shoots.*
- 14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down  
From heav'n, thy seat divine ;  
Behold us, *but without a frown,*  
And visit this *thy* Vine.
- 15 Visit this Vine, which thy right hand  
Hath set, and planted *long,*  
And the young branch, that for thyself  
Thou hast made firm and strong.
- 16 But now it is consum'd with fire,  
And cut *with axes* down,  
They perish at thy dreadful ire,  
At thy rebuke and frown.
- 17 Upon the man of thy right hand  
Let thy *good* hand be laid,  
Upon the son of man, whom thou  
Strong for thyself hast made.
- 18 So shall we not go back from thee  
*To ways of sin and shame :*  
Quicken us thou, then gladly we  
Shall call upon thy name.
- 19 Return us, and thy grace divine  
Lord God of Hosts, *vouchsafe,*  
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
And then we shall be safe.



## PSAL. LXXXI.

**T**O God our strength, sing loud *and clear,*  
Sing loud to God *our King,*  
To Jacob's God, *that all my hear*  
Loud acclamations ring.

2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,  
The timbrel hither bring,  
The *cheerful* psaltery bring along,  
And harp *with* pleasant string.

3 Blow, *as is wont,* in the new moon  
With trumpet's *lofty sound,*  
Th' appointed time, the day whereon  
Our solemn feast *comes round.*

4 This was a statute *giv'n of old*  
For Israel *to observe,*  
A law of Jacob's God, *to hold,*  
From whence they might *not swerve.*

5 This he a testimony ordain'd  
In Joseph, *not to change,*  
When as he pass'd through Ægypt's land,  
The tongue I heard was strange.

6 From burden, *and from slavish toil*  
I set his shoulder free:  
His hands from pots, *and mirie soil,*  
Deliver'd were *by me.*

7 When trouble did thee sore assail,  
*On me then* didst thou call,  
And I to free thee *did not fail,*  
*And led thee out of thrall.*

I answer'd thee in \*thunder deep \* *Be Setherragnam.*  
With clouds encompass'd round;

• I try'd thee at the water *sleep*  
Of Meriba *renown'd.*

8 Hear O my people, *hearken well,*  
I testify to thee,

- Thou ancient flock of Israel,*  
If thou wilt list to me,  
9 Throughout the land of thy abode  
No alien god shall be,  
Nor shalt thou to a foreign god  
In honour bend thy knee.  
10 I am the Lord thy God which brought  
Thee out of Ægypt's land,  
Ask large enough, and I, *besought*,  
Will grant thy full demand.  
11 And yet my people would not *hear*,  
Nor hearken to my voice;  
And Israel, *whom I lov'd so dear*,  
Mislik'd me for his choice.  
12 Then did I leave them to their will,  
And to their wandring mind;  
Their own conceits they follow'd still,  
Their own devices blind.  
13 O that my people would *be wise*,  
To serve me *all their days*,  
And O that Israel would *advise*  
To walk my *righteous ways*.  
14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,  
That now so proudly rise,  
And turn my hand against *all those*  
That are their enemies.  
15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*  
To bow to him and bend,  
But *they, his people, should remain*,  
Their time should have no end.  
16 And he would feed them *from the shock*  
With flow'r of finest wheat,  
And satisfy them from the rock  
With honey for *their meat*.

## PSAL. LXXXII.

- § *Bagnadath-el.*  
**1** GOD in the § great § assembly stands  
*Of kings and lordly states,*  
† Among the gods, † on both his hands, † *Bekerev.*  
He judges and debates,  
**2** How long will ye || pervert the right || *Tish phetu*  
With || judgment false and wrong, *gnavel.*  
Favouring the wicked *by your might,*  
*Who thence grow bold and strong?*  
**3** † Regard the † weak and fatherless, † *Shiphtu-dal.*  
† Dispatch the † poor man's cause,  
And \* raise the man in deep distress  
By \* just and equal laws. \* *Hatzdiku.*  
**4** Defend the poor and desolate,  
And rescue from the hands  
Of wicked men the low estate  
Of him *that help demands.*  
**5** They know not, nor will understand,  
In darkness they walk on.  
The earth's foundations all are § mov'd,  
And § out of order gone. § *Fimmotu.*  
**6** I said that ye were gods, yea all  
The sons of God most high,  
**7** But ye shall die like men, and fall  
As other princes *die.*  
**8** Rise, God, || judge thou the earth *in might,*  
This *wicked* earth || redress, || *Shiphta.*  
For thou art he who shalt by right  
The nations all possess.

## PSAL. LXXXIII.

- 1** BE not thou silent *now at length,*  
O God, hold not thy peace,

Sit not thou still, O God of strength,  
*We cry, and do not cease.*

2 For lo thy furious foes now ‡ swell  
 And ‡ storm outrageously,

‡ *Jehemajun.*

And they that hate thee proud and fell  
 Exalt their heads full high.

3 Against thy people they \* contrive  
 || Their plots and counsels deep,

\* *Jagnarimu.*

|| *Sod.*

§ Them to ensnare they chiefly strive,

§ *Jithjagnatsu gnal.*

† Whom thou dost hide and keep. † *Tsephuneca.*

4 Come let us cut them off, say they,  
 Till they no nation be,

That Israel's name for ever may  
 Be lost in memory.

5 For they consult \* with all their might,  
 And all as one in mind

\* *Lev jachdan.*

Themselves against thee they unite,  
 And in firm union bind.

6 The tents of Edom, and the brood  
 Of scornful Ishmael,

Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,  
*That in the desert dwell,*

7 Gebal and Ammon there conspire,  
 And hateful Amalec,

The Philistins, and they of Tyre,  
*Whose bounds the sea doth check.*

8 With them great Assur also bands,  
*And doth confirm the knot :*

*All these have lent their armed hands*  
 To aid the sons of Lot ;

9 Do to them as to Midian bold,  
*That wasted all the coast,*

To Sisera, and as is told  
*Thou didst to Jabin's host,*

*When at the brook of Kishon old*  
*They were repuls'd and slain,*



- 10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd  
As dung upon the plain.
- 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped;  
So let their princes speed;  
As Zeba and Zalmunna *bled*,  
So let their princes *bleed*.
- 12 *For they amidst their pride have said,*  
By right now shall we seize  
God's houses, and *will now invade*  
\* Their stately palaces. \* *Neoth Elohim bears both.*
- 13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,  
*No quiet let them find;*  
Giddy and *restless* let them reel  
Like stubble from the wind.
- 14 As *when an aged wood takes fire,*  
*Which on a sudden strays,*  
The greedy flame runs higher and higher  
Till all the mountains blaze,
- 15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,  
And with thy tempest chase;
- 16 || And till they || yield thee honour due,  
Lord, fill with shame their face. || *They seek thy*
- 17 Asham'd, and troubled, let them be, *Name, Heb.*  
Troubled, and sham'd for ever,  
Ever confounded, and so die  
With shame, *and scape it never.*
- 18 Then shall they know that thou, whose name  
Jehovah is alone,  
Art the most high, *and thou the same*  
O'er all the earth *art one.*

## PSAL. LXXXIV.

- 1 **H**OW lovely are thy dwellings fair!  
O Lord of Hosts, how dear  
The *pleasant* tabernacles are,  
*Where thou dost dwell so near!*

- 2 My soul doth long and almost die  
Thy courts, O Lord, to see,  
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,  
O living God, for thee.
- 3 There ev'n the sparrow *freesd from wrong,*  
Hath found a house of *rest,*  
The swallow there, to lay her young,  
Hath built her *brooding nest;*  
Ev'n by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,  
*They find their safe abode,*  
*And home they fly from round the coasts*  
*Towards thee, my King, my God.*
- 4 Happy, who in thy house reside,  
Where thee they ever praise;
- 5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,  
And in their hearts thy ways.
- 6 They pass through Baca's *thirsty vale,*  
*That dry and barren ground,*  
As through a fruitful watry dale  
Where springs and show'rs abound.
- 7 They journey on from strength to strength  
*With joy and gladfom cheer,*  
Till all before our God at length  
In Sion do appear.
- 8 Lord God of Hosts, hear *now* my prayer,  
O Jacob's God, give ear;
- 9 Thou God, our shield, look on the face  
Of thy anointed *dear.*
- 10 For one day in thy courts *to be*  
*Is better, and more blest,*  
Than *in the joys of vanity*  
*A thousand days at best.*  
I in the temple of my God  
Had rather keep a door,  
Than dwell in tents, *and rich abode,*  
*With sin for evermore.*
- 11 For God the Lord, both sun and shield,  
Gives grace and glory *bright,*

No good from them shall be withheld  
 Whose ways are just and right.  
 12 Lord *God* of Hosts, *that reign'st on high,*  
 That man is *truly* blest,  
 Who *only* on thee doth relie,  
 And in thee only rest.

## PSAL. LXXXV.

1 **T**HY land to favour graciously  
 Thou hast not Lord been slack,  
 Thou hast from *hard* captivity  
 Returned Jacob back.  
 2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive  
 That wrought thy people woe,  
 And all their sin, *that did thee grieve,*  
 Hast hid *where none shall know.*  
 3 Thine anger all thou had'st remov'd,  
 And *calmly* didst return  
 From thy || fierce wrath which we had prov'd,  
 || Heb. *The burning heat of thy wrath.*  
 Far worse than fire to burn.  
 4 God of our saving health and peace,  
 Turn us, and us restore,  
 Thine indignation cause to cease  
 Tow'rd us, *and chide no more.*  
 5 Wilt thou be angry without end,  
 For ever angry thus?  
 Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend  
 From age to age on us?  
 6 Wilt thou not † turn, and *hear our voice,*  
 And us again † revive, † Heb. *turn to quicken us.*  
 That so thy people may rejoice  
 By thee preserv'd alive?  
 7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,  
 To us thy mercy shew,  
 Thy saving health to us afford,  
*And life in us renew.*

- 8 And *now* what God the Lord will speak,  
 I will go *straight* and hear;  
 For to his people he speaks peace,  
 And to his saints *full dear*.  
 To his dear saints he will speak peace,  
 But let them never more  
 Return to folly, *but surcease*  
 To trespass as before.
- 9 Surely to such as do him fear  
 Salvation is at hand,  
 And glory shall *ere long appear*  
 To dwell within our land.
- 10 Mercy and truth, *that long were mis'd,*  
 Now *joyfully* are met,  
 Sweet peace and righteousness have kiss'd,  
 And hand in hand are set.
- 11 Truth from the earth, *like to a flow'r,*  
 Shall bud and blossom *then,*  
 And justice from her heav'nly bow'r  
 Look down on mortal men.
- 12 The Lord will also then bestow  
 Whatever thing is good,  
 Our land shall forth in plenty throw  
 Her fruits *to be our food*.
- 13 Before him righteousness shall go  
 His royal harbinger.  
 Then \* will he come, and not be slow,  
 His footsteps cannot err.
- \* Heb. *He will set his steps to the way.*

## PSAL. LXXXVI.

- 1 **T**HY gracious ear, O Lord, incline,  
 O hear me, *I thee pray,*  
 For I am poor, and almost pine  
 With need, *and sad decay.*



- 2 Preserve my soul, for † I have trode Thy ways, and love the just ;  
Save thou thy servant, O my God,  
Who *still* in thee doth trust. † Heb. *I am good, loving a doer of good and holy things.*
- 3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee  
I call : 4. O make rejoice  
Thy servant's soul, for, Lord, to thee  
I lift my soul *and voice.*
- 5 For thou art good, thou Lord, art prone  
To pardon, thou to all  
Art full of mercy, thou *alone,*  
To them that on thee call.
- 6 Unto my supplication, Lord,  
Give ear, and to the cry  
Of my *incessant* prayers afford  
Thy hearing graciously.
- 7 I in the day of my distress  
Will call on thee *for aid ;*  
For thou wilt *grant me free access,*  
*And answer what I pray'd.*
- 8 Like thee among the gods is none,  
O Lord, nor any works  
*Of all that other gods have done*  
Like to thy *glorious* works.
- 9 The nations all whom thou hast made  
Shall come, *and all shall frame*  
To bow them low before thee, Lord,  
And glorify thy name.
- 10 For great thou art, and wonders great  
By thy strong hand are done ;  
Thou *in thy everlasting seat*  
Remainest God alone.
- 11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right,*  
I in thy truth will bide,  
To fear thy name my heart unite,  
*So shall it never slide.*
- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,  
*Thee honour, and adore*

With my whole heart, and blaze abroad  
Thy name for evermore.

13 For great thy mercy is tow'rd me,  
And thou hast free'd my soul,  
Ev'n from the lowest hell set free  
*From deepest darkness foul.*

14 O God, the proud against me rise,  
And violent men are met  
To seek my life, and in their eyes  
No fear of thee have set.

15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,  
Readiest thy grace to shew,  
Slow to be angry, and *art stil'd*  
Most merciful, most true.

16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,  
And me have mercy on,  
Unto thy servant give thy strength,  
And save thy hand-maid's son.

17 Some sign of good to me afford,  
And let my foes *then* see,  
And be asham'd, because thou, Lord,  
Dost help and comfort me.

## P S A L. LXXXVII.

1 **A**MONG the holy mountains *high*  
Is his foundation fast,  
*There seated in his sanctuary,*  
*His temple there is plac'd.*

2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more  
Than all the dwellings *fair*  
Of Jacob's land, *though there be store,*  
*And all within his care.*

3 City of God, most glorious things  
Of thee *abroad* are spoke;

4 I mention *Ægypt*, where proud kings  
*Did our forefathers yoke.*

I mention Babel to my friends,  
 Philistia *full of scorn*,  
 And Tyre with Ethiop's *utmost ends*,  
 Lo this man there was born.  
 5 But *twice that praise shall in our ear*  
 Be said of Sion *last*,  
 This and this man was born in her,  
 High God shall *fix* her fast.  
 6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll  
 That ne'er shall be out-worn,  
 When he the nations doth enroll,  
 That this man there was born.  
 7 Both they who sing, and they who dance,  
*With sacred songs are there;*  
 In thee *fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,*  
*And all my fountains clear.*

## P S A L. LXXXVIII.

1 **L**ORD God, thou dost me save and keep,  
 All day to thee I cry :  
 And all night long before thee *weep*,  
 Before thee *prostrate lie*.  
 2 Into thy presence let my pray'r  
*With sighs devout ascend*,  
 And to my cries, that *ceaseless are*,  
 Thine ear with favour bend.  
 3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble sore  
 Surcharg'd my soul doth lie,  
 My life *at death's uncwearful door*  
 Unto the grave draws nigh.  
 4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass  
 Down to the *dismal pit*;  
 I am a \* man, but weak alas,  
 And for that name unfit:  
 \* Heb. *A man without manly strength.*  
 5 From life discharg'd and parted quite  
 Among the dead to *sleep*,

- And like the slain *in bloody fight*  
 That in the grave lie *deep*.  
 Whom thou rememberest no more,  
 Dost never more regard,  
 Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er  
*Death's hideous house hath barr'd.*
- 6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*  
 Hast set me *all forlorn*,  
 Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,  
 In horrid deeps to mourn.
- 7 Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves*,  
 Full sore doth press on me ;  
 \* Thou break'st upon me all thy waves, \* *The Hebr.*  
 \* And all thy waves break me. *bears both.*
- 8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,  
 And mak'st me odious,  
 Me to them odious, *for they change*,  
 And I here pent up thus.
- 9 Through sorrow, and affliction great,  
 Mine eye grows dim and dead,  
 Lord, all the day I thee intreat,  
 My hands to thee I spread.
- 10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead ?  
 Shall the deceas'd arise,  
 And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*,  
*With pale and hollow eyes ?*
- 11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell,  
 On whom the grave *hath hold*;  
 Or they *who in perdition dwell*,  
 Thy faithfulness *unfold* ?
- 12 In darkness can thy mighty hand  
 Or wondrous acts be known,  
 Thy justice in the gloomy land  
 Of dark oblivion ?
- 13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,  
 Ere yet my life be spent,  
 And up to thee my prayer doth lie  
 Each morn, and thee prevent.



- 14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,  
And hide thy face from me,  
15 That am already bruis'd, and || shake  
With terror sent from thee? || Heb. *Prae concussione*.  
Bruis'd, and afflicted, and *so low*  
As ready to expire,  
While I thy terrors undergo  
Astonish'd with thine ire.  
16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,  
Thy threatnings cut me through:  
17 All day they round about me go,  
Like waves they me pursue.  
18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd,  
And sever'd from me far.  
They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,  
And as in darkness are.

A Paraphrase on *Psalms* 114.

*This and the following Psalm were done by the Author at fifteen Years old.*

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son,  
After long toil their liberty had won,  
And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,  
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,  
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,  
His praise and glory was in Israel known.  
That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,  
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head  
Low in the earth, Jordan's clear streams recoil,  
As a faint host that hath receiv'd the foil.  
The high, huge-bellied mountains skip like rams  
Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.  
Why fled the ocean? and why skipt the mountains?  
Why turned Jordan toward his crystal fountains?  
Shake, earth, and at the presence be agast  
Of him that ever was, and ay shall last,

That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,  
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

## PSALM 136.

LET us with a gladfom mind  
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:  
For his mercies ay endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,  
For of gods he is the God;  
For his, *etc.*

O let us his praises tell,  
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell:  
For his, *etc.*

Who with his miracles doth make  
Amazed heav'n and earth to shake.  
For his, *etc.*

Who by his wisdom did create  
The painted heav'ns so full of state.  
For his, *etc.*

Who did the solid earth ordain  
To rise above the watry plain.  
For his, *etc.*

Who by his all-commanding might,  
Did fill the new-made world with light.  
For his, *etc.*

And caus'd the golden-tressed sun,  
All the day long his course to run.  
For his, *etc.*

The horned moon to shine by night,  
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.

For his, *etc.*

He with his thunder-clasping hand,  
Smote the first-born of Ægypt land.

For his, *etc.*

And in despight of Pharoah fell,  
He brought from thence his Israel.

For his, *etc.*

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain  
Of the Erythraean main.

For his, *etc.*

The floods stood still like walls of glass,  
While the Hebrew bands did pass.

For his, *etc.*

But full soon they did devour  
The tawny king with all his power.

For his, *etc.*

His chosen people he did bless  
In the wasteful wilderness.

For his, *etc.*

In bloody battle he brought down  
Kings of prowess and renown.

For his, *etc.*

He foil'd bold Sihon and his host,  
That rul'd the Amorrean coast.

For his, *etc.*

And large-lim'd Og he did subdue,  
With all his over-hardy crew.

For his, *etc.*

And to his servant Israel  
He gave their land therein to dwell,  
For his, *etc.*

He hath with a piteous eye  
Beheld us in our misery.  
For his, *etc.*

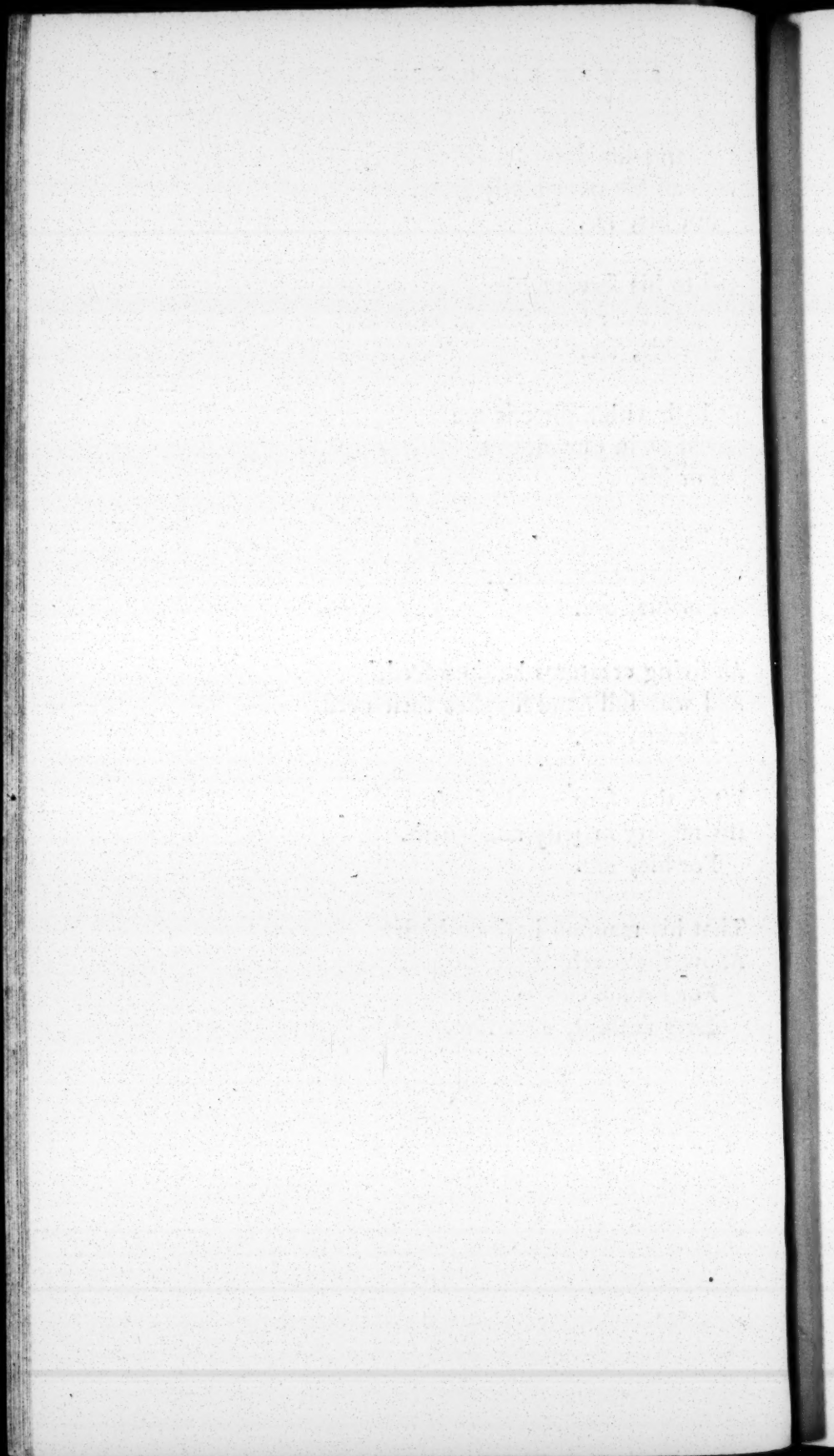
And freed us from the slavery  
Of the invading enemy.  
For his, *etc.*

All living creatures he doth feed,  
And with full hand supplies their need.  
For his, *etc.*

Let us therefore warble forth  
His mighty majesty and worth.  
For his, *etc.*

That his mansion hath on high  
Above the reach of mortal eye.  
For his mercies ay endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.





JOANNIS MILTONI

*LONDINENSIS*

P O E M A T A,

Quorum pleraque intra Annum *Ætatis* Vigesi-  
mum conscripsit.



**H**ÆC quæ sequuntur de Auctore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eo quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita fere solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupide affingant; noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam, cum alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimis laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibi quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, iudicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

*Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis Neapolitanus, ad Joannem Miltonum Anglum.*

**U**T mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,  
Non Anglus, verum hercle Angelus ipse fores.

*Ad Joannem Miltonum Anglum, triplici Poeseos laurea coronandum, Graeca nimirum, Latina, atque Hetrusca, Epigramma Joannis Salsilli Romani.*

**C**EDE, Meles, cedat depressa Mincius urna;  
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;  
At Themesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,  
Nam per te Milto par tribus unus erit.

*Ad Joannem Miltonum.*

**G**RAECIA Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,  
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

*Selvaggi.*



*Al Signior Gio. Miltoni Nobile Inglese.*

O D E.

**E**Rgimi all'Etra o Clis  
 Perche di stelle intrecciero corona  
 Non piu del Biondo Dio  
 La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicon,  
 Dienfi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,  
 A' celeste virtu celesti pregi.

Non puo del tempo edace  
 Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore,  
 Non puo l' oblio rapace  
 Furar dalle memorie eccelfo onore,  
 Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte  
 Virtu m' adatti, e feriro la morte.

Del Ocean profondo  
 Cinta dagli ampi gorgi Anglia risiede  
 Separata dal mondo,  
 Pero che il suo valor l' umano eccede:  
 Questa feconda fa produrre Eroi,  
 Ch' hanno a ragion del sovrumano tra noi.

Alla virtu sbandita  
 Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetta,  
 Quella gli e sol gradita,  
 Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto;  
 Ridillo, tu Giovanni, e mostra in tanto  
 Con tua vera virtu, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido  
 Spinse Zeusi l' industre ardente brama;  
 Ch' udio d' Helena il grido  
 Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,

*E per poterla effigiare al paro  
Dalle piu belle Idee trasse il priu raro.*

*Così l' Ape Ingegnosa  
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato,  
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,  
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;  
Formano un dolce suon diverse chorde,  
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.*

*Di bella gloria amante  
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti  
Le peregrine piante  
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti;  
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,  
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi piu degni.*

*Fabro quasi divino  
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero  
Vide in ogni confino,  
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;  
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea  
Per fabbricar d'ogni virtù l' Idea.*

*Quanti nacquero in Flora  
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,  
La cui memoria onora  
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,  
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,  
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.*

*Nell' altera Babelle  
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,  
Che per varie favelle  
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano:  
Ch' Ode oltr' all' Anglia il suo piu degno Idioma  
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia, e Roma.*

*I piu profondi arcani  
 Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra  
 Ch' a Ingegni sovrumani  
 Troppo avara tal' hor gli chiude, e ferra,  
 Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine  
 Della moral virtude al gran confine.*

*Non batta il Tempo l' ale,  
 Fermisi immoto, e in un fermin si gl' anni,  
 Che di virtu immortale  
 Scorrion di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni:  
 Che s'opre degne di poema e storia  
 Furon gia, l' hai presenti alla memoria.*

*Dammi tua dolce Cetra  
 Se vuoi ch' io dica del tuo dolce canto:  
 Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra  
 Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,  
 Il Tamigi il dira che gl' e concesso  
 Per te suo cigno pareggiar Permessò.*

*Io che in riva del Arno  
 Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro  
 So che fatico indarno,  
 E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;  
 Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core  
 Che ti prende a lidar con lo stupore.*

Del Sig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo  
 Fiorentino.

## JOANNI MILTONI

## LONDINIENSI,

Juveni Patria, et virtutibus eximio,  
**V**IRO qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta orbis  
 terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Ulysses omnia ubi-  
 que ab omnibus apprehenderet:

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguae jam deperditae sic re-  
 viviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacun-  
 da; Et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes et plausus po-  
 pulorum ab propria sapientia excitatos intelligat.

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirati-  
 onem commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique auferunt;  
 cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed vastitate vocem  
 laudatoribus adimunt:

Cui in memoria totus Orbis; In intellectu Sapientia;  
 in voluntate ardor gloriae; in ore Eloquentia; Harmo-  
 nicos coelestium Sphaerarum sonitus, Astronomia Duce, au-  
 dienti; Characteres mirabilium naturae, per quos Dei mag-  
 nitudo describitur, magistra Philosophia, legenti; Anti-  
 quitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages  
 comite assidua auctorum Lectione:

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.

At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famae non suf-  
 ficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est, Reve-  
 rentiae et amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis  
 tributum offert Carolus Diodatus Patricius Florentinus.

Tanto homini serous, tantae virtutis amator.



## E L E G I A R U M

## LIBER PRIMUS.

## E L E G I A P R I M A

*Ad CAROLUM DIODATUM.*

**T**ANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,  
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas,  
Pertulit occidua Devæ Cestrensis ab ora  
Vergivium prono qua petit amne salum.  
Multum crede juvat terras aluisse remotas  
Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput:  
Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem  
Debet, at unde brevi reddere iussa velit.  
Me tenet urbs, reflua quam Thamesis alluit unda,  
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.  
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revifere Camum,  
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.  
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,  
Quam male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!  
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri,  
Cæteraque ingenio non fubeunda meo.  
Si sit hoc exilium patrios addiisse penates,  
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,  
Non ego vel profugi nomen, sortemve recuso,  
Lætus et exilii conditione fruor.  
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset  
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;  
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,  
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.  
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis,  
Et totam rapiunt me mea vita libri.

Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,  
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.  
Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus haeres,  
Seu procus, aut posita casside miles adest,  
Sive decennali foecundus lite patronus  
Detonat inculto barbara verba foro.  
Saepe vaser gnato succurrit fervus amanti,  
Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique Patris;  
Saepe novos illic virgo mirata calores,  
Quid scit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.  
Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragoedia sceptrum  
Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat.  
Et dolet, et specto, juvat et spectasse dolendo,  
Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amator inest:  
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit  
Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit:  
Seu ferus e tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor,  
Conscia funereo pectora torre movens:  
Seu moeret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,  
Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.  
Sed neque sub testō semper nec in urbe latemus,  
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.  
Nos quoque lucus habet vicina consitus ulmo,  
Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.  
Saepius hic blandas spirantia sydera flammās  
Virgineos videas praeteriisse choros.  
Ah quoties dignae stupui miracula formae,  
Quae posset senium vel reparare Jovis!  
Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,  
Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus!  
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quae brachia vincant,  
Quaeque fluit puro nectare tineta via!  
Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,  
Aurea quae fallax retia tendit Amor!  
Pellacaeque genas, ad quas hyacinthina fordet  
Purpura, et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor.  
Cedite laudatae toties Heroides olim,  
Et quaecunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.

Cedite Achaemeniae turrita fronte puellae,  
 Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.  
 Vos etiam Danaae fasces submittite Nymphae,  
 Et vos Iliacae, Romuleaeque nurus.  
 Nec Pompeianas Tarpea Musa columnas  
 Jactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.  
 Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,  
 Extera sat tibi sit foemina posse sequi.  
 Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum structa colonis  
 Turrigerum late conspicienda caput,  
 Tu nimium felix intra tua moenia claudis  
 Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.  
 Non tibi tot coelo scintillant astra sereno  
 Endymioneae turba ministra deae,  
 Quot tibi conspicuae formaque auroque puellae  
 Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.  
 Creditur huc geminis venisse investa columbis  
 Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus;  
 Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,  
 Huic Paphon, et roseam posthabitura Cypron.  
 Ast ego, dum pueri finit indulgentia caeci,  
 Moenia quam subito relinquere fausta paro;  
 Et vitare procul malefidae infamia Circes  
 Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.  
 Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,  
 Atque iterum raucae murmur adire Scholae.  
 Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,  
 Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

Elegia Secunda, Anno Aetat. 17.

*In obitum Praeconis Academici Cantabrigienfis.*

**T**E, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas  
 Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,  
 Ultima praeconum praeconem te quoque saeva  
 Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.

Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis,  
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,  
 O dignus tamen Haemonio juvenescere succo,  
 Dignus in Aesonios vivere posse dies.  
 Dignus quem Stygiis medica revocaret ab undis  
 Arte Coronides, saepe rogante dea.  
 Tu si iussus eras acies accire togatas,  
 Et celer a Phoebos nuncius ire tuo.  
 Talis in Iliaca stabat Cyllenius aula  
 Alipes, aetherea missus ab arce Patris.  
 Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei  
 Rettulit Atridae iussa severa ducis.  
 Magna sepulchrorum regina, satelles Averni  
 Saeva nimis Musis, Palladi saeva nimis,  
 Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terrae!  
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.  
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis, Academia, luge,  
 Et madeant lacrymis nigra feretra tuis.  
 Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegeia tristes,  
 Personet et totis naenia moesta Scholis.

Elegia tertia, Anno Aetatis 17.

*In obitum Praefulis Wintoniensis.*

M OESTUS eram, et tacitus nullo comitante sedebam,  
 Haerebantque animo tristitia plura meo:  
 Protinus en subiit funestae cladis imago  
 Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;  
 Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore turres  
 Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face;  
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos et jaspide muros,  
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.  
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi  
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis.  
 Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad aethera raptos,  
 Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces.



At te praecique luxi, dignissime Praeful,  
Wintoniaeque olim gloria magna tuae;  
Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar:  
Mors fera Tartareo diva secunda Jovi;  
Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,  
Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros?  
Quodque afflata tua marcescant lilia tabo,  
Et crocus, et pulchrae Cypridi sacra rosa;  
Nec finis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus  
Miretur lapsus praetereuntis aquae?  
Et tibi succumbit liquido quae plurima coelo  
Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,  
Et quae mille nigris errant animalia filvis,  
Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus?  
Invida, tanta tibi cum sit concessa potestas;  
Quid juvat humana tingere caede manus?  
Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,  
Semideamque animam caede fugasse sua?  
Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,  
Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,  
Et Tartessiaci submerserat aequore currum  
Phoebus ab eoo littore mensus iter.  
Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,  
Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos.  
Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,  
Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum.  
Illic punicea radiabant omnia luce,  
Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent.  
Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,  
Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.  
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos  
Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.  
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,  
Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.  
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,  
Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis.  
Talis in extremis terrae Gangetidis oris  
Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.

Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras  
 Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,  
 Ecce mihi subito praeful Wintonius astat,  
 Sydereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar;  
 Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,  
 Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.  
 Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,  
 Intremuit laeto florea terra sono.  
 Agmina gemmatis plaudunt coelestia pennis,  
 Pura triumphali personat aethra tuba.  
 Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,  
 Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos:  
 Nate veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia regni,  
 Semper abhinc duro, nate, labore vaca.  
 Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nabilia turmae,  
 At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.  
 Flebam turbatos Cephaleia pellice somnos,  
 Talia contingant somnia saepe mihi!

Elegia quarta, Anno Aetatis 18.

*Ad Thomam Juniam Praeceptorem suum, apud  
 Mercatores Anglicos Hamburgae agentes, Pa-  
 storis munere fungentem.*

**C**URRE per immensum subito, mea littera, pontum,  
 I, pete Teutonicos laeve per aequor agros.  
 Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obstet eunti,  
 Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.  
 Ipse ego Sicanio fraenantem carcere ventos,  
 Aeolon, et virides sollicitabo Deos;  
 Caeruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,  
 Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.  
 At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,  
 Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri.  
 Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras  
 Gratus Eleusina missus ab urbe puer.

Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,  
Ditis ad Hamburgae moenia flecte gradum,  
Dicitur occiso quae ducere nomen ab Hama,  
Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.  
Vivit ibi antiquae clarus pietatis honore  
Praeful Christicolae pascere doctus oves;  
Ille quidem est animae plusquam pars altera nostrae,  
Dimidio vitae vivere cogor ego.  
Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti  
Me faciunt alia parte carere mei!  
Charior ille mihi, quam tu doctissime Graium  
Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat.  
Quamque Stagiritis generoso magnus alumno,  
Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.  
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyreus Heros  
Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.  
Primus ego Aonios illo praeunte recessus  
Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi,  
Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente,  
Castalio sparsi laeta ter ora mero.  
Flammeus ad signum ter vidit arietis Aethon,  
Induxitque auro lanæ terga novo,  
Bisque novo terram sparsisti Chlora senilem  
Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes:  
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,  
Aut linguae dulces aure bibisse sonos.  
Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum praeverte sonorum,  
Quam sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides.  
Invenies dulci cum conjuge forte sedentem,  
Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,  
Forſitan aut veterum praelarga volumina patrum  
Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei.  
Coelestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,  
Grande salutiferae religionis opus.  
Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,  
Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.  
Haec quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos,  
Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui:

Haec tibi, si teneris vacat inter praelia Musis,  
Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.  
Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem,  
Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.  
Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit  
Icaris a lento Penelopeia viro.  
Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,  
Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?  
Arguitur tardus merito, noxamque fatetur,  
Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.  
Tu modo da veniam falso, veniamque roganti,  
Crimina diminui, quae patuere, solent.  
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,  
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue Leo.  
Saepe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis  
Supplicis ad moestas deliquere preces.  
Extentæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,  
Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.  
Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,  
Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor.  
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuncia vera malorum!  
In tibi finitimis bella timere locis,  
Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,  
Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.  
Te circum late campos populatur Enyo,  
Et fata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat.  
Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,  
Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos.  
Perpetuoque comans jam deflorescit oliva,  
Fugit et aerisonam Diva perosa tubam;  
Fugit Io terris, et jam non ultima virgo  
Creditur ad superas iusta volasse domos.  
Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,  
Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo;  
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,  
Sede peregrina quaeris egenus opem.  
Patria dura parens, et saxis saevior albis  
Spumea quae pulsat littoris unda tui:



Siccine te decet innocuos exponere foetus,  
Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum ?  
Et finis ut terris quaerant alimenta remotis  
Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,  
Et qui laeta ferunt de coelo nuncia, quique  
Quae via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent ?  
Digna quidem Stygiis quae vivas clausa tenebris,  
Aeternaque animae digna perire fame !  
Haud aliter vates terrae Thelbitidis olim  
Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,  
Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi  
Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.  
Talis et horrifono laceratus membra flagello,  
Paulus ab Aemathia pellitur urbe Cilix.  
Piscolaeque ipsum Gergestae civis Iesum  
Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.  
At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis,  
Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.  
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,  
Intententque tibi millia tela necem,  
At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,  
Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.  
Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub aegide tutus,  
Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi ;  
Ille Sionaeae qui tot sub moenibus arcis  
Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros ;  
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras  
Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,  
**Terruit** et densas pavido cum rege cohortes,  
Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,  
Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,  
Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,  
Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,  
Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virum.  
Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,  
Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala.  
Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,  
Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

## Elegia quinta, Anno Aetatis 20.

*In adventum Veris.*

**I**N te perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro  
Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos.  
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,  
Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.  
Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,  
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?  
Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo  
(Quis putet?) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.  
Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,  
Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt.  
Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,  
Et furor, et sonitus me sacer intus agit.  
Delius ipse venit, video Peneide lauro.  
Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.  
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua coeli,  
Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo.  
Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,  
Et mihi fana patent interiora Deum.  
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,  
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara caeca meos.  
Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?  
Quid parit haec rabies, quid sacer iste furor?  
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;  
Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.  
Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis  
Instituis modulos, dum filet omne nemus!  
Urbe ego, tu sylva simul incipiamus utrique,  
Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.  
Veris Io rediere vices, celebremus honores  
Veris, et hoc subeat Musa quotannis opus.  
Jam sol Aethiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,  
Flectit et Arctos aurea lora plagas.

Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacae,  
Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.  
Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum coeleste Bootes  
Non longa sequitur fessus ut ante via.  
Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto  
Excubias agitant sydera rara polo.  
Nam dolus, et caedes, et vis cum nocte recessit,  
Neve Giganteum Di timuere scelus.  
Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,  
Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,  
Hac, ait, hac certe caruisti nocte puella  
Phoebe tua, celeres quae retineret equos.  
Laeta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit  
Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas;  
Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur  
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.  
Desere, Phoebus ait, thalamos Aurora seniles,  
Quid juvat effoeto procubuisse toro?  
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,  
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.  
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,  
Et matutinos ocyus urget equos.  
Exiit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,  
Et cupit amplexus Phoebe subire tuos;  
Et cupit, et digna est, quid enim formosius illa?  
Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,  
Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore venusto  
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis?  
Ecce coronatur sacra frons ardua luco,  
Cingit ut Idaeam pinea turris Opim;  
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,  
Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.  
Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos  
Taenario placuit diva Sicana Deo.  
Aspice, Phoebe, tibi faciles hortantur amores,  
Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces.  
Cinnamea Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer ala,  
Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves.

Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quaerit amores  
Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros;  
Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus  
Praebet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.  
Quod si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt  
Munera, (muneribus saepe coemptus Amor)  
Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub aequore vasto,  
Et superinjectis montibus abdit opes.  
Ah quoties cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo  
In vespertinas precipitaris aquas,  
Cur te, inquit, cursu languentem Phoebe diurno  
Hesperiiis recipit, Caerula mater aquis?  
Quid tibi cum Tethy? quid cum Tartesside lympha,  
Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?  
Frigora Phoebe mea melius captabis in umbra,  
Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.  
Mollior egelida veniet tibi somnus in herba,  
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.  
Quaque jaces circum mulcebit lene susurrans  
Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas.  
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semeleia fata,  
Nec Phaetonteo fumidus axis equo;  
Cum tu Phoebe tuo sapientius uteris igni,  
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.  
Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;  
Matris in exemplum caetera turba ruunt.  
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,  
Languentesque fovet folis ab igne faces.  
Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,  
Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo.  
Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,  
Quaeque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.  
Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,  
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.  
Marmoreas juvenes clamant, Hymenaeae, per urbes,  
Littus Io Hymen, et cava saxa sonant.  
Cultior ille venit tunicaque decentior apta,  
Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.



Egrediturque frequens ad amoeni gaudia veris  
Virgineas auro cincta puella sinus. [num,  
Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus u-  
Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.  
Nunc quoque septena modulatur arundine pastor,  
Et sua quae jungat carmina Phyllis habet.  
Navita nocturno placat sua sydera cantu,  
Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.  
Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,  
Convocat et famulos ad sua festa Deos.  
Nunc etiam Satyri, cum sera crepuscula surgunt,  
Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,  
Sylvanusque sua Cyparissi fronde revinctus,  
Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.  
Quaeque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis,  
Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.  
Per sata luxuriat fruticetaque Maenalius Pan,  
Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres,  
Atque aliquam cupidus praedatur Oreada Faunus,  
Consultit in trepidos dum sibi Nympha pedes:  
Jamque latet, latitansque cupit male tecta videri,  
Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.  
Dii quoque non dubitant coelo praeponere sylvas,  
Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.  
Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,  
Nec vos arborea, dii, precor, ite domo.  
Te referant miseris te Jupiter aurea terris  
Saecla, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?  
Tu saltem lente rapidos age Phoebe jugales  
Qua potes, et sensim tempora veris eant.  
Brumaeque productas tarde ferat hispida noctes,  
Ingruat et nostro serior umbra polo.

## Elegia sexta.

*Ad Carolum Diodatum ruri commorantem.*

*Qui cum Idibus Decemb. scripsisset, et sua carmina excusari postulasset, si solito minus essent bona, quod inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hoc habuit responsum.*

MITTO tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,  
 Qua tu distento forte carere potes.  
 At tua quid nostram prolestat Musa camoenam,  
 Nec finit optatas posse sequi tenebras?  
 Carmine scire velis quam te redamemque colamque,  
 Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.  
 Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,  
 Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.  
 Quam bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim  
 Festaque coelifugam quae coluere Deum,  
 Deliciasque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,  
 Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos!  
 Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin?  
 Carmen amat Bacchum, Carmina Bacchus amat.  
 Nec puduit Phoebum virides gestasse corymbos,  
 Atque hederam lauro praeposuisse suae.  
 Saepius Aoniis clamavit collibus, Euoe,  
 Mistâ Thyoneo turba novena choro.  
 Naso Corallacis mala carmina misit ab agris:  
 Non illic epulae, non fata vitis erat.  
 Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyaeum,  
 Cantavit brevibus Teia Musa modis?  
 Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumefius Evan,  
 Et redolet sumptum pagina quaeque merum.  
 Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,  
 Et volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.

Quadrismoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho  
Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.  
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu,  
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.  
Massica foecundam despumant pocula venam,  
Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.  
Addimus his artes, fufumque per intima Phoebum  
Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.  
Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te  
Numine composito tres peperisse Deos.  
Nunc quoque Thressa tibi caelato barbitos auro  
Insonat arguta mollitur ista manu;  
Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,  
Virgineos tremula quae regat arte pedes.  
Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,  
Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.  
Crede mihi dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum  
Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,  
Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phoebum,  
Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,  
Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem  
Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.  
Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum est,  
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos;  
Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,  
Et cum purpurea matre tenellus Amor.  
Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,  
Saepius et veteri commaduisse mero.  
At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove coelum,  
Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,  
Et nunc sancta canit superam consulta deorum,  
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,  
Ille quidem parce Samii pro more magistri  
Vivat, et innocuos praebeat herba cibos;  
Stet prope fagineo pellucidarum lympha catillo,  
Sobriaque e puro pocula fonte bibat.  
Additur huic scelerisque vacans, et casta juvenus,  
Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus.

Qualis veste nitens, sacra, et lustralibus undis  
Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.  
Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem  
Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,  
Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque  
Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris;  
Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus  
Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,  
Et per monstrificam Perseïae Phoebados aulam,  
Et vada foemineis insidiosa sonis.  
Perque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi sanguine nigro  
Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.  
Diis etenim sacer est vates, divumque sacerdos,  
Spirat et occultum pectus, et ora Jovem.  
At tu siquid agam, scitabere (si modo saltem  
Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam)  
Paciferum canimus coelesti semine regem,  
Fausaque sacratis saecula pacta libris,  
Vagitumque Dei, et stabulantem paupere tecto  
Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit.  
Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque aethere turmas,  
Et subito elisos ad sua fana Deos.  
Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,  
Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.  
Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis,  
Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis instar eris.

Elegia septima, Anno Ætatis undevigesimo.

**N**ONDUM blanda tuas leges Amathusia noram,  
Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.  
Saepe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,  
Atque tuum sprevi maxime, numen, Amor.  
Tu puer imbelles dixi transfige columbas,  
Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.  
Aut de passeribus timidos age, parve, triumphos,  
Haec sunt militiae digna trophaea tuae.



In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?  
Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.  
Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras  
Promptior) et duplici jam ferus igne calet.  
Ver erat, et summae radians per culmina villae  
Attulerat primam lux tibi Maie diem:  
At mihi adhuc refugam quaerebant lumina noctem,  
Nec matutinum sustinere jubar.  
Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,  
Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum:  
Prodidit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,  
Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit.  
Talis in aeterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo  
Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi;  
Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas  
Thiodamantaeus Naiade raptus Hylas;  
Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares,  
Addideratque truces, nec sine felle, minas.  
Et, miser exemplo sapuisse tutius, inquit,  
Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.  
Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,  
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.  
Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum  
Edomui Phoebum, cessit et ille mihi;  
Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur  
Certius et gravius tela nocere mea.  
Me nequit adductum curvare peritius arcum,  
Qui post terga solet vincere Parthus eques:  
Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille  
Inscius uxori qui necis autor erat.  
Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,  
Herculeaeque manus, Herculesque comes.  
Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,  
Haerebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.  
Caetera quae dubitas melius mea tela docebunt,  
Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.  
Nec te stulte tuae poterunt defendere Musae,  
Nec tibi Phoebaeus porriget anguis opem.

Dixit, et aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,  
Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.  
At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,  
Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.  
Et modo qua nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites;  
Et modo villarum proxima rura placent.  
Turba frequens, facieque simillima turba dearum  
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.  
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscet,  
Fallor? an et radios hinc quoque Phoebus habet?  
Haec ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,  
Impetus et quo me fert juvenilis, agor.  
Lumina luminibus male providus obvia misi,  
Neve oculos potui continuisse meos.  
Unam forte aliis supereminuisse notabam,  
Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.  
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,  
Sic regina Deum conspicienda fuit.  
Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,  
Solut et hos nobis texuit ante dolos.  
Nec procul ipse vaser latuit, multaeque sagittae,  
Et facis a tergo grande pendit onus.  
Nec mora, nunc ciliis haesit, nunc virginis ori,  
Insiluit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis:  
Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,  
Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.  
Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,  
Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram.  
Interea misero quae jam mihi sola placebat,  
Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.  
Ast ego progredior tacite querebundus, et excors,  
Et dubius volui saepe referre pedem.  
Findor, et haec remanet, sequitur pars altera votum,  
Raptaque tam subito gaudia flere juvat.  
Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia coelum,  
Inter Lemniacos praecipitata focos.  
Talis et abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum  
Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaras equis.

Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus? amores  
 Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.  
 O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos  
 Vultus, et coram tristia verba loqui;  
 Forsitan et duro non est adamante creata,  
 Forte nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces.  
 Crede mihi nullus sic infeliciter arsit,  
 Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.  
 Parce precor teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris,  
 Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.  
 Jam tuus O certe est mihi formidabilis arcus,  
 Nate dea, jaculis nec minus igne potens:  
 Et tua sumabunt nostris altaria donis,  
 Solus et in superis tu mihi summus eris.  
 Deme meos tandem, verum nec deme furores,  
 Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans:  
 Tu modo da facilis, posthaec mea siqua futura est,  
 Cuspis amatueros figat ut una duos.

**H**AEC ego mente olim laeva, studioque supino  
 Nequitiae posui vana trophaea meae.  
 Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,  
 Indocilisque aetas parva magistra fuit,  
 Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos  
 Praebuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.  
 Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,  
 Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.  
 Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse Sagittis,  
 Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus.

*In prodicionem Bombardicam.*

**C**UM simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos  
 Ausus es infandum, perfide Fauxe, nefas,  
 Fallor? an et mitis voluisti ex parte videri,  
 Et pensare mala cum pietate scelus?  
 Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria coeli,  
 Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis

Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis  
Liquit Iordanios turbine raptus agros.

*In eandem.*

**S**ICCINE tentasti coelo donasse Jacobum,  
Quae septemgemino, Bellua, monte latee?  
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,  
Parce precor donis insidiosa tuis.  
Ille quidem sine te consortia serus adivit  
Astra nec inferni pulveris usus ope.  
Sic potius foedos in coelum pelle cucullos,  
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos.  
Namque hac aut alia nisi quemque adjuveris arte,  
Crede mihi coeli vix bene scandet iter.

*In eandem.*

**P**URGATOREM animae derisit Iacobus ignem,  
Et sine quo Superum non adeunda domus.  
Frenduit hoc trina monstrum Latiale corona,  
Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.  
Et nec inultus, ait, temnes mea sacra, Britanne,  
Supplicium spreta religione dabis.  
Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,  
Non nisi per flammis triste patebit iter.  
O quam funesto cecinisti proxima vero,  
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!  
Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni  
Ibat ad aethereas umbra perusta plagas.

*In eandem.*

**Q**UEM modo Roma suis devoverat impia diris,  
Et Styge damnarat Taenarioque sinu,  
Hunc vice mutata jam tollere gestit ad astra,  
Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.



*In inventorem Bombardae.*

**I**APETIONIDEM laudavit caeca vetustas,  
 Qui tulit aetheream solis ab axe facem;  
 At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,  
 Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

*Ad Leonoram Romae canentem.*

**A**NGELUS unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)  
 Obtigit aethereis ales ab ordinibus.  
 Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major?  
 Nam tua praesentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.  
 Aut Deus, aut vacui certe mens tertia coeli  
 Per tua secreto guttura serpit agens;  
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda  
 Sensim immortalis assuescere posse sono.  
 Quod si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,  
 In te una loquitur, caetera mutus habet.

*Ad eandem.*

**A**LTERA Torquatum cepit Leonora Poetam,  
 Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.  
 Ah miser ille tuo quanto felicius aevo  
 Perditus, et propter te Leonora foret!  
 Et te Pieria sensisset voce canentem  
 Aurea maternae fila movere lyrae,  
 Quamvis Dircaeo torsisset lumina Pentheo  
 Saevior, aut totus desipuisset iners,  
 Tu tamen errantes caeca vertigine sensus  
 Voce eadem poteras composuisse tua;  
 Et poteras aegro spirans sub corde quietem  
 Flexanimo cantu restituisse sibi.

*Ad eandem.*

**C**REDULA quid liquidam Sirena, Neapoli, jactas,  
 Claraque Parthenopes fana Acheloiados,  
 Littoreamque tua defunctam Naiada ripa  
 Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?  
 Illa quidem vivitque, et amoena Tibridis unda  
 Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.  
 Illic Romulidum studiis ornata secundis,  
 Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

*Apologus de Rustico et Hero.*

**R**USTICUS ex Malo lapidissima poma quotannis  
 Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino:  
 Hinc incredibili fructus dulcedine captus  
 Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.  
 Haestenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis aevo,  
 Mota solo assueto, protenus aret iners.  
 Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe Insus inani,  
 Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus.  
 Atque ait, heu quanto satius fuit illa Coloni  
 (Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo!  
 Possem ego avaritiam froenare, gulamque voracem:  
 Nunc periire mihi et foetus et ipse parens.

## S Y L V A R U M L I B E R.

Anno Aetatis 16.

*In Obitum Procancellarii medici.*

**P**ARERE fati discite legibus,  
 Manusque Parcae jam date supplices,  
 Qui pendulum telluris orbem  
 Iapeti colitis nepotes.

Vos si relicto mors vaga Taenaro  
Semel vocarit flebilis, heu morae  
Tentantur incassum dolique;  
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.  
Si destinatam pellere dextera  
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules  
Nessi venenatus cruore  
Æmathia jacuisset Oeta.  
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidae  
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut  
Quem larva Pelidis peremit  
Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.  
Si triste fatum verba Hecateia  
Fugare possint, Telegoni parens  
Vixisset infamis, potentique  
Ægiali soror usa virga.  
Numenque trinum fallere si queant  
Artes medentum, ignotaque gramina,  
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon  
Eurypyli cecidisset hasta.  
Laefisset nec te Philyreie  
Sagitta echidnae perlita sanguine,  
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum  
Caese puer genitricis alvo.  
Tuque O alumno major Apolline,  
Gentis togatae cui regimen datum,  
Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,  
Et mediis Helicon in undis,  
Jam praefuisses Palladio regi  
Laetus, superstes, nec sine gloria,  
Nec puppe lustrasses Charontis  
Horribiles barathri recessus.  
At fila rûpit Persephone tua  
Irata, cum te viderit artibus  
Succoque pollenti tot atris  
Faucibus eripuisse mortis.  
Colende Praeses, membra preco tua  
Molli quiescant cespitem, et ex tuo

Crescant rosae, calthaeque bulbo,  
 Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.  
 Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci,  
 Subrideatque Ætnaea Prosperpina,  
 Interque felices perennis  
 Elysio spatiere campo.

In quintum Novembris, Anno Ætatis 17.

JAM pius extrema veniens Jacobus ab arcto  
 Teucrigenas populos, lateque patentia regna  
 Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile foedus  
 Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis :  
 Pacificusque novo felix divesque sedebat  
 In folio, occultique doli securus et hostis:  
 Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,  
 Eumenidum pater, aethereo vagus exul Olympo,  
 Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,  
 Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,  
 Participes regni post funera moesta futuros;  
 Hic tempestates medio ciet aere diras,  
 Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,  
 Armata et invictas in mutua viscera gentes;  
 Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace,  
 Et quoscunque videt purae virtutis amantes,  
 Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister  
 Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus,  
 Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes  
 Tendit, ut incautos rapiat; seu Caspia Tigris  
 Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia praedam  
 Nocte sub illuni, et somno nictantibus astris.  
 Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes  
 Cinctus caeruleae fumanti turbine flammae.  
 Jamque fluentisonis albertia rupibus arva  
 Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,  
 Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,  
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem



Æquore tranato furiali poscere bello,  
Ante expugnatae crudelia saecula Trojae.

At simul hanc opibusque et festa pace beatam  
Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,  
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri  
Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit  
Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur;  
Qualia Trinacria trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna  
Efflat tabifico monstrosus ab ore Typhoeus.  
Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo  
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspidē cuspis.  
Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo  
Inveni, dixit, gens haec mihi sola rebellis,  
Contemtrixque jugi, nostraque potentior arte.  
Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,  
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.  
Haecenus; et piceis liquido natat aere pennis;  
Qua volat, adversi praecursant agmine venti,  
Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,  
Et tenet Ausoniae fines, a parte sinistra  
Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscaeque Sabini,  
Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non  
Te furtiva, Tiberis, Thetidi videt oscula dantem;  
Hinc Mavortigenae consistit in arce Quirini.  
Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,  
Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,  
Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum  
Evehitur, praeceunt summisso poplite reges,  
Et mendicantium series longissima fratrum;  
Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia caeci,  
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.  
Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia taedis  
(Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum  
Saepe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum.  
Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,  
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,

Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Afopus in undis,  
Et procul ipse cava responsat rupe Cithaeron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,  
Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,  
Praecipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,  
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchaetemque ferocem,  
Atque Acherontaeo prognatam patre Siopen  
Torpidam, et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.  
Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius haeres  
Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter  
Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes)  
At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,  
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum,  
Praedatorque hominum falsa sub imagine tectus  
Astitit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,  
Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo  
Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus  
Vertice de raso, et ne quicquam desit ad artes,  
Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune salaces,  
Tarda fenestris figens vestigia calceis.  
Talis, uti fama est, vasta Franciscus eremo  
Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,  
Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis  
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones.

Subdolan at tali Serpens velatus amictu  
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;  
Dormis, nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus,  
Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!  
Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex  
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,  
Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni;  
Surge, age, surge piger, Latius quem Caesar adorat,  
Cui referata patet convexi janua coeli,  
Turgentes animos, et fastus frange procaces;  
Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,  
Et quid Apostolicae possit custodia clavis;  
Et memor Hesperiae disiectam ulciscere classem,  
Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,

Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosae,  
 Thermodonte nuper regnante puella.  
 At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,  
 Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,  
 Tyrrenum implebit numerofo milite Pontum,  
 Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:  
 Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit,  
 Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,  
 Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.  
 Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte laceffes,  
 Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,  
 Quaelibet haereticis disponere retia fas est;  
 Jamque ad concilium extremis rex magnus ab oris  
 Patricios vocat, et procerum de stirpe creatos,  
 Grandaevosque patres trabea, canisque verendos;  
 Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,  
 Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne  
 Aedibus injecto, qua convenere, sub imis.  
 Protinus ipse igitur quoscumque habet Anglia fidos  
 Propositi, factique mone, quisquamne tuorum  
 Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papae.  
 Perculsofque metu subito, casuque stupentes  
 Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel saevus Iberus.  
 Saecula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,  
 Tuque in bellicosos iterum dominaberis Anglos.  
 Et nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas  
 Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis.  
 Dixit, et adscitos ponens malefidus amictus  
 Fugit ad infandam, regnum illactabile, Lethen.

Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas  
 Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;  
 Moestaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati  
 Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis;  
 Cum somnos pepulit stellatae janitor aulae  
 Nocturnos visus, et somnia grata revolvens.

Est locus aeterna septus caligine noctis  
 Vastae ruinosi quondam fundamenta tecti,  
 Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotaque bilinguis

Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.  
Hic inter caementa jacent praeuptaque saxa,  
Ossa inhumata virum, et trajecta cadavera ferro;  
Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,  
Jurgiaque, et stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,  
Et Furor, atque viae moriendi mille videntur,  
Et Timor, exsanguisque locum circumvolat Horror,  
Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes,  
Exululant, tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat.  
Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri  
Et Phonos, et Prodotes, nulloque sequente per antrum,  
Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris  
Diffugiunt fontes, et retro lumina vertunt,  
Hos pugiles Romae per saecula longa fideles  
Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fasur.  
Finibus occiduis circumfusus incolit aequor  
Gens exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit  
Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo;  
Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,  
Tartareoque leves dissidentur pulvere in auras.  
Et rex et pariter satrapae, scelerata propago,  
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine verae:  
Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.  
Finierat, rigidi cupide paruere gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvamine coelos  
Despicit aetherea dominus qui fulgurat arce,  
Vanaque perversae ridet conamina turbae,  
Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, qua distat ab Aside terra.  
Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas;  
Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famae  
Aerea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris  
Quam superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossae  
Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestrae,  
Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros:  
Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros;  
Qualiter instrepitant circum mulcralia bombis  
Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,



Dum Canis aestivum coeli petit ardua culmen.  
 Ipsa quidem summa sedet ultrix matris in arce,  
 Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,  
 Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat  
 Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.  
 Nec tot, Aristoride, servator inique juvencae  
 Ifidos, immitiolvebas lumina vultu,  
 Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,  
 Lumina subiectas late spectantia terras.  
 Istis illa solet loca luce carentia saepe  
 Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli.  
 Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis  
 Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax  
 Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermonibus auget.  
 Sed tamen a nostro meruisti carmine laudes  
 Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,  
 Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit  
 Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet Angli  
 Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus aequa.  
 Te Deus aeternos motu qui temperat ignes,  
 Fulmine praemisso alloquitur, terraque tremante:  
 Fama, files? an te latet impia Papistarum  
 Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,  
 Et nova sceptrigero caedes meditata Jacobo?  
 Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,  
 Et satis ante fugax stridentes induit alas,  
 Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis;  
 Dextra tubam gestat Temesaeo ex aere sonoram.  
 Nec mora, jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,  
 Atque parum est cursu celeres praeverttere nubes,  
 Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit:  
 Et primo Angliacas solito de more per urbes  
 Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,  
 Mox arguta, dolos, et detestabile vulgat  
 Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,  
 Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula caecis  
 Insidiis loca structa silet; stupuere relatis,  
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellae,

Effoetique senes pariter, tantaeque ruinae  
 Sensus ad aetatem subito penetraverat omnem.  
 Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto  
 Æthereus Pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis  
 Papicolum; capti poenas raptantur ad acres;  
 At pia thura Deo, et grati solvuntur honores;  
 Compita laeta focis genialibus omnia fumant;  
 Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris  
 Nulla Dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

*Anno aetatis 17. In obitum Praefulis Eliensis.*

**A**DHUC madentes rore squalabant genae,  
 Et sicca nondum lumina  
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,  
 Quem nuper effudi pius,  
 Dum moesta charo iusta perfolvi rogo  
 Wintoniensis praefulis.  
 Cum centilinguis Fama (proh semper mali  
 Cladiſque vera nuntia!)  
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniae,  
 Populosque Neptuno fatos,  
 Cessisse morti, et ferreis sororibus  
 Te generis humani decus,  
 Qui rex sacrorum illa fuisti in insula  
 Quae nomen Anguillae tenet.  
 Tunc inquietum pectus ira protinus  
 Ebulliebat fervida,  
 Tumulis potentem saepe devovens deam:  
 Nec vota Naso in Ibida  
 Concepit alto diriora pectore,  
 Graiusque vates parcus  
 Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,  
 Sponsamque Neobolen suam.  
 At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,  
 Et imprecor neci necem,  
 Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos  
 Leni, sub aura, flamine:

Caecos furores pone, pone vitream  
Bilemque et irritas minas:  
Quid temere violas non nocenda numina,  
Subitoque ad iras percita?  
Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,  
Mors atra Noctis filia,  
Erebove patre crata, sive Erinnye,  
Vastove nata sub Chao:  
Ast illa coelo missa stellato, Dei  
Messēs ubique colligit;  
Animasque mole carnea reconditas  
In lucem et auras evocat:  
Ut cum fugaces excitant Horae diem  
Themidos Jovisque filiae;  
Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris;  
At iusta raptat impios  
Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,  
Sedesque subterraneas.  
Hanc ut vocantem laetus audivi, cito  
Foedum reliqui carcerem,  
Volatilesque faustus inter milites  
Ad astra sublimis feror:  
Vates ut olim raptus ad coelum senex  
Auriga currus ignei,  
Non me Bootis terruere lucidi  
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut  
Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,  
Non ensis, Orion, tuus.  
Praetervolavi fulgidi solus globum,  
Longeque sub pedibus deam  
Vidi triformem, dum coercebat suos  
Fraenis dracones aureis.  
Erraticorum syderum per ordines,  
Per lacteas vehor plagas,  
Velocitatem saepe miratus novam,  
Donec nitentes ad fores  
Ventum est Olympi, et regiam Crystallinam, et  
Stratum smaragdis Atrium.

Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat  
 Oriundus humano patre  
 Amoenitates illius loci? mihi  
 Sat est in aeternum frui.

*Naturam non pati senium.*

**H**EU quam perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit  
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa pro-  
 Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem! [fundis  
 Quae vesana suis metiri facta deorum  
 Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni  
 Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile saeclo  
 Consilium fati perituris alligat horis.

Ergone marcescet fulcantibus obsita rugis  
 Naturae facies, et rerum publica mater  
 Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab aevo?  
 Et se falsa senem male certis passibus ibit  
 Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetustas  
 Annorumque aeterna fames, squalorque situsque  
 Sidera vexabunt? an et insatiabile Tempus  
 Esuriet Coelum, rapietque in viscera patrem?  
 Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces  
 Hoc contra munisse nefas, et Temporis isto  
 Exemisse malo, gyroque dedisse perennes?  
 Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo  
 Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu  
 Stridat uterque polus, superaue ut Olympius aula  
 Decidat, horribilisque resecta Gorgone Pallas:  
 Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lenimon  
 Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine coeli.  
 Tu quoque Phoebe tui casus i citabere nati  
 Praecipiti curru, subitaque ferere ruina  
 Pronus, et extincta fumabit lampade Nereus;  
 Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.  
 Tunc etiam aerei divulsus sedibus Haemi  
 Dissultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro



Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem  
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue bella.

At Pater omnipotens fundatis fortius astris  
Consuluit rerum summae, certoque peregit  
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo  
Singula perpetuum iussit servare tenorem.  
Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno ;  
Raptat, et amitos socia vertigine coelos.  
Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et acer ut olim  
Fulmineum rutilat cristata casside Mavors.  
Floridus aeternum Phoebus juvenile coruscat,  
Nec fovet effoetas loca per declivia terras  
Devexo temone Deus ; sed semper amica  
Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum,  
Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis  
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo  
Mane vocans, et ferus agens in pascua coeli,  
Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore.  
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,  
Caeruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.  
Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore  
Lurida percussas jaculantur fulmina rupes.  
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,  
Stringit et armiferos aequali horrore Gelonos  
Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat.  
Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori  
Rex maris, et rauca circumstrepit aequora concha  
Oceani Tubicen, nec vasta mole minorem  
Ægaeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.  
Sed neque Terra tibi saeculi vigor ille vetusti  
Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,  
Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille decorem  
Phoebe tuusque et Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim  
Terra datum scelere celavit montibus aurum  
Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in aevum  
Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum,  
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, late

Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina coeli;  
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

*De Idea Platonica, quemadmodum Aristoteles  
 intellexit.*

**D**ICITE sacrorum praesides nemorum deae,  
 Tuque O noveni per beata numinis  
 Memoria mater, quaeque in immenso procul  
 Antro recumbis otiosa Aeternitas,  
 Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,  
 Coelique fastos atque ephemeridas Deum,  
 Quis ille primus, cujus ex imagine  
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,  
 Aeternus, incorruptus, aequaevus polo,  
 Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei?  
 Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubae  
 Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;  
 Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,  
 Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unius,  
 Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci;  
 Seu sempiternus ille syderum comes  
 Coeli pererrat ordines decemplicis,  
 Citimumve terris incolit Lunae globum:  
 Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens  
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas;  
 Sive in remota forte terrarum plaga  
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,  
 Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput  
 Atlante major portitore syderum.  
 Non cui profundum caecitas lumen dedit  
 Dircaeus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;  
 Non hunc silenti nocte Pleiones nepos  
 Vatum sagaci praepes ostendit choro;  
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet  
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,  
 Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem.  
 Non ille trino gloriosus nomine

Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)  
 Talem reliquit Iſidis cultoribus.  
 At tu perenne ruris Academi decus  
 (Haec monſtra ſi tu primus induxti ſcholis)  
 Jam jam poetas urbis exules tuae  
 Revocabis, ipſe fabulator maximus,  
 Aut inſtitutor ipſe migrabis foras.

*Ad Patrem.*

**N**UNC mea Pierios cupiam per peſtora fontes  
 Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora  
 Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;  
 Ut tenues oblita ſonos audacibus alis  
 Surgat in officium venerandi Muſa parentis.  
 Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen  
 Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipſi  
 Aptius a nobis quae poſſunt munera donis  
 Reſpondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima poſſint  
 Reſpondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis  
 Eſſe queat, vacuis quae redditur arida verbis.  
 Sed tamen haec noſtros oſtendit pagina cenſus,  
 Et quod habemus opum charta numeravimus iſta,  
 Quae mihi ſunt nullae, niſi quas dedit aurea Clio,  
 Quas mihi ſemoto ſomni peperere ſub antro,  
 Et nemoris laureta ſacri Parnaffides umbrae.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum deſpice carmen,  
 Quo nihil aethereos ortus, et ſemina coeli,  
 Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,  
 Sancta Prometheae retinens veſtigia flammae.  
 Carmen amant Superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen  
 Ima ciere valet, divoſque ligare profundos,  
 Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet.  
 Carmine ſepoſiti retegunt arcana futuri  
 Phaebades, et tremulae pallentes ora Sibyllae;  
 Carmina ſacrificus ſolennes pangit ad aras,  
 Aurea ſeu ſternit motantem cornua taurum;  
 Seu cum fata ſagax ſumantibus abdita fibris

Consulit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.  
Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,  
Æternæque morae stabunt immobilis aevi,  
Ibimus auratis per coeli templa coronis,  
Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,  
Altra quibus geminique poli convexa sonabunt.  
Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,  
Nunc quoque sydereis intercinit ipse choreis  
Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen;  
Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,  
Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;  
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.  
Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,  
Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago  
Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat coena Lyæo.  
Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates  
Æsculea intonsus redimitos ab arbore crines,  
Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,  
Et Chaos, et positi late fundamina mundi,  
Reptantesque Deos, et alentes numina glandes,  
Et nondum Ætneo quaesitum fulmen ab antro.  
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,  
Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?  
Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea cantus,  
Qui tenuit fluvios et quercubus addidit aures  
Carmine, non cithara, simulacraque sancta canendo  
Compulit in lacrymas; habet has a carmine laudes.

Nec tu perge precor sacras contemnere Musas,  
Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus  
Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,  
Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram  
Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis haeres.  
Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poetam  
Contigerit, charo si tam prope sanguine juncti  
Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur?  
Ipse volens Phoebus se dispertire duobus,  
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,  
Dyviduumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.



Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse camoenas,  
Non odisse reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas  
Qua via lata patet, qua pronior area lucri,  
Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:  
Nec rapis ad leges, male custoditaque gentis  
Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.  
Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,  
Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis  
Abductum Aoniae jucunda per otia ripae  
Phoebaeo lateri comitem sinis ire beatum.  
Officium chari taceo commune parentis,  
Me poscunt majora, tuo, pater optime, sumptu  
Cum mihi Romuleae patuit facundia linguae,  
Et Latii Veneres, et quae Jovis ora decebant  
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,  
Addere suasisi quos jactat Gallia flores,  
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam  
Fundit, Barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,  
Quaeque Palaestinus loquitur mysteria vates.  
Denique quicquid habet coelum subjectaque coelo  
Terra parens, terraeque et coelo interfluus aer,  
Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitable marmor,  
Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit.  
Dimotaque venit spectanda scientia nube,  
Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,  
Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libasse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes quisquis maleficus avitas  
Austriaci gazas, Peruvanaque regna praeoptas.  
Quae potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse  
Jupiter, excepto, donasset ut omnia, coelo?  
Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,  
Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato  
Atque Hyperionios currus, et fraena dici,  
Et circum undantem radiata luce tiaram.  
Ergo ego jam doctae pars quamlibet ima catervae  
Vistrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo,  
Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inertis,  
Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.

Este procul vigiles curae, procul este querelae,  
 Invidiaeque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,  
 Saeva nec anguiferos extende, Calumnia, rictus;  
 In me triste nihil foedissima turba potestis,  
 Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus  
 Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non aequa merenti  
 Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,  
 Sit memorasse satis, repetitaque munera grato  
 Percensere animo, fidaeque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,  
 Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,  
 Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,  
 Nec spisso rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco,  
 Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis  
 Nomen, ad exemplum, fero servabitis aevo.

## P S A L. CXIV.

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φύλ' Ἰακώβ  
 Αἰγυπλίον λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθία, βαρβαρόφωνον.  
 Δὴ τότε μῦνον ἦν ὅσιον γεν'ος υἱὲς Ἰῦδα.  
 Ἐν δὲ Θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρέων βασιλεύεν.  
 Εἶδε δ' ἐν Ἰεροπόλιν φύγαδ' ἐρρώησε θάλασσα  
 Κύματι ἐλυμένη ῥοθίῳ, ὅδ' ἄρ' ἐσυρελίχθη  
 Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν.  
 Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπερίστια κλονέοντο,  
 Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγῶντες εὐτραφεῶς ἐν ἁλῶν.  
 Βαιότεραι δ' ἅμα πάσαι ἀνασκίρτησαν ἐρίπναι,  
 Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.  
 Τίπτ' ἐν αἰνὰ θάλασσα πέλωρ φύγαδ' ἐρρώησας;  
 Κύματι ἐλυμένη ῥοθίῳ; τί δ' ἄρ' ἐσυρελίχθη  
 Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν;  
 Τίπτ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπερίστια κλονεῖσθε,  
 Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγῶντες εὐτραφεῶς ἐν ἁλῶν;  
 Βαιοτέραι τί δ' ἄρ' ὕμμες ἀνασκιρτήσατ' ἐρίπναι,  
 Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες;  
 Σείο γὰρ τρέψα Θεὸν μετ' ἅλ' ἐκτυπύοντα,  
 Γαῖα Θεὸν τρέψα ὕπατον σέβας Ἰσρακίδαο.

Ὅς τε ἔκ σπιλάδων ποταμὸς χεῖ μορμύροντας,  
Κρήνηντ' αἰναὸν πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυαίσσης.

PHILOSOPHUS *ad regem quendam, qui eum ignotum et  
insontem inter reos forte captum inscius damnaverat,*  
τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενος *haec subito misit.*

Ὡ αἶνα εἰ δόσης με τὸν ἔννομον, εἰδέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν  
Δεινὸν ὅλως δράσαντα, σφώτατον ἴσθι κάρηνον.  
Γηϊδίως ἀφελαιο, τὸ δ' ὕπερον αὔθι νοήσεις,  
Μαψιδίως δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα τείν πρὸς θυμὸν ὁδύργη,  
Τοῖν δ' ἐκ πόλιος περιάνυμον ἄλλαρ δόσσης.

*In effigiei ejus Sculptorem.*

Ἀμαθῆ γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τήνδε μὲν εἰκόνα  
Φαίης τάχ' ἄν, πρὸς ἕδος αὐτορυῖς βλέπων.  
Τὸν δ' ἐκτεπωτὸν ἐκ ἐπιγνόντες φίλοι  
Γελάτε φαῦλιν δυσμήμημα ζωγράφου.

*Ad Salsillum Poetam Romanum aegrotantem.*

SCAZONTES.

Ο ΜΥΣΑ gressum quae volens trahis claudum,  
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,  
Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,  
Quam cum decentes flava Deiope furas  
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum.  
Adesdum et haec verba pauca Salsillo  
Refer, Camoena nostra cui tantum est cordi,  
Quamque ille magnis praetulit immerito divis,  
Haec ergo alumnos ille Londini Milto,  
Diebus hisce qui suum relinquens nidum  
Polique tractum, (pessimus ubi ventorum,  
Infanientis impotensque pulmonis  
Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra)  
Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,  
Visum superba cognitas urbes fama

Virosque doctaeque indolem juventutis.  
Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille,  
Habitumque fesso corpori penitus sanum;  
Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,  
Praecordiisque fixa damnosum spirat.  
Nec id pepercit impia quod tu Romano  
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.  
O dulce divum munus, O salus Hebes  
Germana! Tuque Phoebe morborum terror  
Pythone caeso, sive tu magis Paean  
Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.  
Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso  
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,  
Si quid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,  
Levamen aegro ferte certatim vati.  
Sic ille charis redditus rursus Musis  
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.  
Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos  
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium aeternum,  
Suam reclinis semper Ægeriam spectans.  
Tumidusque et ipse Tiberis hinc delinitus  
Spei favebit annuae colonorum:  
Nec in sepulcris ibit obsessum reges,  
Nimium sinistro laxus irruens loro:  
Sed fraena melius temperabit undarum,  
Adusque curvi falsa regna Portumni.



## M A N S U S.

*Joannes Baptista Mansus Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum studio, nec non et bellica virtute apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquatus Tassi dialogus extat de Amicitia scriptus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniae principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus, Gerusalemme conquistata, lib. 20.*

Fra cavalier magnanimi, e cortesi  
Risplende il Manso ———

*Is autorem Neapoli commorantem summa benevolentia prosecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille, antequam ab ea urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.*

**H**AEC quoque, Mansè, tuae meditantur carmina laudi  
Pierides, tibi, Mansè, choro notissime Phoebi,  
Quandoquidem ille alium haud aequo est dignatus ho-  
Post Galli cineres, et Mecaenatis Hetrusci. [nore,  
Tu quoque si nostrae tantum valet aura Camoenae,  
Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebis.  
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso  
Junxit, et aeternis inscripsit nomina chartis.  
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum  
Tradidit, ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,  
Dum canit Assyrios divum prolixus amores;  
Mollis et Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.  
Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates  
Ossa tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit.  
Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,  
Vidimus arridentem operoso ex aere poetam.  
Nec fatis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia cessant  
Officia in tumulto: cupis integros rapere Orco,  
Qua potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:  
Amborum genus, et varia sub sorte peractam.

Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Minervae;  
Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam  
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.  
Ergo ego te Clius et magni nomine Phoebi  
Mane pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum,  
Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.  
Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere Musam,  
Quae nuper gelida vix enutrita sub Arcto  
Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.  
Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos  
Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,  
Qua Thamefis late puris argenteus urnis  
Oceanus glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.  
Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.  
Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phoebus,  
Qua plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione  
Brumalem patitur longa sub nocte Booten.  
Nos etiam colimus Phoebum, nos munera Phoebus  
Flaventes spicas, et lutea mala canistris,  
Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas)  
Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.  
(Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata deorum  
Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant)  
Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu  
Delo in herbosa Graiae de more puellae  
Carminibus lactis memorat Corineida Loxo,  
Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicoma Hecaerge,  
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuce.  
Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem  
Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabitur ingens,  
Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini, [rum,  
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque viro-  
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.  
Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates  
Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad limina Musas:  
At non sponte domum tamen idem, et regis adivit  
Rura Pheretiadae coelo fugitivus Apollo;  
Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes;

Tantum ubi clamoros placuit vitare bubulcos,  
Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,  
Irriguos inter saltus frondosaque tecta  
Peneium prope rivum: ibi saepe sub ilice nigra  
Ad citharae strepitum blanda prece victus amici  
Evilii duros lenibat voce labores.  
Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo  
Saxa stetero loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,  
Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, sylvas,  
Emotacque suis properant de collibus orni,  
Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.  
Diis delecte senex, te Jupiter aequus oportet  
Nascentem, et moti lustrarit lumine Phoebus,  
Atlantisque nepos; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu  
Diis superis poterit magno fuisse poetae.  
Hinc longaeva tibi lento sub flore senectus  
Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos,  
Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,  
Ingeniumque vicens, et adultum mentis acumen.  
O mihi si mea fors talem concedat amicum  
Phoebaeos decorasse viros qui tam bene norit,  
Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,  
Arcturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem;  
Aut dicam invictae sociali toedere mensae,  
Magnanimos Heroas, et (O modo spiritus adsit)  
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.  
Tandem ubi non tacitae permenfus tempora vitae,  
Annorumque satur cineri sua jura relinquam,  
Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,  
Astanti sat erit si dicam, sim tibi curae;  
Ille meos artus liventi morte solutos  
Curaret parva componi molliter urna.  
Forſitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus,  
Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnasside lauri  
Fronde comas, at ego ſecura pace quieſcam.  
Tum quoque, ſi qua fides, ſi praemia certa bonorum,  
Ipſe ego coelicolum ſemotus in aethera divum,  
Quo labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus

Secreti haec aliqua mundi de parte videbo  
 (Quantum Fata sinunt) et tota mente serenum  
 Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,  
 Et simul aethereo plaudam mihi laetus Olympo.

## E P I T A P H I U M

## D A M O N I S.

## A R G U M E N T U M.

*Thyrsis et Damon ejusdem viciniae Pastores, eadem studia secuti a pueritia, amici erant ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causa profectus peregre de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, et rem ita esse comperiens, se, suamque solitudinem, hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub persona hic intelligitur Carolus Diodatus, ex urbe Hetruriae Luca Paterno genere oriundus, caetera Anglus; ingenio, doctrina, clarissimisque caeteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.*

**H**IMERIDES Nymphae (nam vos et Daphnin et Hy-  
 Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis) [lan,  
 Dicite Sicelicum Thamefina per oppida carmen:  
 Quas miser effudit voces, quae murmura Thyrsis,  
 Et quibus assiduus exercuit antra querelis,  
 Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,  
 Dum sibi praereptum queritur Damona, neque altam  
 Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans,  
 Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,  
 Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,  
 Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,  
 Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum  
 Dulcis Amor Musae Thusca retinebat in urbe.  
 Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ  
 Cura vocat, simul assueta seditque sub ulmo,



Tum vero amissum tum denique sentit amicum,  
Coepit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Hei mihi! quae terris, quae dicam numina coelo,  
Postquam te immitti rapuerunt funere, Damon?  
Siccine nos linguis, tua sic sine nomine virtus  
Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?  
At non ille, animas virga qui dividit aurea,  
Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,  
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Quicquid erit, certe nisi me lupo ante videbit,  
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulcro,  
Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit  
Inter pastores: Illi tibi vota secundo  
Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes  
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit;  
Siquid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piumque,  
Palladiasque artes, sociumque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Haec tibi certa manent, tibi erunt haec praemia Damon;  
At mihi quid tandem fiet modo? quis mihi fidus  
Haerebit lateri comes, ut tu saepe solebas  
Frigoribus duris, et per loca foeta pruinis,  
Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis?  
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminus ire leones,  
Aut avidos terrere lupos praesepibus altis;  
Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit  
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem  
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cum sibilat igni  
Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, at malus auster  
Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Aut aestate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,  
Cum Pan aesculea somnum capit abditus umbra,  
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphae.

Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,  
 Quis mihi blanditiasque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,  
 Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,  
 Sicubi ramosae densantur vallibus umbrae,  
 Hic serum expecto, supra caput imber et Eurus  
 Triste sonant, fractaeque agitata crepuscula silvae.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Heu quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis  
 Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!  
 Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,  
 Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque taedet, at illae  
 Moerent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Tityros ad corylos vocat, Alphefiboëus ad ornos,  
 Ad salices Ægon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas:  
 Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,  
 Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas;  
 Ista canunt furdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Mopsus ad haec, nam me redeuntem forte notarat  
 (Et callebat avium linguas, et sydera Mopsus)  
 Thyrsi quid hoc? dixit, quae te coquit improba bilis?  
 Aut te perdit amor, aut te male fascinat astrum,  
 Saturni grave saepe fuit pastoribus astrum,  
 Intimaque obliquo figit praecordia plumbo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Mirantur Nymphae, et quid te Thyrsi futurum est?  
 Quid tibi vis? aiunt; non haec solet esse juventae  
 Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi:  
 Illa choros, lususque leves, et semper amorem  
 Jure petit: bis ille miser qui serus amavit.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Venit Hyas, Dryopeque, et filia Baucidis Ægle  
 Docta modos, citharaeque sciens, sed perditam fastu,  
 Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti;

Nil me blanditiae, nil me solantia verba,  
 Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni,  
 Hei mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,  
 Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales,  
 Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum  
 De grege, sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,  
 Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;  
 Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus  
 Agmina Phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum  
 Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum  
 Farra libens volitet, sero sua tecta revisens,  
 Quem si fors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco  
 Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,  
 Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.  
 Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fatis  
 Gens homines aliena animis, et pectore discors,  
 Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum,  
 Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspera votis,  
 Illum inopina dies qua non speraveris hora  
 Surripit, aeternum linquens in saecula damnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras  
 Ire per aereas rupes, Alpemque nivosa!  
 Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,  
 (Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum videret olim,  
 Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit;)  
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale!  
 Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,  
 Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes!  
 Ah certe extremum licuisset tangere dextram,  
 Et bene compositos placide morientis ocellos,  
 Et dixisse vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni,  
 Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,  
 Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juvenus,  
 Hic Charis atque Lepos, et Thuscus tu quoque Damon;  
 Antiqua genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.

O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni  
 Murmura, populeumque nemus, qua mollior herba,  
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,  
 Et potui Lycidae certantem audire Menalcam!  
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multum  
 Displicui, nam sunt et apud me munera vestra  
 Fiscellae, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutae,  
 Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos  
 Et Datis, et Francinus, erant et vocibus ambo  
 Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agri.  
 Haec mihi tum laeto dictabat roscida luna,  
 Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hoedos,  
 Ah quoties dixi, cum te cinis ater habebat,  
 Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,  
 Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus!  
 Et quae tum facili sperabam mente futura  
 Arripui voto levis, et praesentia sinxi,  
 Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid forte retardat,  
 Imus? et arguta paulum recubamus in umbra,  
 Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?  
 Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos, [thi,  
 Helleborumque, humilesque crocos, foliumque hyacin-  
 Quisque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentum,  
 Ah pereant herbae, pereant artesque medentum  
 Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro.  
 Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat  
 Fistula, ab undecima jam lux est altera nocte,  
 Et tum forte novis admoram labra cicutis,  
 Dissiluerè tamen rupta compage, nec ultra  
 Ferre graves potuere sonos, dubito quoque ne sim  
 Turgidulus, tamen et referam, vos ceditè silvae.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agri.  
 Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per aequora puppes  
 Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniae,  
 Brennumque Arviragumque duces, priscumque Belinum  
 Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;  
 Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Jogernen,



Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlois arma,  
 Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita superfit,  
 Tu procul annosa pendebris fistula pinu  
 Multum oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata camoenis  
 Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni,  
 Non sperasse uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla  
 Merces, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in aevum  
 Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)  
 Si me flava comas legat Usa, et potor Alauni, [tae,  
 Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Trean-  
 Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis  
 Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Haec tibi servabam lenta sub cortice lauri,  
 Haec, et plura simul, tum quae mihi pocula Manus,  
 Manus Chalcidicae non ultima gloria ripae  
 Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,  
 Et circum gemino caelaverat argumento :  
 In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum ver,  
 Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama silvae,  
 Has inter Phoenix divina avis, unica terris  
 Caeruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis  
 Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.  
 Parte alia polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus,  
 Quis putet? hic quoq; Amor, pictaeq; in nubepharetrae,  
 Arma corusca faces, et spicula tineta pyropo ;  
 Nec tenuis animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi  
 Hinc ferit, at circum flammantia lumina torquens  
 Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbes  
 Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,  
 Hinc mentes ardere sacrae, formaeque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon,  
 Tu quoque in his certe es, nam quo tua dulcis abiret  
 Sanctaeque simplicitas, nam quo tua candida virtus ?  
 Nec te Lethaeo fas quaesivisse sub orco,  
 Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymae, nec flebimus ultra :  
 Ite procul lacrymae, purum colit aethera Damon,  
 Aethera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum ;

Heroumque animas inter, divosque perennes,  
 Æthereos haurit latices, et gaudia potat  
 Ore sacro. Quin tu coeli post jura recepta  
 Dexter ades, placidusque fave quicumque vocaris,  
 Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive aequior audis  
 Diodatus, quo te divino nomine cuncti  
 Coelicolae norint, silvisque vocabere Damon.  
 Quod tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juvenus  
 Grata fuit, quod nulla tori libata voluptas,  
 En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores ;  
 Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,  
 Laetaque frondentis gestans umbracula palmae,  
 Æternum perages immortales hymenaeos ;  
 Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,  
 Festa Sionaeo bacchantur et Orgia Thyrsos.

*Jan. 23. 1646.*

Ad JOANNEM ROUSIUM Oxoniensis Academiae  
 Bibliothecarium.

*De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in Bibliotheca publica reponeret, Ode.*

*Strophe I.*

**G**EMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber,  
 Fronde licet gemina,  
 Munditieque nitens non operosa,  
 Quam manus attulit  
 Juvenilis olim,  
 Sedula tamen haud nimii poetae ;  
 Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,  
 Nunc Britannica per vireta ludit  
 Insons populi, barbitoque devius  
 Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio  
 Longinquum intonuit melos  
 Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede.

*Antistrophe.*

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus  
 Subduxit reliquis dolo?  
 Cum tu missus ab urbe,  
 Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,  
 Illustre tendebas iter  
 Thamesis ad incunabula  
 Caerulei patris,  
 Fontes ubi limpidi  
 Aonidum, thyasusque sacer  
 Orbi notus per immensos  
 Temporum lapsus redeunte coelo,  
 Celeberque futurus in aevum.

*Strophe 2.*

Modo quis deus, aut editus deo  
 Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem  
 (Si satis noxas luimus priores,  
 Mollique luxu degener otium)  
 Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,  
 Almaque revocet studia sanctus,  
 Et relegatas sine sede Musas  
 Jam pene totis finibus Angligenum;  
 Immundasque volucres  
 Unguibus imminentes  
 Figat Apollinea pharetra,  
 Phineamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaseo.

*Antistrophe.*

Quin tu, libelle, nuncii licet mala  
 Fide, vel oscitantia,  
 Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,  
 Seu quis te teneat specus,  
 Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili  
 Callo tereris insititoris insulsi,  
 Laetare felix, en iterum tibi  
 Spes nova fulget posse profundam

Fugere Lethen, vehique Superam  
In Jovis aulam remige penna;

*Strophe 3.*

Nam te Roufius fui  
Optat pèculi, numeroque iusto  
Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,  
Rogatque venias ille cujus inclyta  
Sunt data virum monumenta curae:  
Teque adytis etiam sacris  
Voluit reponi quibus et ipse praesidet  
Æternorum operum custos fidelis,  
Quaestorque gazae nobilioris,  
Quam cui praefuit Ion  
Clarus Erechtheides  
Opulenta Dei per templa parentis  
Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,  
Ion Aëtaea genitus Creusa.

*Antistrophe.*

Ergo tu visere lucos  
Musarum ibis amoenos,  
Diamque Phoebi rursus ibis in domum,  
Oxonia quam valle colit,  
Delo posthabita,  
Bifidoque Parnassi jugo:  
Ibis honestus,  
Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem  
Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.  
Illic legeris inter alta nomina  
Authorum, Graiae simul et Latinae  
Antiqua gentis numina, et verum decus.

*Epodos.*

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,  
Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,  
Jam sero placidam sperare jubeo  
Perfunctam invidia requiem, sedesque beatas



Quas bonus Hermes  
Et tutela dabit solers Roufi;  
Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longe  
Turba legentum prava faceffet:  
At ultimi nepotes,  
Et cordatior aetas  
Judicia rebus aequiora forsitan  
Adhibebit integro sinu.  
Tum livore sepulto,  
Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet  
Roufio favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidemque Antistrophis, una demum Epodo clausis, quas, tametsi omnes nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique collis exacte respondeant, ita tamen secuimus, commode legendi potius, quam ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectius fortasse dici monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt *κατὰ σχέσιν*, partim *ἀπολελυμένα*. Phaleucia quae sunt, Spondaeum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

A  
T R A C T A T E  
O F  
E D U C A T I O N ;

T O  
M r . S A M U E L H A R T L I B .

B Y  
J O H N M I L T O N .

THE ARTS

EDUCATION



THE ARTS

12

JOHN MILTON

# EDUCATION.

T O

MR. SAMUEL HARTLIB.

Written about the Year 1650.

Mr. *Hartlib*,

I AM long since persuaded, that to say, or do ought worth memory and imitation, no purpose or respect should sooner move us, than simply the love of God, and of mankind. Nevertheless to write now the reforming of education, though it be one of the greatest and noblest designs that can be thought on, and for the want whereof this nation perishes, I had not yet at this time been induced, but by your earnest intreaties and serious conjurements; as having my mind for the present half diverted in the pursuance of some other assertions, the knowlege and the use of which cannot but be a great furtherance both to the enlargement of truth, and honest living, with much more peace. Nor should the laws of any private friendship have prevailed with me to divide thus, or transpose my former thoughts, but that I see those aims, those actions which have won you with me the esteem of a person sent hither by some good providence from a far country, to be the occasion and the incitement of great good to this island. And, as I hear, you have obtained the same repute with men of most approved wisdom, and some of highest authority among us. Not to mention the learned correspondence

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which you hold in foreign parts, and the extraordinary pains and diligence which you have used in this matter both here, and beyond the seas; either by the definite will of God so ruling, or the peculiar sway of nature, which also is God's working. Neither can I think that, so reputed, and so valued as you are, you would, to the forfeit of your own discerning ability, impose upon me an unfit and over-ponderous argument, but that the satisfaction which you profess to have received from those incidental discourses which we have wandered into, hath prest and almost constrained you into a persuasion, that what you require from me in this point, I neither ought, nor can in conscience defer beyond this time both of so much need at once, and so much opportunity to try what God hath determined. I will not resist therefore, whatever it is, either of divine or human obligation, that you lay upon me; but will forthwith set down in writing, as you request me, that voluntary Idea, which hath long in silence presented itself to me, of a better education, in extent and comprehension far more large, and yet of time far shorter, and of attainment far more certain, than hath been yet in practice. Brief I shall endeavour to be; for that which I have to say, assuredly this nation hath extreme need should be done sooner than spoken. To tell you therefore what I have benefited herein among old renowned authors, I shall spare; and to search what many modern Janua's and didactics, more than ever I shall read, have projected, my inclination leads me not. But if you can accept of these few observations which have flowered off, and are, as it were, the burnishing of many studious and contemplative years, altogether spent in the search of religious and civil knowledge, and such as pleased you so well in the relating, I here give you them to dispose of.

The end then of learning is to repair the ruins of our first parents, by regaining to know God aright,

and out of that knowlege to love him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may the nearest by possessing our souls of true virtue, which being united to the heavenly grace of faith makes up the highest perfection. But because our understanding cannot in this body found itself but on sensible things, nor arrive so clearly to the knowlege of God and things invisible, as by orderly conning over the visible and inferior creature, the same method is necessarily to be followed in all discreet teaching. And seeing every nation affords not experience and tradition enough for all kinds of learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the languages of those people who have at any time been most industrious after wisdom; so that language is but the instrument conveying to us things useful to be known. And though a Linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet, if he had not studied the solid things in them as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man, as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only. Hence appear the many mistakes which have made learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful; first we do amiss to spend seven or eight years meerly in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek, as might be learnt otherwise easily and delightfully in one year. And that which casts our proficiency therein so much behind, is our time lost partly in too oft idle vacancies given both to schools and universities, partly in a preposterous exaction, forcing the empty wits of children to compose themes, verses and orations, which are the acts of ripest judgment, and the final work of a head filled by long reading and observing, with elegant maxims, and copious invention. These are not matters to be wrung from poor striplings, like blood out of the nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit. Besides the ill habit which they get of wretched barbarizing against the Latin

and Greek idiom, with their untutored Anglicisms, odious to be read, yet not to be avoided without a well continued and judicious conversing among pure authors digested, which they scarce taste; whereas, if after some preparatory grounds of speech by their certain forms got into memory, they were led to the praxis thereof in some chosen short book lessened thoroughly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the substance of good things, and arts in due order, which would bring the whole language quickly into their power. This I take to be the most rational and most profitable way of learning languages, and whereby we may best hope to give account to God of our youth spent herein. And for the usual method of teaching arts, I deem it to be an old error of universities not yet well recovered from the scholastic grossness of barbarous ages, that instead of beginning with arts most easy, (and those be such as are most obvious to the sense,) they present their young unmatriculated novices at first coming with the intellectual abstractions of logic and metaphysics: so that they having but newly left those grammatic flats and shallows where they stuck unreasonably, to learn a few words with lamentable construction, and now on the sudden transported under another climate to be tost and turmoiled with their unballasted wits in fathomless and unquiet deeps of controversy, do for the most part grow into hatred and contempt of learning, mocked and deluded all this while with ragged notions and bablements, while they expected worthy and delightful knowlege; until poverty or youthful years call them importunately their several ways, and hasten them with the sway of friends, either to an ambitious or mercenary, or ignorantly zealous divinity: some allured to the trade of law, grounding their purposes not on the prudent and heavenly contemplation of justice and equity, which was never taught them, but on the promising and pleasing thoughts of litigious

terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees; others betake them to state affairs, with souls so unprincipled in virtue, and true generous breeding, that flattery, and court shifts, and tyrannous aphorisms appear to them the highest points of wisdom; instilling their barren hearts with a conscientious slavery, if, as I rather think, it be not feigned; others, lastly, of a more delicious and airy spirit, retire themselves, knowing no better, to the enjoyments of ease and luxury, living out their days in feast and jollity; which indeed is the wisest and the safest course of all these, unless they were with more integrity undertaken. And these are the fruits of mispending our prime youth at the schools and universities as we do, either in learning mere words, or such things chiefly as were better unlearned.

I shall detain you no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but straight conduct you to a hill-side, where I will point ye out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect, and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more ado to drive our dullest and laziest youth, our stocks and stubs, from the infinite desire of such a happy nurture, than we have now to hale and drag our choicest and hopesfullest wits to that asinine feast of sowthistles and brambles which is commonly set before them, as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docible age. I call therefore a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war. And how all this may be done between twelve and one and twenty, less time than is now bestowed in pure trifling at Grammar and Sophistry, is to be thus ordered.

First, to find out a spacious house, and ground ar-



bout it, fit for an Academy, and big enough to lodge an hundred and fifty persons, whereof twenty or thereabout may be attendants, all under the government of one, who shall be thought of desert sufficient, and ability either to do all, or wisely to direct, and oversee it done. This place should be at once both school and university, not needing a remove to any other house of scholarship, except it be some peculiar college of law, or physick, where they mean to be practitioners; but as for those general studies which take up all our time from Lilly to the commencing, as they term it, master of arts, it should be absolute. After this pattern, as many edifices may be converted to this use, as shall be needful in every city throughout this land, which would tend much to the increase of learning and civility every where. This number, less or more thus collected, to the convenience of a foot company, or interchangeably two troops of cavalry, should divide their days work into three parts, as it lies orderly: their studies, their exercise, and their diet.

For their studies, first they should begin with the chief and necessary rules of some good grammar, either that now used, or any better: and while this is doing, their speech is to be fashioned to a distinct and clear pronunciation, as near as may be to the Italian, especially in the vowels. For we Englishmen being far northerly, do not open our mouths in the cold air, wide enough to grace a southern tongue; but are observed by all other nations to speak exceeding close and inward: so that to smatter Latin with an English mouth, is as ill a hearing as Law-French. Next to make them expert in the usefulest points of grammar, and withal to season them, and win them early to the love of virtue and true labour, ere any flattering seducement, or vain principle seize them wandering, some easy and delightful book of education should be read to them; whereof the Greeks have store, as Cebes, Plutarch, and other Socratic discourses. But in

Latin we have none of classic authority extant, except the two or three first books of Quintilian, and some select pieces elsewhere. But here the main skill and ground-work will be, to temper them such lectures and explanations upon every opportunity, as may lead and draw them in willing obedience, inflamed with the study of learning, and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men, and worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages; that they may despise and scorn all their childish, and ill-taught qualities, to delight in manly and liberal exercises: which he who hath the art and proper eloquence to catch them with, what with mild and effectual persuasions, and what with the intimation of some fear, if need be, but chiefly by his own example, might in a short space gain them to an incredible diligence and courage; infusing into their young breasts such an ingenuous and noble ardor, as would not fail to make many of them renowned and matchless men. At the same time, some other hour of the day, might be taught them the rules of arithmetic, and soon after the elements of geometry even playing, as the old manner was. After evening-repast, until bed-time, their thoughts will be best taken up in the easy grounds of religion, and the story of Scripture. The next step would be to the authors of agriculture, Cato, Varro, and Columella; for the matter is most easy, and if the language be difficult, so much the better, it is not a difficulty above their years: and here will be an occasion of inciting and enabling them hereafter to improve the tillage of their country, to recover the bad soil, and to remedy the waste that is made of good; for this was one of Hercules's praises. Ere half these authors be read (which will soon be, with plying hard, and daily) they cannot choose but be masters of an ordinary prose. So that it will be then seasonable for them to learn in any modern author, the use of the globes, and all the maps; first with the

old names, and then with the new: or they might be then capable to read any compendious method of natural philosophy. And at the same time might they be entering into the Greek tongue, after the same manner as was before prescribed in the Latin; whereby the difficulties of grammar being soon overcome, all the historical physiology of Aristotle and Theophrastus are open before them, and, as I may say, under contribution. The like access will be to Vitruvius, to Seneca's natural questions, to Mela, Celsus, Pliny, or Solinus. And having thus past the principles of Arithmetic, Geometry, Astronomy, and Geography, with a general compact of physics, they may descend in Mathematics to the instrumental science of Trigonometry, and from thence to fortification, architecture, enginry, or navigation. And in natural philosophy they may proceed leisurely from the history of meteors, minerals, plants and living creatures, as far as anatomy. Then also in course might be read to them out of some not tedious writer the institution of physic; that they may know the tempers, the humours, the seasons, and how to manage a crudity: which he who can wisely and timely do, is not only a great physician to himself, and to his friends, but also may at some time or other save an army by this frugal and expenselless means only; and not let the healthy and stout bodies of young men rot away under him for want of this discipline; which is a great pity and no less a shame to the Commander. To set forward all these proceedings in nature and mathematics, what hinders, but that they may procure as oft as shall be needful, the helpful experiences of hunters, fowlers, fishermen, shepherds, gardeners, apothecaries; and in the other sciences, architects, engineers, mariners, anatomists; who doubtless would be ready, some for reward, and some to favour such a hopeful seminary? And this will give them such a real tincture of natural knowledge, as they shall never forget, but daily augment with

delight. Then also those poets which are now counted most hard, will be both facile and pleasant, Orpheus, Hesiod, Theocritus, Aratus, Nicander, Oppian, Dionysius; and in Latin, Lucretius, Manilius, and the rural part of Virgil.

By this time, years and good general precepts will have furnished them more distinctly with that act of reason which in Ethics is called *Proairesis*; that they may with some judgment contemplate upon moral good and evil. Then will be required a special reinforcement of constant and sound endoctrinating to set them right and firm, instructing them more amply in the knowlege of virtue and the hatred of vice: while their young and pliant affections are led through all the moral works of Plato, Xenophon, Cicero, Plutarch, Laertius, and those Locrian remnants; but still to be reduced in their nightward studies, wherewith they close the day's work, under the determinate sentence of David or Solomon, or the Evangelists and apostolic Scriptures. Being perfect in the knowlege of personal duty, they may then begin the study of oeconomics. And either now, or before this, they may have easily learnt at any odd hour the Italian tongue. And soon after, but with wariness and good antidote, it would be wholesom enough to let them taste some choice comedies, Greek, Latin, or Italian: those tragedies also that treat of household matters, as *Trachiniae*, *Alceſtis*, and the like. The next remove must be to the study of Politics; to know the beginning, end, and reasons of political societies; that they may not in a dangerous fit of the commonwealth be such poor, shaken, uncertain reeds, of such a tottering conscience, as many of our great counsellors have lately shewn themselves, but stedfast pillars of the state. After this they are to dive into the grounds of law, and legal justice; delivered first, and with best warrant, by Moses; and as far as human prudence can be trusted, in those extolled remains of Graecian



law-givers, Lycurgus, Solon, Zaleucus, Charondas; and thence to all the Roman Edicts and tables, with their Justinian; and so down to the Saxon and common laws of England, and the statutes. Sundays also and every evening may be now understandingly spent in the highest matters of Theology, and Church-history ancient and modern: and ere this time the Hebrew tongue at a set hour might have been gained, that the Scriptures may be now read in their own original; whereto it would be no impossibility to add the Chaldee, and the Syrian dialect. When all these employments are well conquered, then will the choice histories, Heroic Poems and Attic tragedies of stateliest and most regal argument with all the famous political orations, offer themselves; which if they were not only read, but some of them got by memory, and solemnly pronounced with right accent and grace, as might be taught, would endue them even with the spirit and vigor of Demosthenes, or Cicero, Euripides, or Sophocles. And now lastly will be the time to read with them those organic arts which enable men to discourse and write perspicuously, elegantly, and according to the fittest style of lofty, mean, or lowly. Logic therefore, so much as is useful, is to be referred to this due place, with all her well-couched heads and topics, until it be time to open her contracted palm into a graceful and ornate Rhetorick, taught out of the rules of Plato, Aristotle, Phalereus, Cicero, Hermogenes, Longinus. To which Poetry would be made subsequent, or indeed rather precedent, as being less subtle and fine, but more simple, sensuous and passionate. I mean not here the prosody of a verse, which they could not but have hit on before among the rudiments of grammar; but that sublime art which in Aristotle's Poetics, in Horace, and the Italian commentaries of Castlevetro, Tasso, Mazzoni, and others, teaches what the laws are of a true Epic poem, what of a Dramatic, what of a Lyric, what de-

corum is, which is the grand master-piece to observe. This would make them soon perceive what despicable creatures our common rhymers and play-writers be, and shew them, what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of poetry both in divine and human things. From hence and not until now will be the right season of forming them to be able writers and composers in every excellent matter, when they shall be thus fraught with an universal insight into things. Or whether they be to speak in parliament or council, honour and attention would be waiting on their lips. There would then also appear in pulpits other visages, other gestures, and stuff otherwise wrought than what we now sit under, oft-times to as great a trial of our patience as any other that they preach to us. These are the studies wherein our noble and our gentle youth ought to bestow their time in a disciplinary way from twelve to one and twenty; unless they rely more upon their ancestors dead, than upon themselves living. In which methodical course it is so supposed they must proceed by the steady pace of learning onward, as at convenient times for memory's sake to retire back into the middle ward, and sometimes into the rear of what they have been taught, until they have confirmed, and solidly united the whole body of their perfected knowlege, like the last embattelling of a Roman legion. Now will be worth the seeing what exercises and recreations may best agree, and become these studies.

### *Their EXERCISE.*

The course of study hitherto briefly described, is, what I can guess by reading, likeliest to those ancient and famous schools of Pythagoras, Plato, Isocrates, Aristotle, and such others, out of which were bred up such a number of renowned philosophers, orators, historians, poets, and princes all over Greece, Italy,

and Asia, besides the flourishing studies of Cyrene and Alexandria. But herein it shall exceed them, and supply a defect as great as that which Plato noted in the commonwealth of Sparta; whereas that city trained up their youth most for war, and these in their academies and Lycaeam, all for the gown, this institution of breeding, which I here delineate, shall be equally good both for peace and war. Therefore about an hour and a half ere they eat at noon should be allowed them for exercise, and due rest afterward; but the time for this may be enlarged at pleasure, according as their rising in the morning shall be early. The exercise which I commend first, is the exact use of their weapon, to guard and to strike safely with edge, or point; this will keep them healthy, nimble, strong, and well in breath, is also the likeliest means to make them grow large and tall, and to inspire them with a gallant and fearless courage, which being tempered with seasonable lectures and precepts to them of true fortitude and patience, will turn into a native and heroic valour, and make them hate the cowardice of doing wrong. They must be also practised in all the locks and gripes of wrestling, wherein Englishmen were wont to excel, as need may often be in fight to tugg or grapple, and to close. And this perhaps will be enough, wherein to prove and heat their single strength. The interim of unsweating themselves regularly, and convenient rest before meat, may both with profit and delight be taken up in recreating and composing their travailed spirits with the solemn and divine harmonies of music heard or learnt; either while the skilful Organist plies his grave and fancied descant, in lofty fugues, or the whole symphony with artful and unimaginable touches adorn and grace the well-studied chords of some choice composer; sometimes the lute, or soft organ-stop waiting on elegant voices either to religious, martial or civil ditties; which, if wise men and prophets be not extremely out,

have a great power over dispositions and manners, to smoothe and make them gentle from rustic harshness and distempered passions. The like also would not be unexpedient after meat to assist and cherish nature in her first concoction, and send their minds back to study in good tune and satisfaction. Where having followed it close under vigilant eyes until about two hours before supper, they are by sudden alarum or watchword to be called out to their military motions, under sky or covert, according to the season, as was the Roman wont; first on foot, then as their age permits, on horse-back, to all the art of cavalry; that having in sport but with much exactness, and daily muster, served out the rudiments of their soldiership in all the skill of embattelling, marching, encamping, fortifying, besieging and battering, with all the helps of ancient and modern stratagems, tactics, and warlike maxims, they may as it were out of a long war come forth renowned and perfect commanders in the service of their country. They would not then, if they were trusted with fair and hopeful armies, suffer them for want of just and wise discipline to shed away from about them like sick feathers, though they be never so oft supplied: they would not suffer their empty and unrecruitible colonels of 20 men in a company, to quaff out, or convey into secret hoards, the wages of a delusive list, and a miserable remnant: yet in the mean while to be over-mastered with a score or two of drunkards, the only soldiery left about them, or else to comply with all rapines and violences. No certainly, if they knew ought of that knowlege that belongs to good men or good governors, they would not suffer these things. But to return to our own institute, besides these constant exercises at home, there is another opportunity of gaining experience to be won from pleasure itself abroad. In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and fullemness against nature not to go out, and



see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth. I should not therefore be a persuader to them of studying much then, after two or three years that they have well laid their grounds, but to ride out in companies with prudent and staid guides, to all the quarters of the land; learning and observing all places of strength, all commodities of building and of soil, for towns and tillage, harbours and ports for trade: sometimes taking sea as far as to our navy, to learn there also what they can in the practical knowlege of sailing and of sea-fight. These ways would try all their peculiar gifts of nature; and if there were any secret excellence among them, would fetch it out, and give it fair opportunities to advance itself by, which could not but mightily redound to the good of this nation, and bring into fashion again those old admired virtues and excellencies, with far more advantage now in this purity of Christian knowlege. Nor shall we then need the Monsieurs of Paris to take our hopeful youth into their slight and prodigal custodies, and send them over back again transformed into mimics, apes, and kickshaws. But if they desire to see other countries at three or four and twenty years of age, not to learn principles, but to enlarge experience and make wise observation, they will by that time be such as shall deserve the regard and honour of all men where they pass, and the society and friendship of those in all places who are best and most eminent: and perhaps then other nations will be glad to visit us for their breeding, or else to imitate us in their own country.

Now lastly for their diet there cannot be much to say, save only that it would be best in the same house; for much time else would be lost abroad, and many ill habits got; and that it should be plain, healthful, and moderate, I suppose is out of controversy. Thus, Mr. Hartlib, you have a general view in writing, as your desire was, of that which at several times I had

discourfed with you concerning the beft and nobleft way of education ; not beginning as fome have done from the cradle, which yet might be worth many confiderations, if brevity had not been my fcope. Many other circumftances alfo I could have mentioned, but this, to fuch as have the worth in them to make trial, for light and direktion may be enough. Only I believe, that this is not a bow for every man to fhoot in that counts himfelf a teacher ; but will require finews almoft equal to thofe which Homer gave Ulyffes ; yet I am withal perfuaded that it may prove much more eafy in the effay, than it now feems at a diftance, and much more illuftrious ; howbeit not more difficult than I imagine, and that imagination prefents me with nothing but very happy and very poffible according to beft wifhes ; if God have fo decreed, and this age have fpirit and capacity enough to apprehend.

THE END.

discovered with you considering the full and entire  
way of conversion: but if finding it more to be desired  
from the cradle, which yet might be without many  
disturbances, if possibly had not been in the way  
of other disturbances, I could have been more  
this, as I have the Lord's commandment, that  
his light and direction may be enough. Now I  
believe that this is not a too easy matter to make  
in these courts, amidst a variety of temptations  
thence, shall speak to the Lord's commandment, yet I  
yet I am within myself, that a more perfect  
more certain the Lord's commandment, that I  
and much more difficult, I have not so much  
call upon the Lord's commandment, that I  
with nothing but the Lord's commandment, and the  
ing to do with the Lord's commandment, and the  
age have time and again to appear.



THE END

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